

# Confederate Veteran.

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

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

## OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NO. 4. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## NASHVILLE PREPARES FOR THE REUNION.

The VETERAN, being the authorized voice of Confederate organizations, avoids extravagance of expression, and in its life of eleven years and more it has treated Nashville with less consideration than any other city. The extraordinary circumstances causing the great reunion of 1904 to be entertained here, however, make it fitting and just to give her people due credit for what they are now doing in behalf of coming guests.

While all the Confederates, their Sons, and the Daughters are doing their part with the enthusiasm which has ever characterized them, the business people and the public, regardless of former affiliations, are united in heart and hand to honor the men who wore the gray forty years ago. The spirit that immortalized William McKinley above any of his fellow-Presidents of the United States, when he said in Georgia, "I feel that the time has come when we should share with you [meaning the South] in caring for the graves of the Confederate dead," seems to be that of everybody in Nashville, and all the people are of one mind to do honor to these coming guests. They are not ambitious for display or filling their coffers, but to make the men who suffered as never did such an army of patriots, for so many years, realize as fully as possible that such sacrifice is appreciated and worthy of all kindness and all honor. What is said of Nashville in this respect may be emphasized for Middle Tennessee. Many counties are doing far more than was expected of them. They intend to prove worthy the expression of the lamented John B. Gordon. When informed that Nashville had invited the reunion, he wrote: "I am glad to know that Nashville has consented to receive us again next year. . . . We ought to bring the expense within the ability of a larger part of our cities, so they might feel inclined to take care of us." His successor, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, at the last reunion urged less extravagance in entertaining, and Nashville, in conformity with that spirit, will not spend money so lavishly upon decorative printing to advertise the city for business purposes, and maybe not so much for sponsors and side issues, but every Confederate Veteran who comes will find as royal greeting and service as were ever given to conquerors of human hearts, and the greeting in Nashville will exceed that which would be given them if they had established the Confederacy.

## HOW COMRADES CAN GET TOGETHER.

Whether these reunions are to be continued several years or not nobody can tell, but a plan is proposed that can be made to give more satisfaction than ever occurred before. It is one for which comrades have fervently prayed and gone home to die

without the realization. It is the project of the editor of the VETERAN, and it is his greatest ambition to see it accomplished. Every Veteran who has attended a reunion—however much joy and comfort he may have had—has gone home in deep sorrow over the failure to see some comrades who were to him as brothers. This disappointment and sorrow may be practically avoided, and the plan is announced this early so that every comrade may contribute to its success.

The outline is as follows: By the best line of travel in Nashville is the great Vanderbilt University, with more than seventy acres of shaded lawn matted with blue grass. It is suburban, inclosed, and as delightfully situated as if made for the purpose. The plan is to have a gathering, of Veterans only, on the campus of this university at four o'clock of Wednesday, the 15th of June. Places for the different State Divisions to form will be designated by signs, alphabetically arranged, and upon arrival comrades are to go to the place of State from which they served and wait until the membership of each State is perfected. It is possible for any Veteran who may be in Nashville to find his old companions by this plan.

Gen. W. E. Mickle, the Adjutant General, has been informed of the project and cordially approves it, having named the hour of four o'clock on Wednesday, the 15th, the business session of that day being concluded about two o'clock. It is intended to designate in these grounds by clear signs the different States, and upon arrival Veterans are to go to the place of States designated from which they served and appear in three lines, the cavalry in front, next the infantry, and then the artillery. The men are to face the west, so that the first regiment will be to the right. The States will be designated in alphabetical order, with a place for miscellaneous commands. The Commanders, or the different Adjutant Generals, of these States in the U. C. V. should be present to give directions until these organizations of States are perfected.

The Chancellor of the Vanderbilt University, Dr. James H. Kirkland, has been apprised of this plan and gives cordial assent to our use of the campus. *No visitors are to be admitted to the grounds except Confederate Veterans.*

After the greetings, which comrades *know* will be the best that ever can happen in this world, addresses may be exchanged and family associations can follow where members of families are in the city.

Comrades, with years of anxious watching and study, this plan exceeds all others, and your approval is asked. Write this office that you will cooperate and that nothing but sickness will prevent your being in line with your comrades.

## "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

ANECDOTES BY REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D.D.

A marked characteristic of "Stonewall" Jackson was the secrecy with which he conceived and executed his plans. I give some illustrations which came under my personal observation:

After the battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic we were resting for a season near the last battlefield, when I procured a furlough for forty-eight hours to go to my wife's home, in Nelson County. My uncle, Col. John M. Jones, afterwards Gen. John M. Jones, who was killed on the first day at the Wilderness, was at that time chief of staff of Gen. Ewell, who was Jackson's second in command. As Col. Jones had told me that he was going up to Staunton at that time, I rode by Ewell's headquarters to get his company. Just as we were leaving, Gen. Ewell came out and said to us: "If you gentlemen desire to stay a little over your leave, it will make no difference. We are being largely reinforced, and will rest here for some days, when we will again beat up Banks's quarters down about Strasburg." I determined, however, to return to my command on time; and, arriving at Charlottesville two days afterwards, I found the head of Jackson's column passing through that town on its famous march to Richmond. Meeting my uncle a day or two afterwards, I asked him what made Gen. Ewell deceive us so grossly that morning in reference to the movement of the army. He at once replied: "Ewell did not deceive us. He was deceived himself. I am his confidential staff officer and receive all communications that come to our headquarters, and I know, absolutely, that everything that Ewell had received went to show that it was our purpose to move down the Valley again. The truth is, Ewell never knows anything about Jackson's plans until they are fully developed."

I remember, on that same march, that the whole army was completely deceived (as also were the citizens generally) as to Jackson's plans. When we reached Charlottesville it was currently believed that we would move on Madison C. H. to check a movement of Banks's across the Blue Ridge. When we camped at Gordonsville it was supposed that we would move toward Washington. I recall that the pastor of the Presbyterian Church there, the Rev. Dr. Ewing, with whom Jackson spent the night, told me, as a profound secret not to be breathed to mortal man, that we would move at daybreak the next morning on Culpeper C. H. He said there could be no mistake about this, because he had gotten it from Gen. Jackson himself. We did move at daybreak. The boys used to say that "Old Jack" always moved at daybreak except when he started the night before; but instead of moving on Culpeper C. H., he moved in the opposite direction, on Louisa C. H. and toward Richmond.

At Frederickshall, in Louisa County, fifty miles from Richmond, we went into camp, and Jackson had his headquarters in the yard of Mr. Frederick Harris. Mrs. Harris sent that evening to know if Gen. Jackson would not take breakfast with her the next morning. He replied that he would be glad to do so if he were there at breakfast time; and upon her inquiry as to the time he would take breakfast, Jackson replied: "Have it at your usual hour, and send for me when breakfast is ready." About twelve o'clock that night Jackson started on his famous ride to Richmond to have his final conference with Gen. Lee before the opening of the seven days' battles around Richmond. When Mrs. Harris sent for him to come to breakfast the next morning, Jim, Jackson's famous negro body servant, replied: "Hi, you don't 'spect to find the General here at this hour, do you? He left here about mid-

night last night, and I 'spect he's by this time whipping Banks in the Valley again."

Early that same morning Jackson, accompanied by a single courier, rode up to the house of Mr. Mat Hope, a citizen who lived in the lower part of Louisa County, and, rousing him from his slumbers, the following colloquy ensued: "Who are you?" said Hope. The General replied: "We are two Confederate officers on important business. Have you two good horses?" "Yes," replied Hope: "I always keep good horses." "Well, ours are weary and we must have yours." "You shall do no such thing," replied Hope. "I shall not have my horses go with any straggling fellows who may choose to claim to be Confederate officers." After further colloquy, Jackson said, in his firmest tones: "There is no use of further talking, Mr. Hope. Our business is urgent and we must have the horses. You might as well saddle them for us at once." "I will not do it," said Hope. "I don't saddle my own horses; I keep negroes to do that, and I shall certainly not saddle them for you." The result was that Jackson and his courier got the horses and saddled them themselves and galloped off, leaving their own in their place. When, several days afterwards, the horses were returned, "with Gen. Jackson's compliments," Hope exclaimed: "Why did he not tell me that he was Gen. Jackson? If I had known that it was Gen. Jackson, I should have given him every horse on the place and have considered it a privilege to have saddled them myself." Jackson galloped on to Richmond, held his interview with Gen. Lee, and returned to his command without anybody in Richmond having been aware of his presence, or the army having the most remote idea that he was absent. Indeed, this whole movement was so secretly conducted that the men themselves were uncertain as to its destination until the evening of the 26th of June, when they heard A. P. Hill's guns at Mechanicsville, and made the woods vibrate with their shouts of anticipated victory. Jackson managed to deceive both friend and foe, and at the very moment when he was thundering on McClellan's flank at Richmond, Banks was fortifying against an expected attack from him at Strasburg, in the lower Shenandoah Valley, more than two hundred miles away.

After the seven days' battles, and Jackson had been sent to meet the advance of Pope in Northern Virginia, we were camped for a season around Gordonsville. When we moved to cross the Rapidan and bring on the battle of Cedar Run, I chanced to ride with a sick friend in the rear of Ewell's Division as it moved up the turnpike to Liberty Mills. Just after crossing the river we met a courier, who was galloping posthaste and asked us how far behind A. P. Hill was. We told him that A. P. Hill was not on that road at all, but that we had seen him break camp and move toward Orange C. H. He said that we must be mistaken; that Gen. Ewell had told him that A. P. Hill was moving in his rear, and that he had been sent to tell him to hurry forward, as the enemy were making a demonstration in Ewell's front. We assured him that we were not mistaken, and he hurried back to inform Gen. Ewell.

Upon another occasion orders came for Ewell's command to be ready to move at daybreak the next morning. We broke camp, as ordered, and lay all day in the near-by turnpike ready to move. About noon Ewell rode up to the house of Dr. James L. Jones, near Gordonsville, and saluted him with: "Doctor, can you tell me where we are going to?" "That is a question," replied the Doctor, "which I should like to ask of you, General, if it were a proper one." "A very proper question," said Ewell, "but I should like to see you get an answer. Jackson ordered me to be ready to move at

daylight this morning. I was ready, as you see, and my people have been lying there in the road all this morning. I do not know whether we are going to march north, south, east, or west; or whether we are going to march at all; and that is about all I ever know about Gen. Jackson's plans." His higher officers sometimes complained that Jackson kept them in such profound ignorance as to his designs; but "Old Stonewall" used to have the ready answer: "If I can deceive my own people, I shall have no trouble in deceiving the enemy."

ANECDOTE FROM MAJ. JED. HOTCHKISS.

Capt. Frank B. Berkeley, of Staunton, Va., tells the following, which he had from his brother, Dr. Cater Berkeley, who was present as an officer of the battery in question and heard the conversation:

"During the battle of Malvern Hill Gen. Whiting, whose division had been temporarily assigned to Jackson's command, had put his troops in position on each side of a road which led directly to the Federal lines. In that road he had placed the Staunton Artillery, at that time commanded by Capt. Balthis, as part of his line of battle. Gen. Jackson came riding up and, halting, said, 'Gen. Whiting, what's this battery doing here? Take it up on that hill,' pointing toward the enemy. Whiting replied: 'That hill is occupied by a Federal battery.' Gen. Jackson answered: 'Gen. Whiting, will you obey orders?' He answered, 'I will, sir, but under protest,' and, turning to the battery, he said: 'Captain, take your battery up on that hill at a gallop.' The guns were promptly limbered up and the battery moved forward as ordered. Seeing this movement, the Federal battery as promptly limbered up and left its position, which was at once occupied by the Confederate battery, which soon opened on the enemy."

#### GEN. H. B. GRANBURY, OF TEXAS.

BY J. H. DOYLE.

Gen. Granbury commanded a brigade of Texans in the Army of Tennessee, C. S. A. In the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, he was killed. His body was buried in the Polk Cemetery by Ashwood Church, near Columbia, Tenn. In November, 1893, the Granbury Camp, U. C. V., of Granbury, Tex., appointed Dr. J. N. Doyle to go to Columbia, exhume the body, and bring it to Granbury for reinterment.

The General's uniform and army blanket in which he was buried were in a tolerably fair state of preservation. The remains were reinterred here November 30, 1893, just twenty-nine years after he sacrificed his life for the land he loved.

More people were in our town on that occasion than ever before.

The town of Granbury was named in his honor. The plain marble slab, placed at the grave at Columbia, is at the head of the grave in the cemetery at Granbury, and bears the following inscription: "Brig. Gen. H. B. Granbury, of the Confederate Army from Texas. Born in Georgia; killed at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864."

An effort is now being made by Texans to erect a monument to Gen. Granbury on the Public Square of Granbury, Tex. As yet, however, a very small amount of funds has been received.

At the head of the procession, mounted on a gray horse, is Maj. J. A. Farmwalt, who commanded the Tenth Texas, Granbury's Brigade, at the battle of Franklin, and was severely wounded in that fearful conflict. He informed me a few days ago that Granbury's Brigade went into the battle six hundred and fifty strong, and only one hundred and seventy-five answered at roll call the next morning.

Adjutant John Willingham was in command of the Tenth Texas, and the Junior captain was in command of the brigade.

Maj. Farmwalt will be eighty-four years old on April 24 next. He is tall and straight as a Comanche Indian, as jovial as a boy, and a native of that State, renowned for the gallant heroes it has produced—Tennessee. He is impatiently waiting to attend the next reunion at Nashville.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES, BY T. M. SKILLERN, FROSA, TEX.  
—I have been a silent but faithful reader and admirer of the *VETERAN* for many years, and I now give some little personal reminiscences. I enlisted in the Confederate service at Austin, Ark., September, 1861, at the age of seventeen, and served till the close of the war, being discharged at Marshall, Tex., in May, 1865, by Gen. Sterling Price. I joined Company C, Thirty-Sixth Arkansas Infantry, under Col. Dandridge McRea, Lieut. Col. J. E. Glenn, with Calvin Robison as my first captain. I served in the Trans-Mississippi Department. I was in the battles at Camden, at Helena, and at Prairie Grove, Ark. As my old comrades could attest, I never was sick nor did I dodge duty. Young readers of the *VETERAN* may think we old gray-haired soldiers of the sixties indulge in boasting and self-praise, but they merit the privilege of at least recounting to the world deeds as heroic and glorious as any ever recorded. I should like to hear from any of my old comrades. I send three cheers for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and for all the martyrs who fought for our cause.



SCENE AT GRANBURY, TEX.—PROCESSION TO THE CEMETERY FOR THE FINAL BURIAL OF GEN. H. B. GRANBURY.