



[Return I. Holcombe Papers.](#)

Copyright Notice:

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit www.mnhs.org/copyright.

GEO. A. McGEHEE,
~~ASSESSOR~~,
AMITE COUNTY.

#2)

Liberty, Miss., 191.....

I was

selected as Sergeant of the Kitchen^{3d} I so conducted myself as to gain the respect of the Kitchen Sergeant, the barracks Sergeant^{2d} the corporal, besides I was of some assistance to them in making their Rules. I do not remember any of their names except the barracks Sergeant, Bishop,^{2d} I think he was from Minn.

I see now that the poem sent you was only a parody on some fine poem^{2d} why I did not think of it I am at a loss to tell. almost all such things are parodies on some fine poem^{2d} we ought always think it must be if we do not know the original work. I am sorry I sent it now, but you can see to what bad use can be made of the most sacred things by such work.

Yes, the old 22d was at Champion Hill or Baker's Creek, but did not get in the fight as

GEO. A. McGEHEE,
ASSESSOR,
AMITE COUNTY.

3

Liberty, Miss., 191

our Brigade was on reserve, but Gen. Long did not follow Pemberton into Vicksburg, but carried us out through a small trail just missing your lines on the right ³d left; some of our regiment was from Hinds County ³d knew every "hog path", is why ^{we} got through; I was wounded at Corinth on Oct. 3. at the first charge at an out post of your army, where we captured the "Lady ^{Richardson} Richmond" a 30lb Parrot gun, which was carried through Amite County to Port Hudson but at the fall of P. H. it was thrown in the Miss. River ³d was not surrendered on July 8th, 1863 - He joined the Tenn. Army at Resacca ²d while we were not engaged we had several men killed, but none from Co. "C" my Company; I was at Kennesaw Mountain ²d 5 miles south of Marietta I was captured; Sherman was pushing Johnston so

GEO. A. McGEHEE,
ASSESSOR,
AMITE COUNTY.

4

Liberty, Miss., 191.....

much that he had to move as secretly as possible
and as I had been on picket line two nights and
had charge of the three squads digging a ditch the
4th day of July I was too dead asleep to know
when the "boys" left and some Ohio "boys" woke
me up and carried me back and gave me breakfast
the first coffee I had seen since I left home, while
I was as saucy as I could be I was treated O.K.
but the deserters who were picked up was
kicked about by the veterans in line; so you
see my experience with the Federal private
soldier was, ^{that they gave me} good treatment and respected me for
adhering to my side with all fidelity

I, too, at the beginning of the war was a
Union boy, as my father and all his brothers were
but in all my arguments for peace they came to
naught and it was said by one of the Minute
men that I would be one of the first to join a

GEO. A. McGEHEE,
ASSESSOR,
AMITE COUNTY.

\$ 5

Liberty, Miss., 191.....

A company ³d go off, which was indeed true as this same man shirked all the way through the war.

I am no longer an Assessor as my 70 years ³d the young people think we all made a mistake in going to war ^d therefore set all the old Vets aside for young men; I guess 22 years service in the county was long enough any way; as to the mistake it is a mooted question slavery as practiced before the war was very much in line with building up an Aristocracy that lacked the true principles of manhood ^d religion; ^d was ~~very~~ creating too much of ^a class citizenship; it is true I would like to have the negro to wait on me ^d family but as a democrat opposed to aristocrats I am glad that we lost the negro. With my sincerest regards ^d the hope that this will not be our last epistle, I am,
Very truly yours
Geo. A. McGehee.

[1911]

To the Pioneer Press

In your issue of this (Friday) morning, noting Gov. Johnson's vetoing of the Omnibus bill, this paragraph appears:

The appropriation for the purpose of additional land at Fort Ripley, costing \$2,500, was vetoed. The governor said that many had appeared before him, and maintained that the state owned enough land there.

The truth of the matter may as well be stated. The Governor vetoed no appropriation for "additional land" at Fort Ripley, for no such appropriation was made. There was an appropriation made for additional land at Fort Ridgely, and this appropriation the Governor vetoed. The total amount of the appropriation was ^{about} \$6,000 instead of \$2,500, as your reporter stated. Paragraph 8 of Section 40 of the general appropriation or omnibus bill, the paragraph which the Governor vetoed, reads:

8. For the purchase of additional land adjoining the five acre tract owned by the state on which stands the Fort Ridgely monument, and for the improvement and care of the same. The unexpended balance of the amount appropriated for this purpose under Sec. 31, Chap. 456, Laws of 1907 is hereby reappropriated, all to be expended under the direction of Jacob Klossner Jr., Charles H. Hopkins and Joseph Smith, available for year ending July 31, 1910, \$2,500.

This paragraph never came before the Legislature for discussion, but was clipped into the appropriation bill secretly, and its existence was ^{practically} unknown until the bill was printed. Senator McCall made

a vigorous effort in the Senate to have the paragraph stricken out, but there was a general understanding that the report of the appropriations committee should be sustained, and Senator McCall ~~and~~ had only about fourteen other Senators to sustain him.

There was a large and very vicious woodchuck in the paragraph. The law of 1907 for clearing off and improving the actual site of Fort Ridgely appropriated \$3,500 for the purpose, and only a few dollars of this sum has been expended. The paragraph attempted to "switch" this appropriation and divert it to the purchase of "additional land," leaving the Fort Ridgely monument and the sacred ground where the ^{old forts} defenders shed their blood still in a barnyard.

The exact amount of "additional land" to be purchased was not stated. Those who were to expend the appropriation - every one of whom is interested in "land adjoining the five acre tract owned by the State" - might contract for 200 acres or more, paying a portion of the purchase down and trusting a future Legislature to furnish the balance. It looked like a big scheme to unload a lot of poor sandy land a lot of it on the side of a 400 feet bluff, upon the State for a big price. The

3
\$6,000 was only the opening wedge.

The universal opinion of those who are really interested in the preservation of the site and history of Fort Ridgely is that the State already owns all of the land that is necessary for that purpose. The five-acre tract now owned by the State comprises the site of the old fort proper — where the principal buildings were. In the center of the old parade ground stands a fine monument. The walls of the old commissary building are still standing. When the improvements are completed there will be a fine little five acre park enclosed by a steel fence.

If the local community wants a public park adjoining the sacred ground, let the members of that community have public spirit and liberality enough to buy the land themselves, instead of trying to have the State buy it and pay three times what it is worth.

The inside of the scheme to unload a lot of poor land upon the State in the vicinity of Fort Ridgely is known. It is twelve years old. It was first tried on Congress. Gov. Johnson had other reasons for killing it in its present shape than that the State "already has enough land there."

R. J. Holcombe

St. Paul Minn.

Aug. 9 - 1910

Dear sister and all the rest.

Well

it has been a long time since I have heard from any of you. I am sending you my picture and the other girl lives down stairs as I did not want to pose alone with my brother "Jack" and he is some fellow now. I believe that that is just ~~about~~ about the best picture I had ever had since I was a baby and from the size of me I'll bet you think that was some time ago.

To day I am in the Capitol building in the historical library with the lady

down stairs she is looking
up her family history but
alas! poor Tom I have no
such a thing "Ha Ha."

I have been reading William
Herndon's "Abraham Lincoln"
until I can see it every
where I look ~~so~~ and it is
no fun either.

(Dec 1911)

Salt-petre, nitre, and nitrate of potash, KNO_3 , are substantially the same. Obtained in various ways. Leaching particular earths composed of decayed organic matter and which have been treated with water containing ammonia, as urine, is one way. It is obtained as a natural and as an artificial product. Sometimes nitre forms naturally on the walls of certain caves and cellars, when it is scraped off and treated and refined.

Nitre is an important element in gun-powder, and essential in the old black, smoke-producing kind. Sometimes it is not easy to obtain and in time of great wars nations have been put to great stress to secure this material for their powder mills. At one time in his great wars, Napoleon was compelled to leach the

earth procured under old houses and barns in France in order to obtain nitre from the solutions.

The Southern Confederacy during its brief but turbulent and stormy existence, was always in great straits for nitre or saltpetre to meet the demands of the nitre bureaux and powder mills. In some time the main supply was obtained from the saltpetre caves of East Tennessee and North Carolina. The supplies from these sources were never very abundant, and early in the fall of 1863 the Federal or Union forces captured and broke up the Tennessee caves and cut off from the Confederacy those of Western North Carolina.

As early as the 1st of February, 1862, the Confederate Secretary of War, Judah P. Benjamin issued an order for the impressment of all

saltpetre found in the hands of any one but the manufacturers or the Confederate authorities. The material so seized was to be paid for at the rate of 40 cents a pound. The Secretary's order was made necessary by the extortion which had been practiced on the Southern government by speculators who had obtained control of the nitre supply of the Confederacy.

The Confederacy suffered all kinds of privation and deprivation during the war, not only from a lack of materials from which to make powder, but from a sore want of certain foods and drinks, medicines, clothing, etc. But its people bravely endured everything in their efforts to obtain the independence of their republic. No hardship was too severe for them to endure, no sacrifice too great for them to make in behalf of "the cause." Some of their efforts in this regard were really pathetic and pitiful.

In the Fall of 1862, after the nitre supply in Tennessee and North Carolina had been cut off the Nitre and Mining Bureau of the Confederate arsenal at Selma, Alabama was in sad want of this essential element of powder making. Nearly every source of supply was exhausted. The agent of the Bureau, Maj. Jonathan Haralson, knew that the secretions of the human kidneys—in other words the urine—is rather rich in the elements of nitre. He conceived the plan of conserving and utilizing this fluid by appealing to the patriotism of the ladies of Selma. October 1, 1862, the following official notice was published in the Selma (Ala.) Sentinel:

The ladies of the town complied with the order in all modesty and decorum, and for several mornings the "wagons with barrels" made their rounds and their collections. There was an element of real pathos in the incident, but it also had a comic feature. A grizzled old fellow of the town, ^{Col. Thos B. Wetmore} saw chiefly the funny side. He was too old for military duty if he had not been too corpulent, and he was too corpulent if he had not been too old. He would willingly have fought for the Southern cause if he had ^{been} physically able. He lived to see that cause go down in defeat and died a few years after the war closed.

About the third morning after Maj. Haxelson's wagons began their rounds through Selma, Col. Wetmore exhibited to his friends in manuscript the following verses:

These verses created something of a sensation in the little city. They were laughed over and made the most of. Printed copies were struck off and freely circulated. They came to the notice of Maj. Harolson who at first was good-natured over them. In a few days he wrote the following reply:



The two "poems," or rather brochures, were soon widely circulated. They were re-printed and copied again and again. They were to be found by the camp fires of Lee's veterans in Virginia, Joe Johnston's in Georgia, everywhere among the boys in gray throughout the Mississippi Valley. Soon too they were in circulation among the Union soldiers in the Western armies.

The ~~little~~ verses were a little risqué, but according to the dictionaries there was not an obscene word in them, not a word that the Bible condemns. The soldiers considered them simply interesting and they ~~did not~~ ~~read~~ ~~them~~ ~~with~~ ~~any~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~indignation~~ ~~or~~ ~~any~~ ~~other~~ ~~feeling~~ ~~of~~ ~~either~~ ~~army~~. They drove away gloom and sadness from many a Campfire and his ~~camp~~ ~~and~~ ~~thus~~ ~~old~~ ~~Col. Tom Netmore was doing better than he knew when he wrote them. At the same time he showed to historians and commentators the desperate conditions of the Southern People at times and the extent to which people were willing to make to save it.~~

Not long after Netmore's and Haralson's verses were in general circulation, there appeared an addition to them. This addition was entitled, "A Boston Widow's Reply to Jon Haralson's Order," and ran as follows:

From Selma Ala Sentinel Oct. 1, 1862

By Thos. B. Wetmore

Jon Nelson! Jon Haralson
You are a funny creature;
You've given to this cruel war
A new and useful feature.
You've let us know that while each moon
Is bound to be a fighter,
The women, bless them! can be put
To making lots of nitre.

Jon Haralson! Jon Haralson!
Where did you get that notion
Of sending barrels' round our streets
To fill them with that lotion?
We thought the women did enough
At sewing shirts and kissing;
But you have put the lovely dears
To patriotic p—g

Jon Haralson! Jon Haralson,
Can't you suggest a matter
And somewhat less immoderate
Of getting your salt petre?
You see, the thing's so very odd,
Gunpowder-like and cranky,
That when a lady lifts
Her shift
She shoots a bloody Yankee

Maj' Jonathan Haralson.

The women, bless their dear good souls!
 Are every one for war,
 Although they may not be quite sure
 Just what the fight is for,
 To "soldier boys" they'll give their shoes,
 And stockings, by the score;
 They'll have salt petre or they'll cry
 In frantic tones, "Net-more!"

They'll stoop to conquer ^{all} and
 But keep their virtues ^{pure}
 And 'tis no harm to ^{kill} kill a
 With chamber lye, ^{in some}
 But powder they are bound ^{to have}
 And this they're sworn before,
 And if the needful thing is scarce
 They'll "press" it and "Net-more!"

The women, were it not for them
 Our country would be lost;
 They charm the world, inspire our hearts
 To fight at every cost,
 What care they how our powder's made?
 They'll have it or they'll bore
 Through mines or beds in stables made,
 And, straining, cry, "Net-more!"

Boston Widow

p 88
 Opp has notes
 Kimball, Beatty et al

Jon Haralson! Jon Haralson!

We read in song and story
 That woman's tears through all the years
 Have watered fields of glory.
 But never was it told before,
 That how on fields of slaughter,
 Your Southern beauties dried their tears
 And went to "making water."

No wonder, Jon, your boys are brave;
 Who would not be a fighter,
 If every time he fired his gun
 He used his sweetheart's nitre.
 And, vice versa, what could make
 A Yankee soldier madder
 Than dodging bullets fired by
 A Southern woman's bladder?

But they say there is a ^{smell} funny smell
 That lingers in the powder,
 And as the smoke grows thicker
 And the din of battle louder,
 There is found in this compound
 One serious objection -
 Our soldiers cannot sniff it in
 Without a stiff erection!

SUBJECT:

N & W
RY.

NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

OFFICE OF GENERAL FREIGHT AGENT

Roanoke, Va. 1 Jan. 11th. 1911

Mr. R. I. Holcombe

St. Paul Minn.,

My Dear Sir:-

Attached please find copy of poem which you asked for in a late copy of The Confederate Veteran. On showing a copy to a veteran here, he told me that he remembers of seeing same during the war, so it is very probable that the incident was an actual one, and so brought forth the verses as given.

Yours very truly

S. P. Figgat

The Chancery Court

L. W. BUFORD
CLERK AND MASTER

HON. DOUGLAS WIKLE
JUDGE, ETC.

Franklin, Tenn. Dec 16th 1911

R. J. Holcombe

414 Tenth St

St Paul Minn.

Dear Sir

I see by my Sec No of the Veteran you are willing to pay a reasonable price for a copy of a "Poem" written during the war at Selma Ala in regard to making Nitro. What do you consider a reasonable price? Were you a Federal or Confederate Soldier? ~~or were~~ or are you the son of either?

I have the "Poem" you wish written by T. B. Wetmore to John Harnalson and the reply by Mr Harnalson, and can furnish you both of them.

I got it during the war ~~with~~ while a wounded Soldier in the neighborhood of Selma.

Yours Respt

Joe. H. Bowman

R. F. D. 4

Franklin Tenn.

Samtowners Miss
12-12-1911

Mr. R. S. Holcomb.

My Dear Sir

For the Veteran
for this month, you ask for a poem
John Harbalsam &c, I send you this
poem, and request you to have same
reprinted and return one crew, and the
old Caprys to me.

I am an old Combed - served through
the war in Va - a member of Co K 19th
Miss - Regt - if you will look up the Veteran
of May 1909 you will find an article
written by me on the battle of Bloody
Angle 12th May 1864 - if you are a vet -
of either Sides and will write me
I will send you photo of the oak
tree that was shot down that day
I had the Government photographer
to photograph it for me 14 years ago
one line of poem is spoiled by being torn
but you can place on paper and make it out
Respt &c Robert Gambell.

Stone, Kelley & Company

INCORPORATED

DESIGNERS and TAILORS



Louisville, Kentucky

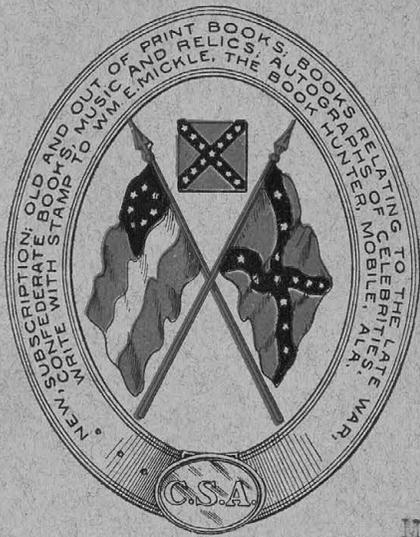
Dec 13-1911

Mr R. J. Halcomb
St Paul Minn

Dear Sir,
In the Old Veteran. I see you
wish a copy of the "Poem" starting
"John Harvalson! John Harvalson! where
did you get the notion" etc. Please advise
me at Crystal Springs Miss. what you
are willing to pay for it and I will have
you a copy made. As I have one of
the original prints.

Yrs truly
O. Humphries
Crystal Springs
Miss

ALL PROFITS ARE ADDED TO THE REVENUES OF U. C. V. HEADQUARTERS



Office of Editor-in-Chief

OF

"Well-Known Confederate Veterans and their War Records"

The Greatest Book of the Age

WILLIAM E. MICKLE
EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

Book ready for delivery
January 1st, 1907

Wm. E. Mickle
MOBILE, ALA., 14 Dec., 1911.

Mr. R. I. Holcombe,

St. Paul, Minn.:

Dear Sir,

I have a copy of the poem for which you advertise in the Veteran, but I fear that I cannot lay my hands on it, but I shall try. Please let me know what you will pay for it. It is printed copy.

Very truly,

Wm. E. Mickle.

Confederate Book
Committee

Gen. Geo. P. Harrison
Opelika, Ala.

Gen. V. Y. Cook
Newport, Ark.

Gen. Fred. L. Robertson
Tallahassee, Fla.

Gen. Bennett H. Young
Louisville, Ky.

Gen. Thos. W. Carwile
Edgefield, S. C.

Gen. A. C. Trippe
Baltimore, Md.

Gen. Julian S. Carr
Durham, N. C.

Gen. Geo. W. Gordon
Memphis, Tenn.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt
Forth Worth, Tex.

Editor-in-Chief

GEN. WM. E. MICKLE

Associate Editor

COL. BEN. LaBREE



TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OF THE
STATE OF ALABAMA.

JOHN PURIFOY,
STATE TREASURER.
JAMES L. PURIFOY,
CHIEF CLERK.

MONTGOMERY, Dec. 14, 1911/

R I Holcombe, Esq'r

St Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir;

Seeing your notice in the Confederate Veteran of recent date, I am accordingly complying with your request. The little notice which precedes the verses is the innocent cause of all the effusions which follow it. The notice appeared in the Selma Reporter, a daily newspaper. The reply of the Boston Widow is an after the war production.

I am enclosing you a picture of one of the "boys" of the sixties. While that period has been a long time when considered from a certain standpoint, the boy whose picture you see is still one of the "bo ys".

Now, as to pay for this little service, no charge is made. If, however, you know of an old decrepit Confederate soldier who needs a contribution, I will thank you to hand to him any sum you deem proper to pay for it.

If you ever come this way call and see me.

The writer was a member of that matchless army commanded by "Marse Robert" and of which the peerless "Stonewall" Jackson was a conspicuous part until he was killed. He can boast of having been in every great campaign and great battle fought by that grand fighting machine. Was in Jackson's cotps. Will be delighted to hear from you if convenient.

With much respect,

John Purifoy

Dec. 15, 1911

Mr. Holcomb, I never heard of John Haralson,
or the subject of any other «Dem» at Selma,
But, when Lucas was chief of Ordnance at
Richmond in 66- He issued a Pronouncement to
the women of the city as follows, they were to
save all their chamber lye and he would send
his carts around every morning and gather it in.
That the courses of material for the manufacture
of ammunition were giving out- and had to be
replaced, that- the men were at the front-
risking their lives, and that the women at Home
must keep their fuel up by contributing liberally
and the next morning this appeared also.

Great Lucas how sublime the thought,

A nations weal is owing
To lovely woman and her power,
To keep her waters flowing.

Your carts with decency and haste,
Will gather up the plunder,
That on the Yankee Ships and men,
Our mighty guns may thunder,
And louder shall their bellowing throats,
Belch forth destruction knowing,
To what a whiskered stern array,
Their bearful power is owing,

I cannot recall the next-line, as I had not
thought-of it-before for forty years but Lucas comes
in it somewhere

2nd line

Man bares his bosom to the foe,

But woman bares her bottom,

Then Ladies, here's a chance for you,

Your name shall live in story.

For when a southern woman squats,

A Yankee's gone to glory,

And honored shall her memory be,

By all throughout the nation.

Who lifts her shift, and fires away,

For national salvation.

and the carts never turned a wheel

see 15-1911

E. L. Noble

Soldiers Home, Hermitage, Tenn
Co. G, Forrest's regmt, Cav.

Great Lucas now you one have got em

R. I. Halcomb Esq
St Paul
Minn

Dear Sir

I saw in the
Confederate Veteran for December that you
wished a copy of this "gem".

My valuation of it is gauged
by its value to yourself.

Yours Truly

A. Keeke

1920 Sunderland Place NW

Washington

DC

Washington DC

Dec 15th 1911

Jon Hardison

Operating with the
Confederate side
of the war.

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 15/1911

C. A. Humphries,
Crystal Springs, Miss.

Dear Sir - I have to thank you for your
favor of the 13th inst., regarding the
"Jon Karlsen" poem, etc.

The same mail that brought yours brought
four others on the subject, three of them
containing the ~~first~~ poem in part; yes-
terday, from a lady (!) of Montgomery, Ala.,
I received the complete version as written
by Wetmore and published in the Selma
(Ala.) Sentinel, Oct. 1, 1863.

Jon Haraldson! Jon Haraldson!
Where did you get that notion
Of sending barrels round our streets
To catch some that bring lotion?
We thought the girls had work enough
In making shirts and kissing
But you have put the pretty deers
To patriotic.

John Haraldson John Haraldson were

Montg'y Ala
Dec 9th 11.

Mr R. J. Holcombe -

St. Paul, Minn -

My dear Mr. Holcombe -

Your nice, friendly letter, in answer to my note, was received yesterday, & as you seem so anxious to hear further from me, I hasten to reply!

I am sending you by registered mail this copy of the verse you wanted. From what you said about a copy you once had, I presume

My father ^{3.} was also in the War, but on the right side being in the 23rd Virginia Cavalry under Early & later Lee. We often ~~try~~ get him to tell us of his experiences & hardships.

How was it that you did not get that "little black-eyed rebel" for surely you must have made some impress. on her.

You ^{perhaps} if not having a wife to confide in, well I'm going to let you into my secret & tell you that altho

it must be the same as ^{2.} this. Take good care of this copy (as I know you will) & when you are through with same, return to me. The J^r. Haralson spoken of in these lines, name is Jonathan Haralson who was living at Selma Ala at the time, but who now lives here in Montg'y. He was up to a year or so ago, Supreme Court Judge of Alabama, but resigned on account of ill health.

I have a mighty sweet, good-
looking husband, I didn't
tell him a thing about my
writing you for he would
have be "fit". I told my dear
old "daddy" & he said it was
alright, so now don't you tell.

The "candy money" certainly
did please the "kiddies", one
my own little ^{girl} 4 yrs & the
other my sister's little girl of
10 yrs, who was left to my
care on her mother's death
bed, just a year ago. her father
having died some years back.

Do please you ever come
down in this part of our
Southland. look me up &

5

I'll try to make your visit
to "The Cradle of the Confederacy"
a pleasant one.

I hope that the enclosed
paper will contain all the
desired information & if
you do have some printed,
I'd appreciate one or two
copies.

May this "poetry" reach you
in time to be of assistance
& wishing you a Merry
Xmas & Prosperous New
Year, I remain

Very sincerely
Mrs Gustave Lewis
212 S. M^c Donough St

Montgomery Ala
Dec 12th 1911-

R. J. Holcombe
St Paul, Maine.

Dear Sir,-

Seeing your inquiry in
"The Detour" about the "poem"
printed during the War at
Selma Ala, am writing to
say that I have the poem
of which I am enclosing a
copy.

I also have the answer to
this poem written by a

Boston (Mass)^{2.} Widow on read-
ing the piece written by
Mr. Wetmore.

Of course any amount you
deem reasonable will be
acceptable.

Respectively -

Mrs. Gustav Lewis

212 S. Mc Donough St
Montgomery, Ala.

NOTICE ANSWERED BY COLONEL T.B.WETMORE.

John Haralson, John Haralson,
You are a funny creature.
You've given to this cruel war
A new but useful feature;
You let us know, while every man is
Is bound to be a fighter,
The ladies, bless them, must be put
To making lots of nitre.

John Haralson, John Haralson,
When did you get the notion,
To send the barrels round our streets
And fill them with that lotion?
We thought the women did enough
At sewing shirts and kissing.
But you have put the lovely dears
To patriotic p_____g.

John Haralson, John Haralson,
Can't you invent a neater
And better method for our folks
To make up your salpetre?
Indeed the thing's so very odd
Gunpowder like and cranky.
That when a lady lifts her shift
She shoots a bloody Yankee.

HARALSON'S REPLY TO WETMORE.

The women, bless their dear good souls,
Are every one for war;
To soldier boys they'll give them shoes
Their stockings by the score;
They'll give their jewels all away,
Their petticoats to boot;
They'll have salpetre or they'll shout
In earnest phrase, "Wet-more."

Women yes, they "stoop to conquer."
And keep their virtue pure,
It is no harm to kill a beast
With chamber lye, I'm sure;
But powder we are bound to have,
And this they have sworn before,
That if the needful thing is scarce
They'll "press" it and "Wet-more."

WRITTEN BY A BOSTON WIDOW ON READING PIECE BY WETMORE.

John Haralson, John Haralson,
We read in song and story,
That woman's tears in all these years,
Have sprinkled fields of glory;
But never was it told before
That how, midst scenes of slaughter,
Your Southern beauties dried their tears
And went to making water.

No wonder, John, your boys were brave,
Who would not be a fighter?
If every time he shot his gun
He used his sweetheart's nitre;
And vice versa; What could make
A yankee Soldier sadder,

Than dodging bullets fired from
A pretty woman's bladder.

They say there was a subtle smell
That lingered in the powder,
And as the smoke grew thicker
And the din of battle louder,
That there was found in this compound
This serious objection,
The soldiers could not sniff it in
Without a stiff erection.

JOHN HARALSON, JOHN HARALSON.

The following lines were
written by Thomas B. Wetmore
seeing the wagons on their
morning rounds.

I

Jon Haralson! Jon Haralson!
You are a funny creature;
You've given to this cruel war
A new & useful feature,
You've let us know, while every man
Is bound to be a fighter,
The women, bless them, can be put
To making lots of nitre

II.

Jon. Haralson! Jon. Haralson!
Where did you get that notion
Of sending barrels round our streets
To fill them with that lotion?
We thought the women did enough
At sewing shirts & kissing;

But you have put the lovely dears
To patriotic pissing.

III

Jon. Haralson! Jon. Haralson!
Can't you suggest a sweeter
And faster ^{and somewhat less cumbersome} ~~mode~~ ^{mode}
To ^{of making your salt} ~~make~~ ^{make} up our salt petre?

Indeed, the thing is so very odd,
Gunpowder like & cranky,
That when a lady lifts her shift
She shoots a horrid Yankee!

Jon. Haralson! Jon. Haralson!
We've read in song and story,
How woman's tears throughout the years,
Have moistened fields of glory;
But never was it told before
That, mid dire scenes of slaughter,
Our Southern beauties ~~dash~~ ^{dash} their tears
And went to making water.

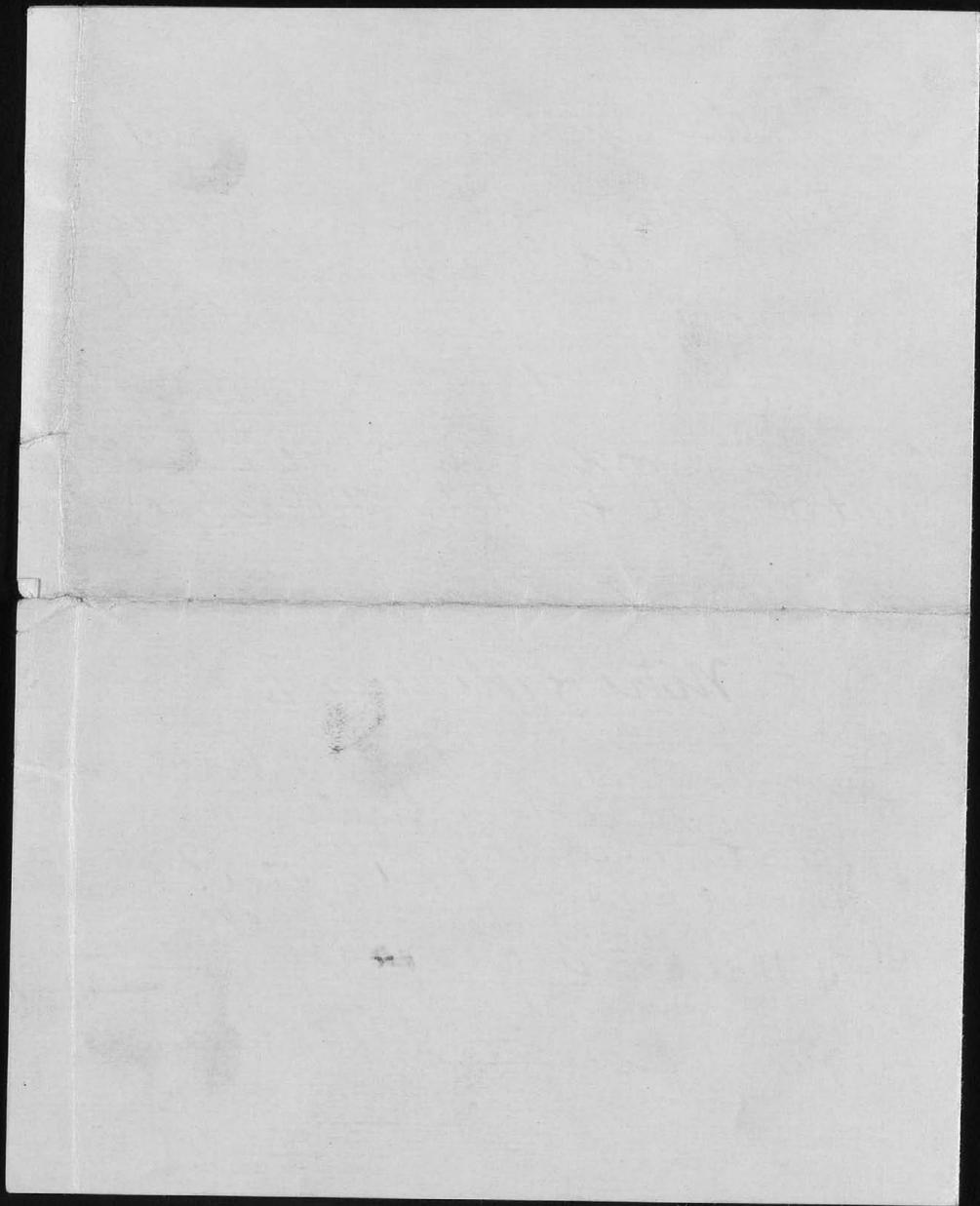
From the Selma (ala) Sentinel Oct 1, 1863

"The ladies of Selma are respectfully requested to preserve all their chamber lye collected about their premises, for the purpose of making Nitre. Wagons with barrels will be sent around for it by the subscribers.

(Signed) Jonathan Haralson

Agt. Nitre & Mining Bureau.

No wonder that our boys are brave;
Who wouldn't be a fighter,
If every time he fired his gun,
He used his sweetheart's nitre?
And, vice versa, what could make
A Yankee soldier ~~adder~~ ^{adder} madder
Than to be wounded by a ball
Fired by a woman's bladder?



During the late war, gunpowder being very scarce in the Confederacy, and after resorting to almost every means, they at last hit upon urine, and the following advertisement appeared in the *Alabama Sentinel*, published in Selma, Ala. :

THE LADIES of Selma are respectfully requested to save the chamber lye gathered about their premises, and barrels will be sent around to gather up the lotion.

(Signed) JOHN HARROLSON, Agent,
Nitre and Mining Bureau,
Confederate States Army.

Whereupon the Selma *Journal* published the following :

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, you are a funny creature ;
You have brought into this cruel war a new and curious feature ;
You would have us think, while every man was born to be a fighter,
The women—bless the pretty dears!—should save their P— for nitre.

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, where did you get the notion
To send your barrels around the town to gather up the lotion?
We thought the girls had work enough in making shirts and kissing ;
But now you put the pretty dears to patriotic P—.

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, pray, do invent a neater
And somewhat less immodest mode of making your saltpetre ;
The thing is so very queer, you know, gunpowder-like and cranky,
That when a woman lifts her shift, she shoots a bloody Yankee.

The Yankees got hold of this and added the following :

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, we read in song and story,
That woman's tears in all these years have sprinkled fields of glory ;
But never did we know before that amidst scenes of slaughter
Your Southren beauties dried their tears and went to making water.

No wonder, John, your boys are brave ; who would not be a fighter,
If every time he fired his gun he used his sweetheart's nitre?
And, *vice versa*. what can make a Yankee soldier sadder
Than dodging bullets fired from a pretty woman's bladder?

They say there was a subtle smell that lingered in the powder,
And when the smoke grew thicker and the din of battle louder,
That there was found in this compound this serious objection :
The soldiers could not sniff it in without causing an erection.

The following is an extract from the Selma, Ala., SENTINEL,
October 1st, 1862:

"The ladies of Selma are respectfully requested to preserve their Chamber Lye collected about their premises for the purpose of making Nitre. Wagons, with barrels, will be sent around by the subscriber"
(Signed) John Harrolson, Agent Nitre and
Mining Bureau, C.S.A

Whereupon the following impromptu was quietly circulated:

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, you are a funny creature;
You've given to this cruel war a new and curious feature;
You'd have us think while every man is bound to be a fighter,
The women (Bless the pretty dears), should save their P--
for Nitre.

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, where did you get the notion,
To send your barrels round the town, to gather up the lotion.
We thought the girls had work enough in making shirts and
kissing;
But now you'll put the pretty dears to patriotic P--ing.

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, do pray invent a neater,
and somewhat less immodest mode of making your Saltpetre,
The thing's so very queer you know, gunpowder-like and
cranky,
That when a lady lifts her shirt, she shoots a bloody Yankee.

-0-

A YANKEE VIEW OF IT.

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, we read in song and story,
That women's tears in all these years have sprinkled fields
of glory,
But never was it told before, how, amid scenes of slaughter,
Your Southern beauties dried their tears, and went to making
water.

No wonder, John, your boys are brave; who would not be a
fighter,
If every time he shot his gun, he used his sweethearts nitre.
And vice versa, what could make a Yankee soldier sadder,
Than dogging bullets fired by a pretty woman's bladder.

They say there was subtle smell that lingered in the powder,
And as the smoke grew thicker and the din of battle louder,
That there was found in this compound this serious objection:
The soldiers could not sniff it in without causing an erection.

N. A. HOOD
TAX COMMISSIONER
ST. CLAIR COUNTY

Ashville, Ala. Dec, 16, 1911

Mr N. S. Holcombe

St. Paul, Minn,

Dear Sir:

I have seen your notice in the Confederate Veterans, offering to pay a reasonable price for 4 Paene entitled, John Horadson; John Horadson, which was composed by one Mr. Wetmore, I have succeeded in finding the Paene and can furnish you with a copy together with the original advertisement of Horadson for notice, I can also furnish a copy of a reply by one Col. Pearson, written during the war, so give me a liberal offer on said P.A. money order for what you are willing to pay, and if reasonable I will send both of desired, by registered letter. Give plain instructions as to address &c

Very respectfully &c

N. A. Hood

R. I. Holcombe, 414 E. Tenth Street, St. Paul, Minn., will pay a reasonable price for a copy of a Confederate "poem" printed during the war at Selma, Ala., the subject of which was the collection of material for the manufacture of niter, an ingredient of gunpowder. The first words were: "John Haralson! John Haralson!"

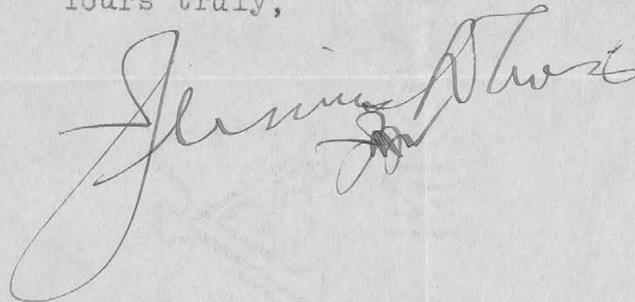
Dec. 18, 1911.

Mr. R. I. Holcombe,
414 E. Tenth Street,
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir:

See enclosed clipping from the Veteran. I can give you if you wish it, a type written copy of this piece, the reply to it and the comment said to have been written by the wife of a very distinguished jurist. I have not the printed copy but can send you a typewritten one.

Yours truly,



JD-D

Benton La. Dec 18, 1911

Mr R L Holcomb
St Paul
Miss

Seeing your request in
see Veterans 1911 for Poem
Commencing John Karalson
John Karalson Copying you would
by reasonable price for same.

I am writing to say that I have
in my possession one of the
original. Copies which I am
prepared to let you have at a
reasonable price provided we agree
as to what is a reasonable price.
I can let you have the original of a
Copy I was advised near Selma
belonged to a Company made up
of men & boys from and around

Beloved, fought under Gen Joe
Whellin

Let me hear from you —

Respt. J. & Alison
Benton
Bossier Parish
Louisiana

R. F. D. No 2,
,, , , ,

Guntown Miss

Dec 19th 1911

Mr R. F. Holcombe,

My, Dear Sir

Your letter was so interesting
to me, & hastens to answer,
hoping to get an other one
& have been more fortunate
than your self. I married a
little blue eyed ditto girl
and she is sitting by my
side while I write this letter,
We have raised six children,
three boys, & three, girls, all
we ever had, all living
and married, We have
10 Grandsons & 5 Granddaughters
How is this for reprobating
over Southland

The Copy of John Haralson
 I sent you, is the only one
 I ever saw. I do not know
 whether it is verbatim of the
 original or not, I will be glad
 indeed to get a Copy of the
 other version. I send you
 photo of the stump or
 section of the tree shot
 down, 12 May 1864 - This tree
 stood about 15^{ft} to my right,
 right of my Company was
 killed near it, seven
 wounded, my Capt & five
 of the Company were captured
 only three of us came out,
 I had six holes shot through
 my jacket & my old hat
 was all to pieces. I was

and the works is having
 lots of your boys was that
 from the tops of our works
 your say you guess I was
 a good one, Well I did the
 best I could. I went to crawl
 through your lines and
 watch your boys drink coffee
 and eat hard tack until
 the slubber would run out
 of my mouth, lots of
 times they came near
 getting me, I had the
 fun of relieving several
 of your pickets that I
 guess the officers thought
 deserted, One night I
 was out on the plank
 road looking after some

of your haze This was during
 the battles of the Wilderness
 1864, I came very near losing
 my equilibrium I knew I
 was very close to your men
 and was on the look out
 for a Widit. all at once a
 great lumbering started
 just in front of me, I
 thought all of Grant's army
 wagons & artillery was
 coming my way, my
 hat just wouldnt stay on
 my head, my legs
 would not work and there
 I was, after awhile the
 noise past by and I began
 to come too. 8 horses &
 two Carriages ran away

from your bags and into
our lines. some of your
bags of your part may
remember the cheering that
part up and down two
times three times

This was 7-may 1864.

I was young & reckless then,
It is all over now and I
have no ill will for any
of your boys except two.
They abused me after I
was a prisoner. I told them
if I ever met them on
equal footing I would
call them to time for it,
I may never meet them,
and gods I never will.

I wish I could meet with
your part some time and
have a talk with the old
boys. My camp lived
at Mr Duker from your
state last year

(John M. Stone Camp 131)
He was buried with the
same honors we bury
our members. We wrote
his Part in your state
of our actions, and the
high esteem we had for
him. There answer was
fraternal in the highest.
Come down Home & I
will give you a different
reception to the one you
had 40 odd years ago
you shall have a big
goblet for your target
and a Carving Knife
for your sword
I have no photo at
hand of my self

but will get up and
for you by the time
I write again

The tree measures 22ⁱⁿ
where it was cut off
you will see it was
shot from one side
with best wishes for
you & yours
with fraternal greetings
for the days of your
fast I am Respect &
Rabt Gambrell

I will write soon

Officers, 1911-1912

President

WILBUR W. HUBBARD, Chestertown, Md.
The Peerless Fertilizer Company

Vice-President

CHARLES ELLIS, Savannah, Ga.
Mutual Fertilizer Company

Treasurer

C. H. DEMPWOLF, York, Pa.
York Chemical Works

Secretary

W. G. SADLER, Nashville, Tenn.

Chief of Educational Bureau

JOHN D. TOLL, Philadelphia, Pa.

The National Fertilizer Association



OFFICE OF SECRETARY

Executive Committee, 1911-1912

Chairman

WILBUR W. HUBBARD, Chestertown, Md.
The Peerless Fertilizer Company

W. G. SADLER, Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

J. T. WELCH, Columbus, Ohio
The Independent Packers Fertilizing Company

WM. PRESCOTT, New York, N. Y.
The American Agricultural Chemical Company

C. H. DEMPWOLF, York, Pa.
York Chemical Works

SPENCER L. CARTER, Baltimore, Md.
The Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company

J. H. D. RODIER, Cleveland, Ohio
The Grasselli Chemical Company

C. H. MacDOWELL, Chicago, Ill.
The Armour Fertilizer Works

PORTER FLEMING, Augusta, Ga.
So. States Phosphate and Fertilizer Company

W. D. HUNTINGTON, Buffalo, N. Y.
The Buffalo Fertilizer Company

CHARLES ELLIS, Savannah, Ga.
Mutual Fertilizer Company

Nashville, Tenn. Dec. 20, 1911

Mr. R. I. Holcombe,
419, East Tenth Street,
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir:

I have just noticed in the December number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, that you wanted a copy of the "John Harralson" ad.

Am glad to say that I can accommodate you, and I herewith hand you a typewritten copy of this "ad", as well as a copy of some blank verse which soon appeared after the ad, and was circulated among many of the "boys".

Hoping that this is what you wanted, and with the compliments of the season.

Yours very truly,

W. G. Sadler
An ex-Alabamian

(Copy)

From the "Selma Ala. Sentinel", October, 25, 1864.

Ad.

"The ladies of Selma and vicinity are respectfully requested to preserve their chamber lye for the purpose of making Nitre. Wagons will be sent around for it by the subscriber.

John Harralson, Agent,

Nitrate & Mining Bureau."

The following was soon circulated:

" John Harralson, John Harralson
You are a funny creature,
You've given to this cruel war
A new and curious feature:
You'd have us think while every man
Is bound to be a fighter,
The women: bless the pretty dears,
Should save their P--- for Nitre.

John Harralson, John Harralson,
Where did you get your cranky notion,
To send your wagon around the town
To gather up the lotion?
We thought the girls had work enough
In making shirts and kissing,
But now you have set the pretty dears
To patriotic P---ing.

John Harralson, John Harralson,
Do pray invent a neater,
And somewhat less immodest way
Of making your Saltpetre;
The thing's so very strange you know
Gunpowder like and cranky,
That when a lady lifts her shift,
She shoots a bloody Yankee."

John Haralson, John Haralson, when did you
get the notion.

To send your wagon around the town to catch the
briny lotion?

We thought the girls had work enough in making
skirts ^{and} kissing,

But you have put the pretty dears to patriotic——

John Haralson, John Haralson do pray invent a metre,
^{and} somewhat less immodest mode of making your saltpetre;
For 'tis an awful idea, John, gunpowdery ^{and} cranky,
That when a lady lifts her skirts, she is killing off a
Yankee.

John Haralson, John Haralson, we have read in Song ^{and} story,
How women's tears throughout the years have moisten'd fields
of glory,

But never was it told before, that mid such scenes of
slaughter,

Yours Southern beauties dried their tears ^{and} went to
making water.

No wonder that your boys are brave; who wouldn't be
a fighter?

If every time he shot his gun, he used his sweet heart's urine,
^{and} vice versa what could make a Yankee soldier sadder,
Than dodging bullets fired by a pretty woman's bladder

History Preserved

The coming generations may never know the terrible straits the Confederacy was forced into for food, medicine, clothesnd materials for carrying on the unequal strugglend in every case the heartiest response to the call for citizen's aid in collecting articles was made by the patriotic ladies. In fact nearly every substitute for food, clothing or medicine was made by that patriotic sex. For quinine the bark of the willow tree was gathered,nd prepared by them; the root of the purgative plant, commonly called Black root, was given to the surgeons by them; in hospitals it was the feminine hand that prepared the sassafras to make tea, or okra, potato or other substitute to make a beverage used as coffee. It was from their ingenuity that the palmetto, oat strawnd swamp grass were woven into hatsnd when the call was made for all to save their urine that nitre might be extracted for making powder to be used by the brave boys in repelling the invasion of their States, the ladies put away their inherited modestynd saved the fluid; nd when the wagons used by the collectors of the urine went from house to house in our Southern cities, the houses where ladies resided always rewarded them for their trouble, while men often neglected to save it, our Southern belles never forgot their country's call.

These facts would be lost to history, but for a poem written by a Yankee prisoner, who, on hearing of the collectionnd also hearing of the response made by the ladies wrote the poem given on next page. John Harralson was the man who first advanced the idea of extracting nitre from the urinend getting the officers to require it to be saved.

GERMANTOWN, PA.
251 WEST HARVEY STREET

December 22, 1911.

Mr. R. I. Holcombe,

414 E. Tenth St.,

St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir :

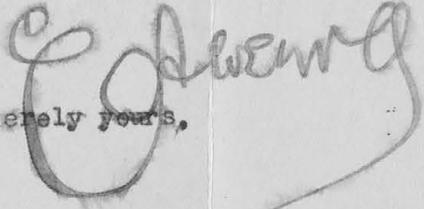
I note in the Columns of the Confederate Veteran, which is handed me monthly by a friend who was a soldier in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, that you are desirous of obtaining a copy of a poem written during the War concerning the resourcefulness of the South that was made necessary by reason of the scarcity of gun powder.

I take pleasure in sending you a copy of this poem, and in connection therewith would say that some years ago on a trip which I made by water to Savannah, Ga., I met Capt. Geo. Carey Eggleston, the distinguished writer who died a year ago and who was a captain of artillery in the Confederate Army during the War. He mentioned to me his writing a history of the War, and in discussing various matters relating to the War, I asked him whether he had ever seen the poem which I enclose. He replied that he had never seen it in print but that he had heard it recited during the War, and thereupon gave me the first two or three lines, the remainder of which he could not recall, and at his urgent request I also sent him a copy.

I hope you will enjoy these verses as much as I do in the pleasure I have in forwarding them to you.

I am

Very sincerely yours,


(Ethan Allen Weaver).

Confederate Gun Powder.

The Selma Sentinel of October, 1st, 1863. contained the following,

Notice, The Ladies of Selma Alabama, are respectfully requested to preserve at the chamber lye for the purpose of making nitre, Wagons with barrells will be sent round by the subscriber, Jonathan Haralson. agent of nitre and mining bureau,

The following line were written :-:- A Boston Widow on reading Wetmores by Thomas Wetmore, on seeing the :-:- Poem, was inspired to the following, Wagons on their morning rounds, :-:- Jon Haralson, Jon Haralson; Jon Haralson; Jon Haralson; :-:- We read in song and story, You are a funny creature, :-:- That Womens tears in all these years, You've gien to this crewel war, :-:- Have sprinkled fields of glory; A new and useful feature. :-:- But never was it told before! You let us know while every man :-:- That how mid seines of slaughter. is bound to be a fighter, :-:- You southern beauties dried your tears The women, bless them, can be put :-:- And went to making water; To making lots of ~~XXXXXX~~ water; :-:- No wonder Jon your boys are brave. Jon Haralson Jon Haralson; :-:- Who would not be a fighter! Where did you ~~get~~ the notion :-:- If every time he shot his gun of sending barrells around our Sts. :-:- He uses his sweethearts water, To fill them with that lotion, :-:- And vice verce, what could make We thaught that women did eneeough :-:- A yankee soldier sadder, At sewing shirts and kissing; :-:- Than dodging bullets fired from Bur you have put the lovely dears :-:- A petty womans bladder; To patriotic pissing. :-:- They say there is a substile smell Jon Haralson Jon Haralson; :-:- That lingers in the powder, Can, t, you suggest a neater :-:- And as the smoke grows thicker, And faster method for our folks :-:- And the din of battle louder, To make up your saltpetre; :-:- That there is found in your compound Indeed this thing is verry odd, :-:- This serious objection; Gun-powder like and cranky, :-:- The soldeirs can not sniff it in That when a lady lifts her shift :-:- without a stiff erection. She shoots a horrid yankee.

GEO. A. McGEHEE,
ASSESSOR,
AMITE COUNTY.

Liberty, Miss., Dec 23, 1911

Mr. R. D. Holcomb,
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir: -

I herewith inclose the
form you ask for, through the Confederate
Veteran; I am the Adjutant of Amite Camp
U.C.V. #226th the same was deposited with
me by Leonard L. H. Frith, Liberty, Miss.
Route #5. I think he found it in Jackson
Miss, while he was a member of the
Legislature; he was in the Va army.

I was a member of Co "E" 22d Miss.
Regimentth was in the Miss Army till
after fall of Vicksburg, then we joined J. E.
Johnston's army at Resaca, Ga - May 15, 1864
th and on the retreat from Kennesaw Mountain
I was captured July 5, 1864th and carried a
prisoner to Camp Douglas where I ~~was~~ remained

GEO. A. McGEHEE,
ASSESSOR,
AMITE COUNTY.

Liberty, Miss., 191.....

till June 11, 1865 - arriving at my fathers
July 16, 1865 in Natchez, Miss. I will be 70
years old in a few days, while Frith is about
73; most of the "boys" have crossed over^{and}
we old fellows begin to feel lonesome as the
young men are tired of the old fogies.

I do not know that you were an old
Federal soldier, but I suspect you were ^{and}
possibly the Author of this poem.

Yours respectfully,
Geo. A. McGehee.



Camp Jeff Falkner, 1382, N. C. H.

Promoter and Builder of the Alabama Falkner Home
for Confederate Veterans at
Mountain Creek.

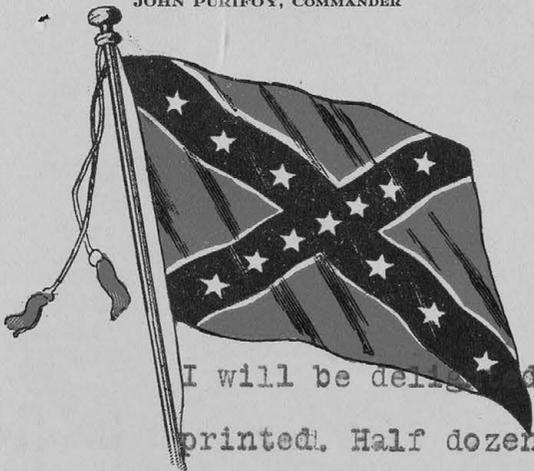


Montgomery, Ala. Dec 24, 1911

Hon. R I Holcombe,
St Paul, Minn.

My Dear Sir:

Your esteemed favor of the 18th inst. was duly received, and read with a great-deal of interest. I hardly know to whom to refer you, at Selma, to obtain authoritative information from as to real version of the poems you are receiving. Judge Jonathan Haralson, the original Jon Haralson, referred to in the poems, lives in this city, having moved here for residence when he was made a member of the Supreme Court of the state, in which capacity as an associate Supreme Judge he served two terms. He has retired and is not now a member of the court. If he will, he can probably throw more light on them than any other living man. Colonel Wetmore, the other chief actor in that play, has been dead several years. As to Judge Jonathan Haralson, I have been told he is a little sensitive on the matter and will not talk about it. I am inclined to the opinion that the copy of the two first poems sent by me is as near authoritative as can be had. The party from whom I got it lived several years in Selma, soon after the war, and informs me that he has had his copy almost *ever* since the war. The Boston Widow, he informs me, was added by a gentlemen to whom he gave copies of the first two. He feels that his is straight goods.



Camp Jeff Falkner, 1382, U. C. V.

Promoter and Builder of the Alabama Falkner Home
for Confederate Veterans at
Mountain Creek.

2

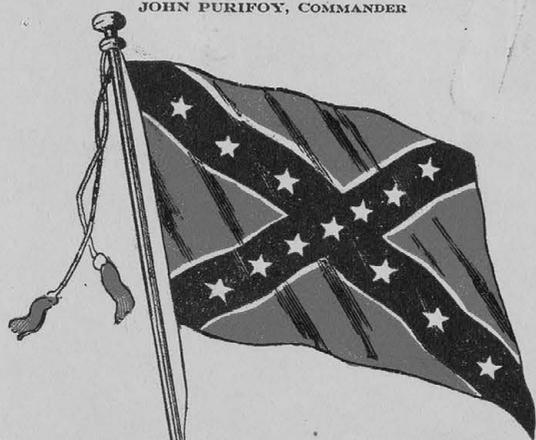


I will be delighted to have a few copies of the version you have printed. Half dozen, or dozen say. I regret I cannot throw more light on the subject of your inquiry. You can readily see that while the gingles have a broad circulation, it is one of those good things that is kept sub rosa, generally, and not generally discussed. I rarely see Judge Haralson, but if I had a good opportunity I would submit my copy to him and get him to pass judgement on it. I rarely see him, however,

With the compliments of the season, and many good wishes for long life and happiness, I am

Very truly yours,

John Purifoy



Camp Jeff Falkner, 1382, N. C. H.

Promoter and Builder of the Alabama Falkner Home
for Confederate Veterans at
Mountain Creek.

*

Montgomery, Ala. Dec. 24, 1911.

Hon. R I Holcombe,
St Paul, Minn.

My Dear Sir:

You ask me in what regiment I served, and ask for a narrative of my soldier life, saying that you have become interested in my personality. To begin with, no doubt you have heard the old saw, "Self praise is scandalous!" I am proud of my soldier life, as well as my life as a citizen, but fear I cannot write about it as well as another. If I speak too highly of what I did it will smack of egotism, and may leave you with the impression that it is exaggerated. If I tell you all and in a modest way, I may not come up to the proper standard. What I am going to say, however, will be plain unvarnished facts. My mother died when I was four years old. My father married again soon. My step mother, as is generally the case, had no special affection for me. At any rate we did not get along well together. Perhaps it was my fault. Whatever may have been the cause of our disagreement, it put me to thinking for myself at a very early age. The "old Black mama" was my best friend. When I got into trouble she was my confidant. At the age of fourteen my father died. This threw me still more on my own resources. The last death caused me to be separated from the "old balck mama!" I secured a fairly good academic education and had entered the University of Tennessee, in the fall of 1860, in the freshman class. This was the period in which the agitation



TREASURY DEPARTMENT

OF THE
STATE OF ALABAMA.

2

JOHN PURIFOY,
STATE TREASURER.
JAMES L. PURIFOY,
CHIEF CLERK.

MONTGOMERY,

was going on which resulted in the election of Lincoln. In this campaign my relatives were all Bell and Everett adherents. If you remember the particulars about these, the convention which nominated them, adopted the following as its platform; "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws!" This was all. In the wind up, Bell and Everett were not in it hardly "a little bit" for they carried but one state, Tennessee. After the November election, history was rapidly developed. One event succeeded another so rapidly, that it was hard to keep up with their progress. It was not long, however, until Alabama seceded, by a narrow margin, and the boom of a cannon which threw a shot at Fort Sumter was heard throughout the country. This was followed by another, and another, and so on, until the garrison was forced to surrender. If there was any doubting or halting of any considerable part of the Southerners before this, there was none of consequence after that. If there was any opposition it was drowned by the clamor for Southern Rights.

This event found me at school at the Tennessee University. Two days after the fall of Sumter I tendered my resignation as a student at the Tennessee University, and asked for an honorable discharge and was granted it, and went off home as fast as the train could carry me. When I reached here I found that several of my friends had already enlisted and were at Pensacola. After a short stay at home, I enlisted in the Jeff Davis Artillery, and Alabama a battery, and was soon sent off to Virginia. The battery could not go into the First Bull Run, or Manassas, on the 21st of July,

because it had not been armed. Soon after that, it reached the Confederate Army, near Fairfax Court House, and Centreville, Virginia. The personnel, of the battery in which I enlisted, consisted of a lot of boys whose ages ranged from 16 to 21 years old, a majority of whom left school to enlist.

The most of us looked upon the matter more as a frolic than something really serious. The truth is, we were afraid the war would end before we could get a shot at a "Yankee". The army did nothing further after the 21st of July, 1861. We lay in camps and winter quarters with nothing to disturb during the entire winter. The boom of an occasional heavy gun on the Potomac, intended to annoy the Federal shipping, was about all that tended to break the monotony. There was a spirited little affair at Dranesville in the fall.

Early in the spring, however, active operations began. The army under the command of General Johnston began its retrograde movement towards Yorktown to meet McClellan. The Jeff Davis Artillery was a ~~single~~ battery that accompanied it. At Yorktown the battery got its baptismal fire from siege guns. Nobody was hurt. So little damage was done by these that the men got to feeling that there was but little danger. Soon Johnston began his retrograde movement towards Richmond. The battle of Williamsburg was fought on the 3rd of May. A few other engagements were fought but nothing like a general engagement took place until the 31st of May at Seven Pines and Fair Oaks. The battery was on picket at the time and fired the signal guns for the forward movement of the Confederate attacking forces, and limbered up and moved forward with the line. Here we got our first blood baptism, the first man on the Confederate side killed was a member of the Jeff Davis Artillery. It had two men and twelve horses killed in this engagement.

In this battle General Johnston was wounded, and the command of the army went to General Lee, Old Marse Bob! Thence The Jeff Davis Artillery, known in the Official War Records, also, as Bondurant's Battery, and Reese's Battery, the names of its captains, was a component part of the Army of Northern Virginia, participating in all its subsequent campaigns, and taking part in all the great battles fought by it, and numerous smaller ones. It was engaged at South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. In this campaign, it was a part of Jackson's command. During the winter of 1862-3 it was placed in a battalion with three Virginia batteries, and the battalion was commanded by Colonel Thomas H Carter, and operated with Rodes' division, one of the three divisions commanded by Stonewall Jackson, in the flank movement at Chancellorsville, made by Jackson, and in which he was wounded from which he died soon after. The next move was into Pennsylvania, which culminated in the great battle of Gettysburg. Ewell was in command of the Second Corps, Jackson's old corps, in that campaign, and Carter's battallion still operated directly with Rodes' division, and run into the battle the first day, on the 1st of July, where the battery, Jeff Davis Artiller, Reese's, was actively engaged. It, the battery was in the rear guard in leaving Gettysburg, and had several mild bouts with the Federals.

In the advance into Pennsylvania, in passing through the Valley, the Second Corps scattered the forces of Milroy, in and around Winchester. The battle of Gettysburg was the last great battle during the year 1863. We had several small affairs with Meade during the latter part of the summer and fall, but never did get a general engagement. The Spring of 1864 opened with the Wilderness on the 6th of May. The battle of Spotsylvania Court House occurred on the 12th of May. Several fights occurred from the 8th to the



STATE EXAMINER OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS
MONTGOMERY, ALA.

JOHN PURIFOY,
EXAMINER.
H.F. LEE,
H.Y. BROOKE,
C.E. McCALL,
ASSISTANT EXAMINERS.

to the 12th. But the twelfth was a bad day for the Jeff Davis Artillery. The guns, three of the four, with the commissioned officers and a considerable number of the men were captured when Hancock's Corps run over Johnson's division and captured all the artillery as it endeavored to get into position. The gun that escaped capture was attached to a Virginia battery, and continued to fight with the army. The surplus men were scattered among other batteries, and fought on.

The Second Corps under Early went to the Valley and we had hard fighting all the year. 1864 was the hardest campaign of all that I ever participated in. In February, 1865, the battalion to which I was attached was sent to the lines at Petersburg to man heavy artillery, its guns and horses having been captured in Early's disastrous fights at Winchester and Cedar Creek. When the army vacated the lines at Petersburg the battalion was given muskets, and the last seven days of its march toward Appomattox Court House ^{it} we fought with muskets.

During all these campaigns and battles, numbering scores, great and small your correspondent was never absent when his company engaged in fight or march. If it had to submit to cold, hunger, and nakedness, march in the rain, mud or snow, wade rivers or meet any other hardship, he shared them with his comrades. He was slightly wounded twice, had many hair breadth escapes from missiles, and many shot holes in his clothes. He ended up at Appomattox, and was in the last charge with the thin line of gray that was led by John B Gordon. He footed his way to his home in Alabama, as poor as you can imagin him, and without decent clothe. He immediately went to work after reaching home to try to retrieve his broken fortune. He engaged in peaceful pursuits, first teaching and farming. He lived in a county in which the negroes out-

numbered the whites in the proportion of six to one. He had to suffer all the horrors of the reconstruction period, with the negroes doing the bidding of carpetbaggers and adventurers, backed by bayonets of the U S Army. As soon as the bayonets were removed I was made the leader in my county to overrun the gang that was looting the county. I was made Judge of Probate. After serving in this capacity, I was honored with a position in the state legislature, thence was made state auditor. After serving in this capacity awhile, I went out of that position, and was made examiner of public accounts, which was general auditor for the books of all state and county officers who handled any of the state's fund. Last Janury I entered upon my present term as state treasurer, by the kindness of the voters of the state. This will probably wind up my public career, as I am reaching that age when men need quiet.

I was at the head of the movement that was inaugurated to build the Soldiers Home at Mountain Creek, and with the exception of Colonel ^{J. M. Falkner}, whom I purposely got interested in the movement by naming the camp for him, I presume it will not be denied by any fair minded man that I did more than any other to get it completed. I drew the bill authorizing its taking over by the state, as well as regulating the home. The statutes regulating it have never been changed materially from the first enactment, except that the appropriations from the state treasury have been increased. I had the pleasure of meeting General Ell Torrance, of your town when he was commander of the Grand Army, and on a tour through this state. I have known of the contributions by that organization and the annual donation which has been sent by your good people and to which you refer. I make frequent visits to the home. The most of the men there are usually hospital subjects.

Now, my dear sir, I have given you a brief and general sketch of my uneventful life. In the army I was gunner and never rose higher. What the noncommissioned officers and privates did was credited to the officers as you know. I did my best when a duty was assigned to me. Since the war, when I found all my sustenance gone as a result of it, I owned some slaves, and received several thousand dollars in Confederate money by accepting a settlement from my guardian during the war, all of which was worthless after the war, I have put forth all my energy to rebuild the country. I have inculcated, urged, and fought for strict honesty, in my public life, by all who handle public funds. I have fought graft in any all forms. I flatter myself that my continuation in public life has been because of the confidence my fellow men have had in my integrity and honesty. I have prided myself on having been faithful to every trust confided to me. In all my public career my official conduct has never been attacked. If there has ever been a whisper or insinuation even as to my fidelity in office, I have never heard of it. My only enemies are those whose wrongdoing I have exposed.

I am afraid I have given you a greater dose than you will enjoy. However, if you get tired before completing its reading, throw it into the waste basket.

With the greetings of the season, and wishing you many returns of a merry Christmas and happy new year, I am

with many good wishes, sincerely yours,

John Purvifoy

R. J. Holcombe

Dec 25 - 1911

Merry Christmas to you,

I rec'd yours yesterday. Many thanks. I was in Nashville last Thursday. To get me some spectacles with money sent me from San Francisco for Thanksgiving, by the A. S. Johnston chapter of the daughters, being up to Hays of the Ad. Gen telling him of the Lucas affair and he said he had a copy of John Waralson, and hunted it up and gave it to me, I take it you are a reader of the Veteran, We have had more whiskey drunk here in the last three days than ever before, and still at it.

Dinner will be ready in 30 minutes. The Elks sent us Burkeys as they do every year. do not know as they will be fit to eat or not as the cook has had two ganges for the last three day. This is the worst Bull dosing, Lying Petty larceny throwing, drunken, Petty robbing Bum hole in the world. I lived in California from 1872, to 1906 when I came here to die, and I wish I was back there.

I am not in humor to write to day
as I am mad all through. I cannot
stay in my room, shut in, and shut-out
the noise. I ^{will} write you a letter as soon
as things quiet-down. Yours is the first-
letter I have had since I have been
here that was interesting to read. I have
not had a letter from Cal in two years
that had any reading in, just a few
lines about themselves, none about things
or people in general. I appreciate your
long dollar bill very much, but more
the spirit in which it was sent -
I was a soldier myself, and we
have a few good men here, but more
than our share of deserters, and bums
the state pays 175⁰⁰ for capita and as
long as they can keep the house full on
60⁰⁰ for year. you see there is a big rate
off for 5 men. A. Davis, will write you
a letter this week sometime
76 last spring
and out a honey relative's Hermitage My

Clyde
Soldiers Home

My friend Holcombe

Jan 15, 1912

I do not see how I ever made the blunder of not putting on the street-number, but it seems I did.

I had so many ways of spending that-dollar, that I sent it to Nashville for a six months subscription to the Sunday Democrat, a new paper, so I would have a weekly reminder of you. I send you some of John Hickmans experiences in war times, It was him who gave me the John Haralson to send you, we are having a spell of weather, last Saturday night at 12 o'clock the thermometer was 14 above zero, at 4 in the morning it was 3 below, last night at nine it was raining and this morning snowing and freezing, thermometers 14 again have not looked at it since breakfast as I do not want to see it. In California I could pick ripe oranges off the tree every day in the year, and I cannot account for my leaving them except I turned fool and did not find it out till I came here, I shall be 77 years old Easter Sunday the 7th of April next

I was born on Chautauque Lake N.Y.
1835, lived there till 1855. left there with
5⁰⁰ money, a 12⁰⁰ keiff and 30⁰⁰ rifle went
down the river to New Orleans, and steambooted
till after the Belmont fight in 1861, when the
war broke out I had 160 land in Missouri
located with a land warrant, and two diggers
in New Orleans, when the war ended, I
had a horse, saddle, bridle & dragon pistols
carbine and a suit of jeans I bought going
to Laurelville Ala. and after getting my parole
was ordered to report to the parole camp at
Macon Miss. I have never seen Macon yet
nor any of the rest of my co. I had no home
no place to go, to late in the season to put
my horse in and make a cotton crop, so I staid
on the Tombigbee all summer hunting fishing and
having a good time as possible, before christmas
I went back to Memphis and started new
I have met a living relative that I know of,
and will die poor like all the rest of them done
I hope you will get this bunch this time
Yours in war and peace
E. L. Noble
Soldiers Home
Hermitage Tenn

Buntyn, Tenn. (near Memphis)

Decr. 28th 1911

Mr. R. I. Holcombe

414 E. Tenth St. St Paul, Minn.

My dear Sir,

In compliance with your request in the 'Confederate Veteran' of December 1911, I enclose to you the Ino Haralson. Civil War. Squib poem. I guess the U. S. Post Office authorities would permit this to go through the mails. as though coarse, it has no lascivious design.

I never did mind coarse broad humor, when it is witty and pointed, though to me this little brochure is pathetic (as well as humorous), as showing the awful straits to which we Southerners were put during the Civil War. cut off from all supplies as we were by the Federal Navy blockade, and their Army.

Napoleon Buonaparte dug up the earth from the cellars of Paris to procure Nitre for powder, during the severe blockade of France's Ports by England during his long wars against practically the whole world.

Even though you may be a Northern Soldier, or his son, if you are a man you will not sneer at us. nor mock at our calamities. The truest men in time of war 'shinny on their own side' the strongest, and I never did like Samuel F. Tilden (though I

(over)

voted for him) because he dodged his income taxes during the war. He ought to have stood shoulder to shoulder with his people in their stress, and borne an equal burthen.

This enclosed little rhyming brochure was never published in any Southern paper. The people would not have stood for that, but it was circulated around in script among our Southern Armies - east of the Miss River - to a certain extent.

I never heard who was its author - though I hope the humorous jolly fellow lived through.

John Haralson, if I mistake not, subsequent to the war became a very distinguished 'Judge' on the bench in Alabama, and I believe I saw a notice of his death in the papers - about 2 yrs ago. "Sic transit gloria mundi"
"Sic itur ad astra."

I am an old Confederate Veteran, of Infantry and Cavalry.

We were never mercenary, and of course I charge you nothing for sending the enclosed. I hope you and your friends will enjoy it - and while laughing, feel a little strain of sadness withal.

Very truly yours

P.S.

Excuse Pencil, I can write easier. L. S. Lake

"Saltpetre"

The following is an extract from the
Selma Ala. Sentinel Oct. 1st 1863

"The ladies of Selma are respectfully
requested to preserve their chamber lye col-
lected about their premises: for the purpose
of making nitre. Wagons with barrels will
be sent around for it by the subscriber.

Inc. Haralson
Agt Nitre & Mining Bureau
C. S. A."

Whereupon the following impromptu
was shortly after quietly circulated.

"John Haralson: John Haralson!
You are a funny creature
You've given to this cruel war
A new and novel feature
You'd have us think while every man
Is bound to be a fighter
The women ('bless the pretty dears')
Should save their 'pee' for nitre.

John Haralson: John Haralson!
Where did you get the notion
To send your barrels round the town
To gather up the lotion
We thought the girls had work enough
In making skirts and kissing
But now you've put the pretty dears
To patriotic p-ss-ing.

John Haralson! John Haralson!

Do pray invent a meater

And somewhat less immodest mode

Of making your saltpetre.

The thing's so very queer you know

Gunpowder like and cranky

That when a lady lifts her shift

She shoots a "bloody Yankee." "

JUNIUS DAVIS.

THOMAS W. DAVIS.

LAW OFFICES
DAVIS & DAVIS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
308-310 THE SOUTHERN.

Dec. 28, 1911.

Mr. R. I. Holcombe,

414 E. 10th St.,

St. Paul, Minn.

Mention E. G. Noble

Dear Sir:

I have received yours of the 23rd inst. and thank you for the same. I will be very glad indeed to have a copy of your print. I think the poem, as you say, is a very curious "curio" of the old times, and as such I am preserving it with the other papers. At the time this piece was first published I was in Virginia, with the Army of Northern Virginia, and distinctly recollect seeing it in print, and boy-like was very much amused with it. The comment by the "Boston Widow" I only saw recently. I heard the same tale that you did, that it was written by her at Chattanooga, - no date given - in my account, - and that she was a widow of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This latter is not correct. I confess I am not liking her contribution. It is rather lewd.

I never heard of Maj. Lucas' incident mentioned by you in your post-script, and I am rather inclined to be skeptical as to its authenticity. I think I would have heard of it if such an order or notice had been issued by him in Richmond.

Yours truly,

Junius Davis

TWD-D

GERMANTOWN, PA.
251 WEST HARVEY STREET

December 30, 1911.

Mr. R. I. Holcombe,

414 E. Tenth St.,

St. Paul, Minn.

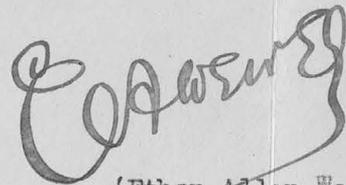
My dear Mr. Holcombe:

I am very much obliged to you for your interesting letter of Dec. 27th, which gives me information which I did not heretofore possess. I would be glad to receive a copy of each version of the Jonathan Haralson poems and the "Boston Widow's reply", and any reasonable expense incurred in transcribing I will very gladly pay. Much of the unwritten history of the War is lost, but there is still sufficient available to be collected and preserved.

I note with interest that you are a Union Vet. of the Civil War. My father served for a time in that contest and was captured at the battle of Chancellorsville and confined for a short time in Libby prison. I have many friends who were in the Army, and I have personally visited many of the battle fields

Trusting that the New Year has in store for you good health and a full measure of prosperity, believe me, I am

Sincerely yours,



(Ethan Allen Weaver)

Garrtown Miss-
Dec-31-1911

Mr. R. J. Halcombe,

My Dear Sir

I received your letter day before
yesterday, read it to three or
four old Vets - We all enjoyed
it very much. How I would
like to meet with you part,
and talk with the boys who
served in the army of the
Potomac. I was a member
of Co - K - 19th Miss - Regt -
Harris Brigade - A. P. Hill's Corps -
My first battle was old
Williamsburg Va - 5th May
1862. Then Seven Pines, 7
days at Richmond, Sharps
- Charge Fredricksburg, 13 Dec -

State of Mass

So dated on

2nd ^{and} Manarras, Chancelville
saw the Calage from the guns
that killed Gen. Jackson,
was just to his right, and
in speaking distance of game
bars. Was wounded next morn-
after charging them for 4
mils, they stuck a missile
in my thigh, it went in
about an in- and banneed
back, guess my meat was
too tough, better beef.

Wilderness to Appomattox,
I was wounded at Turkey
ridges near Richman, June
9th 1864, I had the closest call
of my life that day, 80
men was selected that
day to drive game pickets
in, I was one of them,

When the ² smoke had cleared
away there was 67 of the 80
dead, 13 got back, eleven of
them wounded; if any
of your part were present
at that fight I would like
to know it, this occurred
just 2 days after the Cold-
Harbor fight; I came home
on footlock and regained
my command 3 days
after the battle of the Crater
(or Blawie), at Petersburg.
At the battle of Fredricksburg
13 Dec. I herd some one
begging for help, I asked the
Capt. to let me go to him
he said if I went it would
be at my own risk I
said all right I would

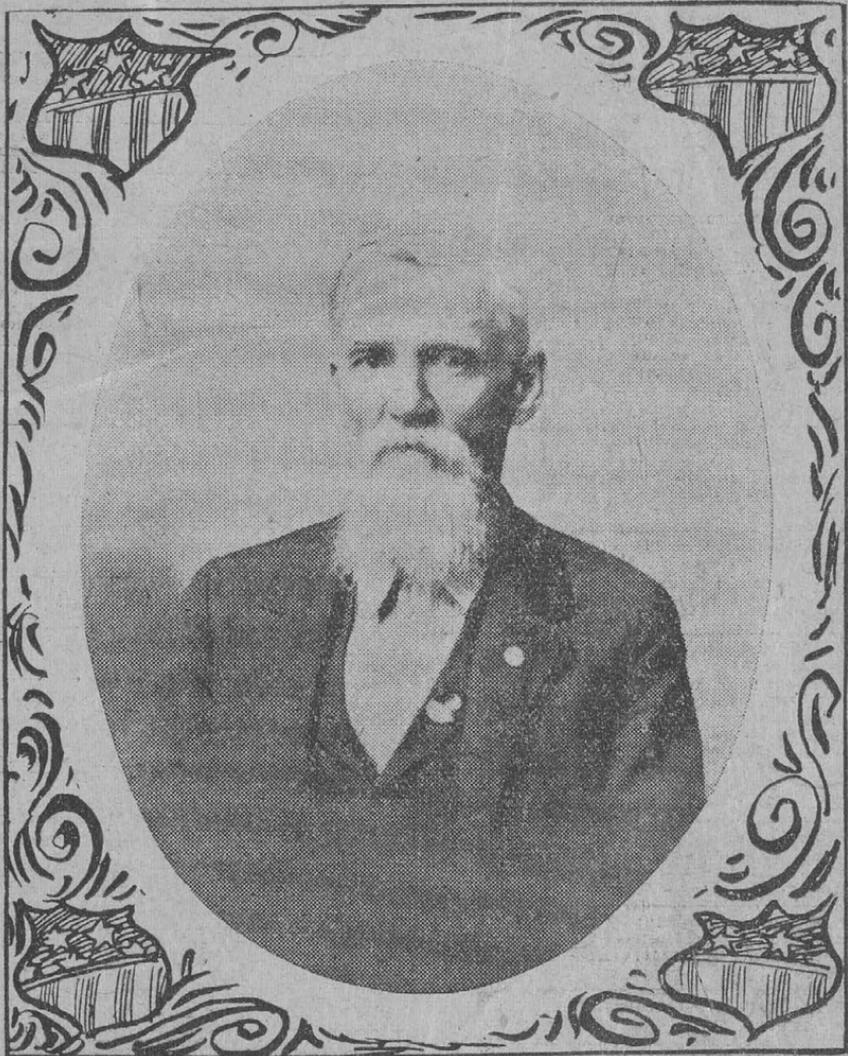
go, I found one of your
boys with his thigh broken
just above the knee, I gave
him water and roaled him
up in his, and my blanket-
ett, he gave me his name
and I gave him mine, I
did not write our names
as it was very dark, and
I have forgotten the name
he was not far from

Washington's Mother's man-
agement at the foot of Maris
heights. This battle was
Burnside's fatal mistake,
Well I pulled that gabler
off the road and chopped
his head off my self
and my little blue eyed
wife roaled him

We had 19 Day - big fat fresh
 plant agisters, to go with
 him. our children came
 home and brought us
 lots of nice presents,
 The day was a very happy
 one. We never use any
 thing to drink stronger
 than a cup of black
 coffee. Well as you are
 a Methodist you are my
 brother. My Grandfather
 Daulton preached the
 Methodist doctrine for
 70 years he preached in
 Va and the Carolinas
 I have also traveled East
 in search of more
 light. Yes I have lived

in this neighborhood
for 62 years, no other
place would look like
home to me. The Lord has
been very gracious to me.
We are very well fit so-
far as this world's goods
are concerned, and if
any of your bags with the
cane to dip in my latch
string will be found on
the out side, so full and
come in.

I send you photo of mine
clipped from the Memphis
appeal. Will send 2 photo
as soon as I can get any
made. With best wishes
for all old sets of both
sides I am your friend
Wm. Gambell



HON. ROBERT GAMBRELL,

Of Lee, a leader in the Mississippi house and member of re-districting committee.

At our offices, No. 117 Madison st., and investigate our bond loans. The simplest and cheapest plan ever offered in this city. The Title Guarantee and Trust Co., 117 Madison st.

WANTED—By an experienced physician, information that will enable him to secure a good location in the "Yazoo Delta;" a place where a drug business can be profitably done preferred. Address P 41, this office.

WANTED—Young men to learn telegraphy and station work for railway service. Dallas Telegraph College, Dallas, Texas.

WANTED—Mattresses to renovate. Memphis Mattress Co., 139 Vance st. Tel. 1975.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED—Position as stenographer and bookkeeper, nine years' experience in city; well educated and experienced; want change with chance of advance; salary \$75 to commerce. R 2, this office.

WANTED—Position as agent on farm; corn and cotton raising a specialty; age 34; character good; state size of farm and wages you expect to pay. Address Jno. F. Fletcher, Atkins, Ark.

WANTED—By an energetic young man, a position in a wholesale or retail grocery house, with six years' experience. Moral and sober. Best of city reference. Address P 90, this office.

WANTED—Situation by first-class all round bread and cake baker, thoroughly experienced on bread, cakes, pastries; also decorating. Bakery or hotel; single. R 5, this office.

WANTED—Position as stenographer by a sober, quiet, competent young man with eight months' experience. References. Address Box No. O, Crystal Springs, Miss.

WANTED—Position as filer or foreman in circular mill or would take mill to run by the thousand. Can furnish good reference. R 1, this office.

WANTED—Situation by first-class white man cook; best of references; or will work where wife can assist. Address P 81, this office.

WANTED—Situation as salesman; prefer real estate; references and bond; can furnish horse and buggy. R 41, this office.

WANTED—Situation by lady stenographer; three years' experience. Best references. Address P 27, this office.

ROOMS AND BOARD—Elegant rooms, Southern exposure, excellent meals. 450 Vance st.

ROOMS AND BOARD—Front and other nice rooms and board; every convenience. 541 Shelby.

ROOMS AND BOARD—Comfortable rooms, good meals, new management. 276 Third st.

ROOMS AND BOARD—At Waldorf Cafe for \$1 per day, by the month. L. L. Mirelaz.

ROOMS AND BOARD—Nicely furnished rooms, with good table board. 101 Adams.

ROOMS AND BOARD—Furnished rooms, with or without board. 225 Adams st.

WANTED—Men to room and board, \$4 per week. Address P 42, this office.

ROOMS AND BOARD—Nice rooms with good board for gentlemen, 486 Shelby.

ROOMS AND BOARD—For nice young men; day boarders also. 86 Madison st.

ROOMS AND BOARD—Two nicely furnished front rooms. 93 Court.

ROOMS AND BOARD—Good table, bath, telephone. 173 Union st.

ROOMS AND BOARD—For couple or young men. 121 Washington st.

ROOMS AND BOARD—Wanted day boarders. 68 Dunlap st.

ROOMS AND BOARD—For gentlemen. 20 Pontotoc st.

ROOMS AND BOARD—77 Adams st.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Three large, roomy upper floors, suitable for storage or manufacturing purposes, private switch right to door, where cars can be loaded and unloaded. Apply on premises, 192 Front st., cor Washington st.

FOR RENT—Three furnished or unfurnished rooms, light housekeeping, private family. 17 Cottage, one block south of Vance and DeSoto, or phone 2033 Y.

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping; bath, electric lights, telephone; one block from car line; \$8 a month. Tel. 1391-Z.

FOR RENT—Three or four furnished or

A Little Walking Stick

It is drawing to day,
and the earth will be slick
Thanks to the Yankee who
gave me the stick

...A Yankee by birth
I think he must be
or else he never would
have given it to me.

I'll take it and use it,
to steady my frame,
as I walk along down
life's rugged ramp
It was given as a present
for new year's day
to a jolly old Pub-who
was the gage

Bob. Halcarner. The given
Sporting like in a fight
would not crush a face
who fell in his fight
for this & like him better.
farther it be true
It matters not whether
He wore the gray or the blue

Robt Gambrell

Jan - 6 - 1912

P.S. Will give you a long
letter before long

W. H. BOWIE & COMPANY
REAL ESTATE BROKERS
ABSTRACTING AND INSURANCE
CLAUDE, TEXAS 1-4-1912.

Mr R. I. Holcome
St, Paul. Minn.
Dear sir and State rights friend.

The reason I wanted to know who you were before sending the Poem, I wanted to know that you were solid, I did not care to send it to a modern yankee, for they dont know things like we do; It seems that you and I were on the same side during the war in the principle, fought for, we didnt care anything about the nigger, and as to the Union, we would liked to have remained, but thought that we were being imposed upon by the north, and knew that we had a constitutional right to withdraw.

No I did not help the Texans whip you at Corrinth, I belonged to the Cavalry of Nothern va. under J, E, B, Stewart and Wade Hampton.

I would like verry much to have the genuine copies and Jon Haralson reply to Wetmore. I am also glad to learn of the wherabouts of Jon Haralson. and other information, and how you found it all out.

I am heart whole and fancy free have always been troubled with Cupidity of the heart and full of flees. if you have any yankee widows State rights widows, tell them that you heard from me and they will know the rest.

About 10 degrees below here was about the coldest we had. bue snow has been on the ground for the last month. and we think it hard weather.

Thanking you verry much for your kind offer, and asking you , if any of your friends or acquaintances think of changing locations for a milder climate *that now don't have to us*

Handwritten note:
I have a copy of the poem in my possession.

Vertical handwritten note:
I have a copy of the poem in my possession.

EUGENE H. LEVY,

PRIVATE

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA

CAMP No 1, U. C. V., NEW ORLEANS.

Yorktown,
Dreux's Battalion, La.

Appomattox,
Donaldsonville, La.. Artillery.

DIXIE BOOK SHOP,

NEW YORK CITY.

DIXIE BOOK SHOP,

NEW YORK CITY.

4th Jan'y, 1912

Col. R. J. Holcombe,
St Paul,
Minnesota

Dear sir + comrade;

Your valued favor
of 20th ult is most welcome.
It is pleasant to know that
you succeeded so well in
securing copies of "John
Aronson". When you re-
constructed the poem put
me down for a copy at
any reasonable price.

I keep a good line of war
poetry in my little shop,
and hope that one of these
days you will drop in
here and swap yours
with me about those days
of glory when we tried
in a brotherly way to
blow out each others' brains

3

When I can serve you
command me.

Very faithfully yours
Eugene N. Levy

Do you know the "Lines on a
Confederate note"? If not I
will take pleasure in sending
you a copy. This poem was
written by Major Abroy
Jones of Aberdeen, Miss.
The father of the Major
was an intimate friend of
President Lincoln who ap-
pointed him Postmaster
of Quincy, Ill., in 1861.
Old Mr. Jones had five
sons, three of whom entered
the Confederate service,
while two stayed on your
side of the house. One
of these boys, B. Franklin
Jones, ex Senator from
Louisiana, died only last
week at New Orleans,
aged 75 years.

GEO. A. McGEHEE,
~~ASSESSOR~~,
AMITE COUNTY.

Liberty, Miss., July 8, 1912

Mr. R. I. Holcomb,
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir:-

Your kind ⁹d newsy letter came to hand in due time ⁹d my heart is certainly warmed up towards you ⁹d all Federal soldiers who fought us with a will, but when our arms were laid down received us as worthy brothers as we have always done with the Federal soldiers who came to us after the war, one of whom, who belonged to a Missouri Regt ⁹d was in Prentiss' Brigade ⁹d was opposed to our Regt at Shiloh, but who surrendered later in the day ~~at~~ April 6, 1862, his name is Jno. H. Sauchlie; I, as adjutant, always write him a special invitation to reunite with us at our annual reunions.

Yes, I was well treated at Camp Douglas by Col. Sweet ⁹d the soldiers under his command who all had seen service on the field; in Dec 1864

131. E. 43rd St. N. Y. City
Jan 12th 1912

R. J. Holcombe, Esq.
St Paul. Minn
Dear Sir:

I send you below. the poem on "John Haroldson" which was required for in Dec Number of the "Veteran". In '63 the Smiths being short of gun powder. John Haroldson conceived the idea of manufaturing nitre from uricase & inserted an ad in the papers. as follows. "The Ladies of Selma will kindly preserve the uricase made upon the premises, for the purpose of manufacturing the same into nitre for gun powder. Barrels will be sent around to collect same." signed John Haroldson. Provost Marshal. when upon a poetical way. wrote these verses. (I saw them during the War...)

John Haroldson! John Haroldson!
You are a funny creature!
You've given to this cruel War
A new & curious feature,
You'd have us think while every man
Is born to be a fighter.
The women, bless the pretty dears,
Sumed us just to making nitre.

— " —
John Haroldson! John Haroldson! where did you get the notion,³
Of sending barrels, round the town, to gather up this lotion?[?]
We thought the girls had work enough, with making shirts & kissing,
But you must put the little dears, to patriotic kissing.

— " —
John Haroldson! John Haroldson! can't you invent a neater,
And somewhat less immoral way, of making yr salt petre?
The idea seems so grim you know, so powder like, & cranky.
That when a lady lifts her shift, she shoots a bloody Yankee
over

Thomas H. Neilson

302 BROADWAY

New York,

1911.

Dear Sir,

Permit me to bring to your attention a work worthy of a place in the Library of every Patriotic American, for which I have taken an Agency, and which supplies the urgent and crying demand of years for an unbiased History of the South and her people, viz., "The South in the Building of the Nation." The data was taken from originals where accessible, and where not, from the best authenticated records in the Libraries of Washington, Baltimore, New York, Boston, Nashville, New Orleans, etc., with foot notes of authorities from which taken. Every College in the South is represented in its production and every article written by an expert on the theme treated. Three hundred of her brainiest sons and daughters have contributed to its pages. It is brought out by the Southern Historical Publication Society in three editions, 12 volumes (with 350 beautiful illustrations)-3 volumes on the History of the States, 1 on Political History, 1 on Social Life, 2 on Economics, a new feature, 3 on its Literature, fiction, poetry, art, music, oratory, etc., and 2 of biographies of her distinguished sons and daughters in every field of human endeavor.

It is an encyclopedia on all subjects-a library in itself, useful alike to the student, lawyer, doctor, editor, teacher, statesman and literary man, as well as to the financier seeking profitable investments. No Library complete without a set. No attempt is made to color facts. Bancroft said, "Massachusetts founded a Province. Virginia founded a Nation, and promoted a Confederacy."

I gave four years of my boyhood to service in her Army as Private, and Color bearer, and am proud in my mature years to aid in dispelling ignorance and prejudice and spreading the light of her achievements in War and Peace, from 1607 to the present time to those seeking TRUTH, not fiction,

The Cloth edition is \$3.25 per volume - \$39.00. One half Morocco \$4.00 reduced from \$5.00 per volume - \$48.00, DeLuxe \$7.50 per volume reduced from \$10.00 - \$90.00. Whole edition delivered, express charges prepaid anywhere in United States on payment of either Cash or \$3.00, \$4.00, or \$7.50 on signing of order for the chosen edition and a similar sum each month until paid for.

I will be happy to send you if interested, a prospectus and order blank for edition desired.

Yours truly,

THOMAS H. NEILSON, Agent.

Member of Confederate Veteran Camp
and "N. Y. Southern Society."

I give below the Boston ² girls rejoinder, which I only heard a few
years since. It is even more witty than the Selma one.

John Haroldson: John Haroldson! we read in song & story,
How women's tears, through all the years, have sprinkled fields of glory,
But never was it told before, that, how 'mid scenes of slaughter,
Your Southern beauties, dried their eyes, & went to making water.

No wonder John, yr boys were brave, who would not be a fighter,
If every time he shot his gun, he used his sweet heart's vitre?
And vice versa, what could make a Yankee soldier sadder,
Than ^{dodging} dodging bullets fired from, a pretty woman's bladder?

They recognized a subtle smell, that lingered in the powder,
And as the smoke grew thicker, & the crash of battle louder,
It then was found, to this compound, this serious objection,
The soldier could not sniff it in, without a stiff ^{Erection} erection.

Having lost my position under the City, given to a young man, at
70 & half deaf from exposure in the Army when a boy, I have taken up
this work (see opp p.) in the evening to support myself & invalid
wife. Principal Northern Colleges Historical Societies & Pub Libraries as
also students in all walks of life have copies, on its merit.
I have also taken up "Harvard Classics" or Chas Eliot's all of the Harvard
Prof's selections from the world literature for 5000 years, with all the
essentials of making a liberally educated man - 50 Vols. 4400 p. em. or
some 22000 pages, with handsome frontispieces from Celebrated paintings
Prices range from 38⁰⁰ 49⁵⁰. 69⁵⁰ 110. 195 & 350. according to bindings
& are all delivered. Express prepaid on payment of 2⁰⁰ 3⁰⁰ 4⁵⁰. C. 7 & 8⁰⁰.
with order & a similar sum pr mo. till paid for, if desired on instal-
ment plan. Have also an agency for "New International Encyclopedia"
padded. 22 Vols. some 17000 pages. Prices 1/2 euroc. \$100 reduced from 130⁵⁰.
& full more 125. reduced from 152⁵⁰. It is in my judgment superior
to the Britannica. also sold on instalments. Will be obliged if you
will bring the above to the notice of yr friend. They are all standard
works, & gems, for any library. If you find any interested, will
kindly send their addresses. Will give fuller information & send
order blanks. - Here was no better soldier than the Minn. Corp. at
Gettysburg.
Very truly Yrs
Darius H. Nilan
Color bearer 62nd Va C.S.A

Thomas H. Neilson

302 BROADWAY

New York,

1911.

Dear Sir,

Permit me to bring to your attention a work worthy of a place in the Library of every Patriotic American, for which I have taken an Agency, and which supplies the urgent and crying demand of years for an unbiased History of the South and her people, viz., "The South in the Building of the Nation." The data was taken from originals where accessible, and where not, from the best authenticated records in the Libraries of Washington, Baltimore, New York, Boston, Nashville, New Orleans, etc., with foot notes of authorities from which taken. Every College in the South is represented in its production and every article written by an expert on the theme treated. Three hundred of her brainiest sons and daughters have contributed to its pages. It is brought out by the Southern Historical Publication Society in three editions, 12 volumes (with 350 beautiful illustrations)-3 volumes on the History of the States, 1 on Political History, 1 on Social Life, 2 on Economics, a new feature, 3 on its Literature, fiction, poetry, art, music, oratory, etc., and 2 of biographies of her distinguished sons and daughters in every field of human endeavor.

It is an encyclopedia on all subjects-a library in itself, useful alike to the student, lawyer, doctor, editor, teacher, statesman and literary man, as well as to the financier seeking profitable investments. No Library complete without a set. No attempt is made to color facts. Bancroft said, "Massachusetts founded a Province. Virginia founded a Nation, and promoted a Confederacy."

I gave four years of my boyhood to service in her Army as Private, and Color bearer, and am proud in my mature years to aid in dispelling ignorance and prejudice and spreading the light of her achievements in War and Peace, from 1607 to the present time to those seeking TRUTH, not fiction,

The Cloth edition is \$3.25 per volume - \$39.00. One half Morocco \$4.00 reduced from \$5.00 per volume - \$48.00, DeLuxe \$7.50 per volume reduced from \$10.00 - \$90.00. Whole edition delivered, express charges prepaid anywhere in United States on payment of either Cash or \$3.00, \$4.00, or \$7.50 on signing of order for the chosen edition and a similar sum each month until paid for.

I will be happy to send you if interested, a prospectus and order blank for edition desired.

Yours truly,

THOMAS H. NEILSON, Agent.

Member of Confederate Veteran Camp
and "N. Y. Southern Society."

Montgomery Ala
Jan'y 14th 1912.

My dear Mr Holcombe,

Your letter of the 8th was received several days passed + I must admit that I was very glad to get it, altho I hardly looked for one.

Your other letter was received New Years day, so you see I had time to get the candy. Really, I felt that you might not to send the money, for your

2.

Delightfully interesting letter was a "treat" in itself. I fully intended answering right away but had put off so many things until after Xmas, that my time was entirely taken up.

You asked about my 2 kids; well of course this is a subject a mother never tires of, so here goes:

My sister's little girl is ten years old & is as sweet & smart as can be & a great pleasure to me. Her name is Marshall-Elise Fitzpatrick the "Marshall" for my father & "Elise" for my Mother. This little girl never knew her father; she being born several months after his death. Her Mother was my best loved sister & altho there was one sister between, we two were inseparable. This sister died the 2nd of last January & left the dear little girl to me.

3
Now for my own little girl;
we think there's nothing in
the world like her + I would
surely love for you to see her.
She received the prize at the
Baby Show last Fall at the
State Exposition here in
Montgomery + naturally that
tickled her "Ma". Her name
is Elizabeth Dace Lewis + is
a perfectly little "Tom-boy".

The songs you spoke of in
your last letter, I never heard
but my mother, who used
to sing, says she has sung
"Lorena" many a time, but

someone borrowed her copy &
never returned it.

I am going to try & find the
"Alabama Girl" & if I succeed
will surely send to you. What
a pity you're never married
"Pinky" for you know I be-
lieve that a person never really
& truly loves but once but from
what you tell me of your-
self, you must have been
a big "Flirt". With me
things were different for
the minute I saw "my
old man" I fell in love
with him. (I was only 15)

I went with him 7 years when we
were married. Of course he was
poor as "Job's Turkey" but I didn't
care + was willing to risk it, +
now after 6 years of married life
I'm just as crazy about him as
I ever was, if not more so.

Now if it hadn't been for the
Yankees (I don't consider you one) I
would have had a little more
than now for my Grandfather,
Dr. B. Buck Jones, who had retired
from practice, had so much destroyed
that he had to take up his work
again. When the "Wilson Raiders"
came through here, altho after
the surrender, they ruined every
thing they could lay hands on
on both plantations (just about 9 mi.
from town) burning the house
place + 900 bales of cotton. Cotton
after the War sold for \$50 a pound
so you see this, in itself, was a
small fortune; a bale of cotton averag-
ing 500 pounds.

The old saying "all fair in
Love + War" ^{is} right, I suppose
but when taking into consid-
eration all the South suffered
its no wonder they can't
love their Northern Brothers
now is it?

My father came from Rich-
mond + of course you know
what Virginia suffered. I
just wish you knew my
Daddy, he is the finest
sweetest old man + we are
proud of him. He was
named for his great uncle
& Chief Justice Marshall, the
1st Chief Justice of the United
States. His name is Thomas

7
Marshall Dace & we always
emphasize the "Marshall" part.
I have a brother who has
your name "Robert" the only
boy of our family & the baby
so you know he must be
spoiled. He is nearly eigh-
teen, but looks twenty or so.

I have two Sisters living,
& this brother & myself with
my Mother & Father form
our family circle.

You certainly must have
a lot of time to be willing
to throw it away writing
to me & reading my rubbish
for such I feel it is, after

6

reading your bright entertaining
letters. It surely must be cold up in
St Paul for do you know, that
we almost freeze when the
thermometer goes as low as 18°
above zero. The lowest it has
ever been in Montg'y was 8°
& I can't conceive of any body be-
ing able to live with the weather
as cold as in St Paul.

I do hope sometime you will
bring your daughter down to
spend a winter here & I would
do all I could to make both of you
like our City. Mobile is a lovely
place; I used to go down nearly
every "Mardi-Gras" & oh! my!
what gay times we use to have.
You said she liked Mobile, so I'm
sure she would like Montgomery.

I sent you some cards of our city.
did you get them & how does the
place impress you? I couldn't get
all the views I wanted as they

were out but I thought these
would give you some idea
of M.

Beware + don't freeze with
all the cold weather you
are having, for I'm getting
rather interested in my
"St Paul Yankee"

Hope this lengthy letter has
not "bored" you too much
if so, just let me know +
I will "cut it short" next
time -

"He" hasn't had a "fit" yet.
Ha! Ha!

May this find you in the
best of health + good "spirits" is the
wish of your unknown friend
L. J. Lewis

TABLE SUPPLIES INCREASE IN COST

Cold Weather Raises Price
of Perishable
Goods.

MEAT IS STEADY

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

- : Butter—30 to 45 cents a pound.
- : Eggs—30 to 40 cents a dozen.
- : Potatoes—\$1.15 to \$1.25 a bushel.
- : Turnips—45 cents a peck.
- : Oranges—25 to 45 cents a dozen.
- : Cranberries—2 quarts, 25 cents.
- : Apples—\$1.90 a bushel.
- : Celery—8 to 10 cents a bunch.
- : Lemons—20 cents a dozen.
- : Tomatoes—20 cents a pound.
- : Cucumbers—18 cents a pound.
- Meat Prices.
- : Beef—7 to 25 cents a pound.
- : Lamb—8 to 25 cents a pound.
- : Pork—10 to 15 cents a pound.
- : Veal—8 to 22 cents a pound.
- : Chickens—15 cents a pound.
- : Turkeys—20 cents a pound.
- : Rabbits (white)—3 for 25 cents.
- : Rabbits (jacks)—25 cents each.
- : Oysters—40 cents a quart.

Prices on fruit, vegetables, butter and eggs have taken a decided jump since last week in St. Paul retail stores.

The cause of the increase has been the continued cold weather, say dealers.

The



TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OF THE
STATE OF ALABAMA.

JOHN PURIFOY,
STATE TREASURER.
JAMES L. PURIFOY,
CHIEF CLERK.

MONTGOMERY, January 17th, 1912

R I Holcombe, Esq'r,

St Paul, Minn.

My Dear Sir;

Your very interesting letter of the 4th inst. was duly received. There are some matters of inquiry embodied in it, and I will proceed to attempt to answer them.

I accept your correction of my statement of the number of votes received by Bell and Everett in the presidential election of 1860. Even with this correction, it is clear that conservatism in that election had not the ghost of a showing. Sectional animosities had been so much aroused, and had become so bitter as a result of the bitter controversies on the hustings and in the halls of congress, that conservatism was totally obscured. Under these conditions, nothing was left but the inevitable war which followed. While the lesson was one of fierce experience it was necessary that it should be thus taught.

I note your statement concerning the Jon Haralson poems, that they are still coming in from every direction, and you accept this as an omen that and ^{an} ~~an~~ ^{strong} indication that the war is truly over. It certainly indicates a growing fraternal feeling, and whose growth should be encouraged. While the writer has never felt that he should apologize to any one for having been a Confederate soldier, under the circumstances by which he was surrounded, during those exciting times, he has ever been found pursuing a conciliatory policy and encouraging it in others who were likely be influenced by him, when it could



TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OF THE
STATE OF ALABAMA.

JOHN PURIFOY,
STATE TREASURER.
JAMES L. PURIFOY,
CHIEF CLERK.

2

MONTGOMERY,

be done without a sacrifice of his manhood, or the manhood of his associates. He has always felt that such a course would receive the approval of of all the honest men who opposed him on the other side. We all know that there are extremeists on both sides, but the true men on both sides, by decided majorities, are conservative and conciliatory.

The gentleman who gave me the information concerning the reply of the Boston Widow, of the poems, is Hon. J M Riggs, present State Librarian of this state. It was from him that I obtained the copy from which I made the copies sent you. Friend Riggs was an underage resident of Selma during the war. He knew Judge Haralson, and Colonel Wetmore, both personally. He informs me that Colonel Wetmore did not earn his title of Colonel by service in the war That the Colonel was over age and if he served at all it was in the malitia at the time of the fall of Selma when attaced by Wilson in April, 1865. That his ponderous corperosity unfitted him for army service. That he was a base singer in the church choir of the Episcopal church at Selma during the war. That he died from old age pretty soon after the war.

Of course, a very large proportion of the people of this state know Judge Haralson, or know of him, and know he is still living in this city. My friend, Mr Riggs, referred to above, feels very confident that the authenticity of his copy of the poems is pretty well established. He informs me, however, That he has other documents bearing on the matter and will hunt them



TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OF THE
STATE OF ALABAMA.

JOHN PURIFOY,
STATE TREASURER.
JAMES L. PURIFOY,
CHIEF CLERK.

3

MONTGOMERY,

up and make comparison with the copy~~s~~ he loaned me. If anything of importance develops concerning them I will immediately call your attention to it. Judge Haralson's name is Jonathan, which has been shortened to "Jon". You may accept this as a fact. I have known him personally for at least forty or more years. He is the original Jo~~M~~ Harralson of the poems. I note your statement concerning the version sent by me as compared to the one received by you printed and on yellowish paper, showing the antiquity of the latter, perhaps.

The flag shown on the paper on which I wrote in my last is what is generally known by the Confederates as the battle flag. Yes, the Confederacy adopted three different flags during its brief existence. I am enclosing you a rough draft of all, and including the battle flag, there ^{are} four in all. The first is what is designated as the "Stars and Bars". During the progress of the first battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, it was discovered by the Confederates that when that flag was limp, it could not be distinguished from the Federal flag at a distance. Hence, during the progress of that battle the Battle Flag was designed, and everafter, during the war, the battle flag was the battle field insignia of all troops, and the latter became attached to it, hence the subsequent adoption of two other flags the main feature of which was this battle flag. You will note that ⁱⁿ the two subsequent flags adopted the latter was a conspicuous feature. Upon experimenting with flag No 2 on the field, it was found that when limp, it was likely to be mistaken as a flag of truce. On this account the extremity of the flag



TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OF THE
STATE OF ALABAMA.

JOHN PURIFOY,
STATE TREASURER.
JAMES L. PURIFOY,
CHIEF CLERK.

4

MONTGOMERY,

was required to have a broad band of red. You will note this is indicated in flag No 3, of the rough draft enclosed. The stars in all these flags, of course, were white. In the battle flag, wherever it appears, the cross bars were blue.

From this explanation, you will note that the "Stars and Bars" as a flag was never used in any important battle except the first battle of Bull Run, or Manassas; that in all subsequent battles the "Southern Cross," or Battle Flag was the ruling ensign of the troops. While the poet sings of the "Stars and Bars," the old Confederate reveres the Confederate Battle Flag. Very few of them have any sentiment for any other of the many flags adopted or used, except the Battle Flag, and really but few of the old soldiers ever knew of any other flag. It is the flag usually considered when the poem of Father Ryan is brought to notice. Certainly Father Ryan considered it the flag that was conquered.

I note your sentiment towards Dixie when you were suffering the sharp stings of your fierce climate, when the temperature was below zero. From the weather reports, I see you have had but little relief. It has been probably more rigorous since you wrote. Here we had our severest weather yesterday morning, when the temperature is reported to have gone as low as 17 above zero. Prior to that the lowest had been 23 this winter, and this but once. A few times before, the temperature had reached a little below 30. I wish you were in Dixie too to enjoy our comparatively mild climate.



TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OF THE
STATE OF ALABAMA.

5

JOHN PURIFOY,
STATE TREASURER.
JAMES L. PURIFOY,
CHIEF CLERK.

MONTGOMERY,

I am looking forward to that long letter you have promised me, with a great deal of satisfaction. I am sure you will furnish me with a great deal of pleasure when it reaches me.

This is the year of the semi-centennial of many of the great battles in which the writer participated. Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven pines, Fair Oaks, all in Virginia, South Mountain, or Boonsboro Gap, Shappsburg or Antietam, Md., and Fredericksburg, besides several smaller affairs. If there are celebrations of any of these it will be my pleasure to visit one or more of such celebrations. I am looking forward to next year, however, when Gettysburg will be the big event of the year. I wish, of all others to visit that field, and if I can make it convenient will be on hand at the semi-centennial.

Trusting you may survive the rigors of your low temperatures and enjoy yourself through many more, I am

With kind personal regards, Sincerely yours,

John Purifoy

Burton Tenn

Jan 17th 1912

R. J. Holcombe Esq.
St Paul, Minn.

My dear Federal friend,

Your interesting letter, dated Jan. 4th 1912, was received in due course, and should have been answered sooner but for the procrastination of old age, and the extreme cold weather of this section. my country house not being steam heated. It was hard to keep warm enough to write.

I am glad to find that I was not mistaken in sending that "Jon. Haralson" squib to a Northern person, who might treat it with unseemly ribaldry. From your letter I find you to be an old 'true blue' Veteran soldier of the right stripe. A soldier and not a robber, and not a house burner, ~~and robber~~. I bet you did your duty, and fought well. for it is so, that. "The bravest are the tenderest,

The loving are the daring.
Cowards are the most brutal and remorseless when in overwhelming power. Your sentiments do credit to your head and heart.

The information which you give me about

the Haralson poem is indeed interesting. It far surpassed any previous knowledge of my own - which was scant. I am glad to learn the name of 'Thos. B. Wetmore' - the author of that smart "jeu d'esprit" - and that he survived the civil war. Am also glad to know that Judge Jonathan Haralson is still living. The boys in my 'Confederate Bivouac & Historical Association' tell me that people came near deviling the life out of Haralson after the war by getting after him about that incident, and that poem. He is said to have been originally quite a modest and literal sort of young man. I expect it did him good and made him brassy in desperation, as an awfully "gil-flirted" mare did me in the cavalry, in Price's last big campaign in Missouri in the fall of 1864. I captured - or my brother did - a mare of that kind, and had to ride her from Jefferson City, because my own horse's feet - from being unshod - were worn to the quick on the rocks.

The jeering of the men night & day
as she made her unsmooth
sounds at every movement, at first
made my face burn like fire.

I certainly shall be glad to get those various versions when you print them - and especially

the Jon. Haralson and 'Boston Widows' reply, when you print them. Dont forget me. I never knew that there was but one version, and I never heard before of Haralson's reply, and the so called 'Boston widows'. When you send me these data I expect to have some fun, at an adjourned Symposium, at a monthly meeting of my U.C.V. Bivouac. Such things throw a side light on history, and are preserved as "Memoranda" in the secret or reserved archives of all civilized governments.

I am sorry that some of the persons who sent you that 'poem' wanted money for it. I note your kindness in telling brother Cunningham to send the "Veteran" at your expense to some of our old soldiers who are poor. I note your kind hint as to myself, and thank you, but I am in very comfortable circumstances; I wish all my Confederate comrades were the same - but as a rule the best fighters are a generous - harum scarum - sort of fellows in civil life, and dont save much.

Your generosity as an ex Federal soldier to our men - is above the ordinary, and again I pronounce

you - as we did at Princeton College New Jersey
when we wanted to complement any one

"You are a gentleman and a scholar"
(my education there was interrupted by the war.)

Every mans life is a romance. if it could be
properly remembered and written. we old soldiers
especially. It sometimes seems sad that we should
have to carry it all into the grave in oblivion,
now shortly. But I dont fret. I often say I
dont intend to die but once - nothing anticipatory
thank you. I - as you ask me - was not with
'Forrest'. Wish I had been. I became well
acquainted with him after the war. He was
wonderful in action and appearance. The
greatest looking man I ever saw.

I soldiered in the 13th Tenn. Infantry the
first year of the war. and came near getting
gray headed at 17, at that awful 2 days
battle at Shiloh. At the reorganization at
Corinth in May 1862 - we were 12 mos troops, - being
invalided at home in Memphis I was not there, and
did not re-enlist and go with it through (If I had I would
not be here now, as $\frac{3}{4}$ ths the men in the Regiment were killed wounded
or invalided before the war ended). Our house in Memphis was
taken for Gen J. W. Denvers Head quarters (Federal) in June 1862, and
our family driven to our Plantation opposite 5 miles below. in Ark.
where I enlisted in the Arkansas Cavalry. - being much of the
time with Gen. Joe Shelby of Mo. though not in his immediate command.

If you ever come to Memphis call on me. St. bar line 6 miles out. I have
been twice to St Paul on hunting & fishing expeditions - in 1868 & 1871. Im stage to
Duluth 160 miles back in 1868. Good bye - write when spirit moves you. Ruff, I. S. Lake

Guntown Miss-

Jan-19-1912

To My Friend Bob-Halcombe
A beautiful bright day has
just closed, and the shades
of night, have been thrown
around my quiet little
home, shutting out all
Cares of the busy World,
My little blue eyed Wife
that has been by my
side for 44 years and
more, is sitting by me
reading a newspaper,
while my mind wanders
away off to faraway
Minn- and heavens

around my unnumbered
friends. We think he is
now sitting near an
heating stove or grate
fighting over again the
battles of the 60- While
3 of the other sides are
away down South in
ditto Wha- de Marsa
and de Missur are
sleeping side by side.
Mr Bro-Halcomb & are
neither a poet, Languist,
or a Diagenese, rather are
a poet, same times
my friends call me
a dreamer.

2

However I am a grate
lover of nature, even the
tiny little flowers that
nature has painted the
rainbow color, has more
charm for me than the
finest architectural work
of ancient Greece.

Give me the deep Woodland
where the Sweet Williams
blossom in the Spring
time, the wild rose in
Summer, and the
golden rod in autumn,
where the gentle anemone
brings to me their life
giving fragrance.)

Rather than the Crowded
City, where no one has
time to stop and give
me a good old hand-
shake or a pleasant smile.
I see so much more
that is beautiful and
good in the world,
than bad, I am
always inclined to
be lenient with those
who go wrong.

But enough of this for
the present

I received your letters yes-
-terday, and was glad
indeed to get them

also the newspaper clipping,
 Gen-Grant was a grate
 man and if he had stood
 on the best work at the
 bloody angle on May 12-
 64, he would never have
 been President, no one
 could have stood there
 for one second without
 being shot to pieces
 I was same what surprised
 at him saying the works
 was not retaken, by the
 rebels, for I stood in
 there for something like
 18 hours, Iustman, who
 shot that tree down

I answer Hancock's Carjars,
for all the prisoners we
Captured said they belonged
to his Corps. Now I know
the part of the works that
embraced the tree was retaken
and held by Harris - Miss -
Bridg - being reinforced
by McGowan's S. C. Bridg -
until about 4 o'clock the
next morning when
we were withdrawn.

Yes my Regt - the 19th
and the 48th Miss - were
in fort Greig and the
12th + 14th of the same Regt -
were in Ft Whittworth

4

Both fell about the same
time. Our losses were very
heavy. at that time I was
in charge of 18 men
watching the movements
of your army just south
of Drewry's bluff on
Duck gapp. I never
joined my Command
any more. I was captured
on the 5th before Lee
surrendered on the 9th.
I was taken to Point
Lookout and guarded by
negroes until I was
paroled. We were not
treated humanely by

them, (something I have
never forgiven the north
for yet,

The men behind the guns
always respected a prisoner,
but loathant for the
slinking Caess. in
the rear.

Now Bro. Halcomb as to
the little walking stick,
I am shure no one
could have appreciated
it more than my self,
The day I received it, it
was snowing, and
sitting by my window
watching it fall upon

The ground. The lines
was suggested to my
mind.

If you should run across
any of those Douthitt
people, tell them who I
am, My Grandfather
James Douthitt was
educated at Boston
Mass - joined the M. E.
Church and began
preaching at 17 years
of age. He married
a Miss - Howard of
Ky - moved to Anderson
S. C. and there he and
his wife are buried.

He was of Welch Blood
My Grate Grandfather ^{James}
was a Scotchman and
a Scout for Gen-Marian.
I believe I like you better
for being a Methodist.
It may be best for both
of us to be Methodist.
you know they admit
of a stop off ticket
so a fellow can sidetrack
have a good time, get
on the main line and
go ahead again.
Many thank for your
Photo and the Card
you gave me

9

I am waiting to get one
of mine with that little
blue eyed wife standing
by my side to send
to you, so be quiet
it will come after awhile
Tell your and your
friends come along
down just where you
please, However I would
suggest in June, and
I will see that you
get plenty to eat, and
a good time all round
Give the old boys
my best regards
and tell them any

of them will be welcome
if they wish to come
South.

I know every bay
path around Brice's
X Roads, it was my
play ground when
I school boy
Well I could sit here
and write for a week
such stuff as I am
writing, but will close
for the present by
wishing you many
more years of plenty
and happiness
Fractionally yours
Capt Gansbuhl

Buntyn Tenn.

Feb. 20th 1912

R. J. Holcombe Esq.
St Paul Minn.

Dear Sir & Friend

I feel I can now drop the old Federal or "Dankie" nomenclature in writing to you. the same as I would in writing to some of our Ex-Federal friends who have been here in Memphis so long that we never think of the difference now.

Your last letter to me (of Feb. 9th) was beautifully written. in ink. but I hope you will excuse pencil reply. as it is much easier to write in pencil, as you once suggested.

I sent you last week a trade or boom edition of our Memphis Commercial Appeal newspaper, which I hope you received, and found a little interesting, though such papers are somewhat tiresome on account of their voluminousness. I think the statements in said paper were about correct. and not quite as much overwrought as for instance the annual boom copy of the Los Angeles California Times. which you may have occasionally seen, and which I like to get once in awhile, because in 1886 I visited California. and saw that wonderful Los Angeles country etc.

We have a great country. this U. S. which I tried to help divide. I

can see now that it was necessary
- as Nations are constituted. that the
States should all have remained to-
gether for purposes of strong National
defense and for mutual free inter-
communication. and for such great
National works as the Panama
Canal, Irrigation River Improve-
ments etc. You are rather a
remarkable Federal soldier. in
the matter of having forgiven us
so early after the war. It came
perhaps from your birthplace, but
that in most instances seemed
to make antagonists bitterer. In
general the misbehaviour of both
parties was greater - and the
mutual harrings most awful -
in the States of Missouri and
Kentucky. Missouri even worse
than Ky. If there is any survi-
ving bitterness yet it is in those
2 States. There was some among the
ladies of Ky. at the Louisville
Re-union about 7 or 8 years ago.
And the Kansas people. how they
did hate Joe Shelby when I went
West with train-loads of them
on the cheap excursions to California
in 1886. They wouldn't hardly
speak to me when they found I
had once soldiered somewhat with
Joe Shelby. but though my feelings

were stronger at that time. I ap-²
preciated their view point, and
finally became quite friendly
with some of them before we got
back off our 1 months jaunt.
One trouble was that I wore
a beautiful tailor made silver
gray suit, approximating Confed-
erate gray in color.

If you and I now were to meet
and converse, I know from your
letters that we would come more
nearly to agreeing on all National
subjects - than even I and my
old soldier younger brother - for
he - queer fish - always seems to
wait to try and find out how I
stand on any subject, and then
turns in and opposes me. For
instance I am free trade absolute
and he is Tariff - almost high Tariff.
That galls me for my father (whose
fundamental views I find were
Democratic, instead of Whig as he
was) talked Free Trade all of his
life - from a Southern farmers stand
point, and was glad that Andrew
Jackson had broken up "Nick
Biddle's Bank" (a National Bank)
although it brought on the hard-
times of 1836 - 37 when my father
then in Alabama, lost \$10,000⁰⁰
t. \$20,000. in loaned money, because

people "busted", and many took their mules horses and negroes and ran away to Texas between sun-down and morning. My father was shaving notes.

He ran away from Staten Island New York, on a ship to Havana and Mobile Ala, when he was 12 yrs old, and by blacksmithing carpentering painting etc. mainly blacksmithing - was worth \$10000⁰⁰ when he was only 21 yrs old. His father was a live blacksmith on Staten Island but was murdered before father ran away. A dispute over a live chestnut trees fruits. I guess? the old blacksmith had whipped the other man with his fists, anyhow the other man shot him down at his own gate with a gun, and the Jury that cleared the murderer were dismissed with contumely by the Judge who presided over the case.

Just see how, when we go back our pens will never stop writing. I am $\frac{1}{4}$ th Holland Dutch. & my father always took as much pride in Old Holland as in old England, and could not ever quite

pronounce some of the most ⁽³⁾
difficult English words. How
he did drill me and drill me
when I was a little child to
make me overcome the obstacle
and pronounce correctly. and
correct a lisp. He succeeded.
Now my brother's being a Tariff
man. seems to me like being a
Traitor to father's views.

Also I was pro Boer and my
brother Anti-Boer, in the opinions
about the South African war.
He was anti Japanese, I pro
Japanese in the Russo Japanese
war. I believe the Japanese
religion of Patriotism is the only
true religion, though the faithful-
ness of the Japanese common people
in that particular is being abused
and exploited by the entourage
of their Emperor and upper classes.
^{richest} Rich people are always the bane
of any country. Look at your
Trust Lords, look at our slave-
holders. The last time, when my
brother and I went in the Southern
Army how could we overcome
or offset some 10 or 12 negro
men of ours already then in the
Federal Army.

Now before closing the subject forever, in order to keep from being misunderstood as a hypocrite I ought to define my present old age opinions as a Southern soldier. And I guess I hit off about the average opinion of the few of us that are left. And mind you I know that these opinions are no longer of any value so far as the mass of the Nation and even of the Southern people are concerned - because we are all (North & South) two ~~generations~~ whole generations removed from the war. Despute ourselves we all "take ourselves too seriously".

In the first place I must say that I have never seen but one Southern soldier who said "it was best that we failed" or he was "glad that we failed". I forget his exact expression. He ~~is~~ a very rich lawyer in Memphis. I never saw a one who said that he was ashamed or sorry that he fought in the Confederate Army.

How natural it was when it was South versus North (or vice versa) for each man to go with his own

(4)

side. Then the invasions stirred up enmity. The young boys who flocked into our Army during the progress of the war were awfully bitter and vindictive, they had been at home. as one desperado friend and fellow^Cmate of mine was) when the Federals came to his home and shot down his pet dog at the door steps and shot plundered and took his chickens (and perhaps also his pigs). He was the best pistol shot I ever saw in my life. shot negroes and one Ark negro militia Colonel after the war, and was killed as an outlaw under \$5000² reward from Ark Gov. Clayton) in ^{the} trying of a Tenn. Sheriff to effect his arrest. to gain the reward about the year 1870. And that Sheriff too was an Ex Confederate.

But now, what difference does it make to let us alone in our opinions. The strain of 4 years of the war. in the impressionable age of youth is ineradicable.

When the Spanish War came we were loyal. I was ~~very~~ glad that

war came up. I pitied the Cubans,
and I knew how it would unite
us. I recollect an old friend com-
ing into my Office when that
War was declared and asking
my opinion about it. (I will
say with a little vanity that my
opinions being I hope frequently
unique and original are valued
sometimes a little by a few of my
personal friends). I said "Billy"
- his name is Billy Wilkins always
a reformer and a fighter for pure
good Government. Billy it's the
best thing that ever happened
for this whole country. The
Yankies will come in contact
and conflict with all the black
and yellow and piebald and
spotted people on the earth
and will learn what Mr
Nigger is. and the war will
"wipe out the bloody shirt". Of
course mind you I knew our
Southern people would go too. &
I wanted them to go. and when
I saw our Cuban Bound soldiers
going down the street with the
brass band which I always loved
like a nigger. I wanted to go too

though it was so ridiculous at ⁵
my age & married as I was.

Well! it wasn't a year until
our troops in the Phillipines
were calling the Philipinos
"niggers". though they are far
from being such. Also - 10
years ago or more - the "Bloody
Shirt" went. Even Senator Hay-
burn now waves it in vain.

The Assassination of Mr.
Lincoln doubtless produced
the severe Radical Reconstruction
of the South. and that was the
hellish period. that fixed &
ground our opinions into us.
Oh how it postponed real peace!

~~And~~ For 15 months af-
ter the War closed I never
laughed or smiled - except on
one or two drunken blow outs
with my old war companions.
Although - mind you - until Thad
Stevens commenced I was glad
that the war was over, though
sorry that we were defeated. But
Thad Stevens etc raised h. l
again. Of course I became a
Ku Klux it was necessary. We
got off light here at Memphis

x in our Shelby County. Never had to kill anybody black or white luckily - and straightened out the negroes (who really had become bad) by bluff. But I don't like yet to think of the many months wherein I stood behind my book-keeper's desk - with a loaded Enfield Rifle in the Corner and an Army Pistol in my Drawer expecting a U.S. Marshal to clap me on the shoulder to carry me off to the Albany Penitentiary as a prisoner of "Uncle Sam."

I was really never able to realize the 'northern view-point (of your soldiers) until Grover Cleveland was elected President for the first time. Then the heavy reconstruction hand was taken off of all of the South.

Until then I had thought that all "Yankee" soldiers were just plain invaders robbers murderers house burners nigger lovers - South haters from envy - & plunderers. With no patriotism in a single one of them. But all of a sudden then one day - it came to me early in Cleveland's term almost like a clap of thunder -

Suppose you had been a North-
ern boy of the West in 1861
and the South (from your view)
was trying to break up your
Government, and capture
your Capital Washington, and
stop up your River the Missis-
sippi and bar your way to
the Sea. Wouldn't you have
fought with as pure & patriot-
ic a motive as the Southerners
felt they had. It rolled over
me then in a flood of feeling
as if I had been standing in
your all's shoes, and I realized
the patriotic feelings of hundreds
of thousands of you.

Thank great Providence
that we Southern Armies never
got a chance to overrun your
Northern States, so that mean
individual soldiers (which are
in all armies) might plunder
and wrong and insult your
people. If we could have got
ten into Massachusetts, hating
it as we common soldiers did,
the inevitable consequences might
have been as bad as Sherman's
Army in South Carolina.

So! if we people are patriotic
for the whole country now,
what difference does our old
soldiers old opinions make.

It was only in Clevelands
first Administration that my
dislike for the old Stars &
Stripes died out, and 10
years more before I could
drop my old distaste for
Tanke Blue. And even yet
I love the old Gray so that
I ~~hate~~^{dislike} to see our negro mail
clerks dressed in it, though
I wouldnt cut up about it,
knowing it to be mere foolishness.

What our Southern Con-
federacy might have become if
we had succeeded I dont know.
I always have believed that all
but New England would soon
have been in it. But the
Gulf States, ^{of} ^{Carolina} with their slave-
holding (Sea Island, Louisiana Sugar
Planter Aristocrats) and duel
fighting set, would have been
at Clash with the good sturdy
plain people of North Carolina
Georgia Tennessee Kentucky Missis-
sippi and Arkansas of the Confederacy.

From youthful warps I myself
will never be able to think first

in terms of the Union. I (7
always think first how will
such and such a measure
(or work like the Panama Canal
for instance) effect the interests
of the South. (I count all
South of the Mason & Dixons
line Maryland Delaware &
Missouri in it). Next I
count its effect on the
whole Union. Now I know
of course that there is no
longer any old South. and
by no means the same people,
and I know this is not is
not quite a patriotic view.
But I can't help it, and
I must die that way. The
bone in ^{my} ~~the~~ embracing arm of
the Union was once broken
and though mended and strong
now as ever practically the
ring around the bone can still
be felt. So let it go at that.
"So mote it be"?

I note with interest your
delvings into the un-noted sides
of history. Especially as to Gen.
Robert E Lee's command of U.S.
Fort Mason Texas in February 1861.
Yes a clash then might have

shunted him into taking the Union side maybe. at any rate he could never have become our great leader. He could not betray a trust. He surely would have fought there. Poor old Gen Twiggs - so gray headed in the Mexican War that our common soldiers made fun of him - surrendered his command to us by collusion in Texas. I thought it was great patriotism at the time but somehow now I wish the poor old man could have died first. At Utah in the Christmas Holidays 1860-61 (while I was passing South from New Jersey, through Washington City, to the University of Va. & Judah P. Benjamin was delivering his farewell address to the Senate) Albert Sydney Johnston was sincerely toasting "the Union" at an Officers wining & dining. How it did wrench those great men Albert Sydney Johnston & Robert E. Lee to leave their old service and the old Stars & Stripes. It was an awful heart struggle and I almost know how they felt. But it shows also our old Southern indoctrinated idea of States rights

and first love for our own States 8
But you. being raised among it
in Missouri. can understand
our point of view.

But how strange that the
Conservative men. the great
regretters of the old Union, who
had not produced the war, -
should have made infinitely
our greatest Generals. for I
tell you my friend no man
knows better than I (for I
was "thar") that if Albert Sydney
Johnston had not have been
killed at the precise few
minutes that he was at
Shiloh Grant & Shermans Army
would have been captured.
And probably Buell, and the
war might have ended dif-
ferently. though I dont expect
any Northern Soldier to believe it.
Also I must say it was a
sad thing. it has been a sad
thing. in the best years of ones
life to have been part & parcel
of a conquered nation. as was
the sad fate of us Southern fellows,
As a practical soldier. on the
open field. I always will think
that Albert Sydney Johnson would
have measured fully up to Robert
& Lee. That battle of Shiloh on

Sunday till Johnston died, was as orderly as a game of chess. I have asked our old 13th Tenn. Infantry men, who went all through as wel. foot afterward, (as I did not), if they ever saw any battle afterward that approached it in method & regularity, and they said there never was one like it in their experience - in our Western Army. Johnston left California & came across the plains to fight for the South; and in Arizona in 1886 I saw 2 private Southern soldiers - one "Sampl" from Mississippi, who had left mining over there - or that away - and done the same thing. And Major Temple Harris a married lawyer - doing well - at San Bernadino Cal. had arranged his affairs left his family there and came clear back to his native State Maryland or Virginia, to serve his native State & the South. Fortunately these men escaped the war with their lives, & returned. Where would we find such patriotism (or such ideas of patriotism, as you Northerners would put it), now a days.

Now how the deuce am I going to quit. I am scattering all over creation, and not writing

a good regular, natural letter (I
like you at all. We old fellows
of some common sense & experience
are not now vain much at
all. It is not vanity to love
to remember these old times.
I never felt humbler in my
life than I do now in my
old ^{age}. Self analysis, more acute
than formerly, makes me feel small.
What have I done, what have
I ever done to have entitled
me to such good friends, such
true friends, such charming friends,
as I have been blessed with
through life. My merit was small,
I have been even a little near
to some great men, or men
highly placed like Senator George
Senator Bate, Senator Carmack
Senator Turley. Senator Harris.
Even W. J. Bryan has given me
his Photograph privately. as I
called the first meeting here.
(Memphis) - hired the Hall myself
in 1895, one year before his nom-
ination in 1896, which put him
front on the track for the Demo-
cratic nomination for the Pres-
idency. And he was elected too
but cheated out of it. like Hayes
cheated Tilden (proximately).

I must quit. You say your
Gen Sanborn is still living in
St Paul. If he is as approach-
able to one of you old boys in
the ranks as my dear old
^{intimate} personal friend Gen Geo. W. Ger-
don ^{was} died last summer, tell
him from me - as he probably
has heard before - that if the
balance of the Federal Army
after the battle of "Charlotte"
(or Mine Creek) on the Mo. Kansas
border line in Nov 1864 - had
followed us (a little East of
South as we went) like his &
one other Federal Brigade did,
that the whole of Price's Army
would have been captured that
night. Hundreds demoralized,
guns & ammunition of our
staunch ones short.

Now I shall always be glad
to hear from you. Shall never cease
to hope to have you here at my house
some time or other. But while it is
a great pleasure to me to write to you
when I once start, I am the laziest
man about writing letters that I ever
knew - at my age - because I have had to
write so many millions of business letters
in my life that I am tired, reluctant,
paralyzed about it. So to tell you the truth
& not to be unfriendly - & not to stop you from
writing - but in order to be true myself to every
implied obligation, I can only promise to write or
reply to you about once a month. Yours I. S. Irick

P. S. Say for the Lords sake
get hold of the Saturday Evening
Post - last 2 numbers - Feb'y 17
+ 24. ^{read} "The Recording Angel" by Mrs
Corra Harris. That Southern woman
beats any woman writer in all
the Earth. Miss Isabella Byrd & Mrs
Isabella Byrd Bishop (Travels) is the
only woman in the world who ever
approximates "Corra" in genius.
L. S. L.

[1912]

TH

Will He Get His Hat?

The Colonel throwing his hat in the ring brings to mind an incident in the life of old man Smith, who lived up in Hardin county, Ky., not far from Elizabethtown. Smith was a plain, hard working farmer, but occasionally he would go to town for a day's fun, and his programme of frolic was the swapping of horses and the drinking of corn whisky.

His wife was opposed to liquor, and particularly opposed to her husband drinking liquor.

Smith's way of testing his wife's frame of mind on his return home was to throw his hat into the family living room. If his hat was thrown back to him by Mrs. Smith, he went to the barn and slept during the night. If the hat were not tossed back, he followed it, and spent the night in the house.

It would be interesting to know what the Republican party will do with the Colonel's hat.

Burtnyn Tenn.

Feb. 23rd 1912

R. I. Holcombe Esq.

St Paul, Minn.

My dear friend.

Your letter of Feb. 19th is just received - 3 hours ago - and is so exceedingly interesting that I am impelled to make immediate reply.

Especially as your letter was written merely in reply to a P-card of mine, and a mailed newspaper - and before you had gotten my letter of day before yesterday.

You possess more information, about things I want to know about, than any man I ever knew.

Your own vast experience, your newspaper training enabling you to seize the salient points of past and present occurrences - your delvings into history, with your common sense view of things, make your letters more interesting to me than any book.

More than all, I must frankly say, your having met familiarly our dear old Southern Missourians, Marmaduke and Shelby, inspire me with a feeling of warm personal friendship toward you. You tell me in your letter more about Gen. Marmaduke and his family than I ever knew or could have found out. His fault, was the fault of the South and the age. We Southern boys nearly all had mouths for Whiskey like Figgers, and many a splendid fellow of ours - bright

and genial and beloved as comrades during the war. drank themselves down down to the gutter and death, after our losing war. That loss, I think sometimes, had a little to do with it in many instances, but more than all deep down perhaps. was a craving yearning for excitement to which we had become accustomed during the war. A poor substitute truly.

I quit 25 years ago. upon my second marriage - and found my only remedy in not daring to touch anything approximating even hard cider since, although I have traveled around over and over again in reform political movements. night and day and set em up to the boys in gangs until 12.0 clock at night in Memphis + Nashville. They would let me drink lemonade, when I would tell them I was an ex drunkard, and was afraid of falling back. None of my good friends ever tried very hard to break my resolution. I would have been dead long ago if I had not quit. I had got up to 25 to 30 glasses of beer every day. I never liked whiskey. Although some of my old Southern friends said that beer was "too bunglesome in the stomach," that was my favorite. because of course I couldn't afford to drink habitually

Champagne - which is the finest (2)
drink on earth. Real Scotch Ale
next. I learned to drink beer
at Lake Minnetonka in the summer
of 1868. We thickly crowded in-
habitants (boarders), in a farm house
there - one or two Northern ladies of
unexceptionable character included,
all drank beer profusely. We
sent for a keg to St Paul Minn.
every day. I didn't like the taste
at first - it tasted bitter. But I
soon learned to love it, fresh on
tap - not in bottles.

What I hate about liquor
is the slow degradation of the best
character, which will finally
come. Lord ^{how} I have lied in Kan-
sas, and other prohibition States
and places, in order to get Whiskey.
For I must have something. It
was enough to make a dog laugh,
though it was pitiful.

I am no fool. Prohibitionist how-
ever. Let other men be the generals
of their own mouths and stomachs.
I have known numbers to hand-
le liquor more safely than myself.
What I hate is the effect on the
drunkards relatives - his women
and children. And I abhor the
activity of liquor men & dealers in
Politics. They have always ruled

Memphis & this County. Therefore I am
compelled to vote always ~~to vote~~
with the good religious solid stable
church going citizens. They try
to go too far in their Prohibition
laws - make laws that cant be
enforced in our big cities.

Regulation - 12 at night & Sunday
closing - could be enforced, with
a reasonably high license cutting
down the number of low saloons
& doggeries.

The infamous
murder of our splendid Senator
Carmack, (a close personal friend
of mine), by the friends of our
former Liquor & Trust Governor
Patterson - impelled me (and most
of the old Confederate Soldiers in
this State) to vote for Gov. Hooper,
the Republican, at the last election.

We wanted to unload the Pat-
terson Ring & Gang. I voted - at
the same time - the Democratic
ticket for ^{State} Legislators. I am
afraid we may have to vote for
Hooper again - as Patterson (who
is awful smart & bright) is trying
to creep back in again some-
where, as Governor or Senator.

Carmack was the brightest man
I ever saw in my life. A little

smarter even than Bryan I think. ³
Lord what a pen he wielded, as
an Editor of the Commercial Appeal.
What an eloquent and sarcastic
tongue he had on the hustings.
How he did tear Patterson all
to pieces (Father first, & son afterward)
& dance all around him in de-
bate - smart as "Ham Fattus"
the son is. Old Josiah his
daddy - Representative in Congress
in 1896 - was easy meat. He
was a "Gold Bug" (relapsed from
a howling Silverite), and we beat
old Josiah with Carmack easy,
in our Free Silver campaign
of that year. I did much - very
much indeed - to start Carmack
on that track. Wrote two cam-
paign songs against Josiah that
were sung often (the first one) &
helped to jollify our campaign.
Good Carmack was always kind
and friendly and good to me
thereafter. Such a genial man,
full of anecdote, Lord bless you!
Well how the devil am I
to write you a letter. I want to
tell you 1000 things and here I
go off at a tangent. The Commercial

Appeal Newspaper that I sent you
is a lineal descendant of the old
"Appeal" newspaper that you cap-
tured copies of during the war.
It followed or went along with our
Western (East of the Miss.) Infantry
Army, into Mississippi and then
on into Georgia, and the deuce
knows where - all. My first
wife & present wife's father, was
detailed, and allowed to go with
it as a Printer, all during the
war. He was the fastest Type
Setter that ever operated in Mem-
phis, so the old printer boys told
me. I am sorry to say, in
strict confidence (I hate to be dis-
loyal to the seeming principal
owner my friend, & the Managing
Editor Mooney also my friend) that
the paper is said to be majority
owned, and I am afraid is - by our
Memphis City Rail-Road Co. &
it can be faithfully depended on
always to subtly defend "Liquor",
which runs the Democratic Party
in Memphis, & advertises heavily
in its columns. It is an able
paper, All right on all other subjects,
I heed not its Editorials when its
vital interests are struck. ^{On} Other mat-

ters they are good and wise. (4)
Mooney its ^{quod} Editor - was formerly
in 1896. with it, then went to
New York as ^{the} chief Editor in
one of Hearst's papers. and has
now been back here 5 or 6 years.
In 1895 and 1896 I used to be
in behind the Scenes with the
newspaper boys. & the Associated
Press Agents. Patent Outside fellows,
etc. It is funny how they make
and blow up & manufacture
News. The owners of the Commer-
cial Appeal (Directors except One)
were "Gold Bug", and Carnack
Editor & Robinson Asst. Editor strong
Free Silver men, with us. The people
clamored for Free Silver literature.
One morning we would have the
heaviest old ponderous Gold Bug
Josiah Patterson speeches. and J. Lawrence
Laughlin articles - dry as the devil -
in the paper, and the next
morning Free Silver Articles from
the brightest men in the United
States. And you know we did have
the most brilliant Orators and
writers. Finally - after a long time
however - there was a sort of quarrel
& personal fist fight. at a meeting of

the Directory and they turned
Carmack out.

I cannot do without the Com-
mercial Appeal on account of
its News. It is the best Newspaper
in the South. I have had a
personal letter in my pocket
from its Editor Mooney for 2
weeks past, suggesting that I
shake off my laziness, and
write an article about the doings
of the Ku. Klux Klan here about
45 years ago. It would be in-
teresting and humorous - and we
did not hurt anybody fortunately -
but Governor Clayton's Militia
Guns en route by the thousands
from Pittsburgh were caught &
sunk on the River below here by
somebody dressed as Ku Klux -
and the oaths taken were very
severe at the time - and though
General Forrest our leader testi-
fied about the Klan before Congress,
after it was dissolved (thus
absolving us private I reckon),
yet Uncle Sam's arm is long,
and I don't know how our few
surviving fellows would feel now
at my revelations. I wouldn't

15
dare to name them, except
merely by the first letters of
their names, as C for Cox for
instance. Except in one or two
instances, where the dear boys
died without leaving relatives.

I wouldn't mind giving my own
name. I would sign that in full,
but maybe some old boy, occasionally
might dislike the recital.

We swore first to support the
Constitution of the U.S. and all
laws made in pursuance thereof,
(not "with a wink" either, for we
knew we had no guns & means to
start another Civil War), and then
we swore to stand together and
protect all good citizens ~~against~~
women & children against the
unlawful trespasses of all per-
sons whatsoever, that was
the guts of the brief oath.

Memphis had a population
of 131000 or close to that in
1910 Census. There are 20000
more right around. outside in the
Suburbs, unincorporated. like here
in Buntyn, and may the Lord
preserve us from being taken into
the City Limits. The added Taxation

will be awful. but we will inevitably be forced in before 1920 Census. We are growing fast at Memphis, Los Angeles & Seattle & maybe Tacoma are about the only places that can beat our percentage of growth. I fortunately have a few Acres of land here - bought 11 yrs ago - that have increased ^{in value} 1300 per cent since I purchased. And my old 7 1/2 acres, owned 36 yrs. has increased 2000 per cent. Offsetting (3 times over) the carving off into the River of a 1400 acre plantation in Miss. (all but 160 ^{left} acres of woods). My Infantry Company organized, and camped & drilled some time at Germantown, in the early part of 1861, before I ran away & joined it up the River.

You ought to come here & see me some time or other & stay at my house awhile. I could amuse you in a slow way for a week or two, and we could talk that long without getting mutually tired of one another surely? With best wishes I am

Respy. Your friend
I. S. Lake

March 30th 1912

My ancient enemy D. J., In looking for some papers yesterday, I found some things that might interest you. I thought I had all the funny business burned up, but there is some left yet I see, I am afflicted with laryngitis do not know how the spring fever will strike me, who have a new man in command now. if he will only stay he is taking the kinks out of some of the grafters. He has been a Steamboat Captain and Pilot since the war, and came out here last year to take charge, stay two weeks and went back captain on a boat. He said it was no place for a decent man. for instance Backsile who has been trustee since the start got an appropriation of 500⁰⁰ from that fool Legislature last year to build a Calaboose out here. Some fool donated the bricks a migger done the mason work for 40⁰⁰ Cockrill sent out a saw & hatchet - boy to do the wood work. The whole thing cost about 100⁰⁰ and the two trustees put 400⁰⁰ in their pockets and it has never been used and never will be for that purpose

The song I used to sing to the gals in '65

All lonely and dreary are the streets, Love,
The watchman's asleep on his beat Love,
And I'm dying for something to eat, Love,
Then open thy cupboard to me.

O hasten thy lover to cram, Love,
With a slice of cold turkey or ham Love,
For it's awfully hungry I am Love,
And open thy cupboard to me.

Get up from thy warm feather bed Love
And bake me a pone of corn bread Love
For I wish very much to be fed Love
And open thy cupboard to me.

The moon will be down before long Love
The night-bird is singing his song Love,
How plainly he says, "Mix it strong" Love
And open thy cupboard to me.

The chickens are crowing for day, Love
And I must soon hasten away Love
Then list to thy lovers last lay Love
And open thy cupboard to me.

I send you the words of a song never published
You will get the air by wireless,

And they failed to make any appropriation
to pay some 40 widows who are drawing
pensions, and they have to suffer for it.
There has been a great howl sent up because
the board of prison commissioners proposed
to dress the better class of prisoners in brown
instead of stripes. But not a son of a
has ever chirped a word about putting me
on the same level, and the same class with
them, Hell will pop some of these and I want
to help. How is this for a steal, 10 old soldiers
over living here on the state farm, when this
home was built 21 years ago, and they
draw 18 barrels of flour and other food in
like amounts, - A woman boarded the men
and she got rich quick, this is a free and
easy, farm hands and all do as they please
But there has been less whiskey drank this
last week than any week for six months,
and some of them have got the word, first time
drunk out they go, the cook for the first one
There was 105³ or Hard cash donated to this
home last year by the daughters and we never
got one dollar of it. But the woman who
got it is going around organizing another club

The three Handy girl Summers begged 140⁰⁰
last year to take the old man to the reunion
at Little Rock, spent 60⁰⁰ of it for their crowd
and one of them married on the other 80⁰⁰
we have an established matrimonial agency here
10 weddings in 5 years among the hirelings
The state gives 175⁰⁰ per capita and 60⁰⁰ will
pay every dollar we get. The people who laughed
at the goose bone, Chick corn shuck, and
ground hog prophets, have the laugh on them
for we had in place of 6 weeks cold cloudy
weather, we had 8 of them and the end is not yet
I see you had some weather at St. Paul, we get
daily reports from all over the U.S. at present
we have an overflow of water, I shall be
77 years ^{old} Easter Sunday, the 7th of April. and as I
have a nickel I shall buy 3 eggs and have
a feast, Eggs are 20 cts doz yet, I am
going to the reunion in Georgia in June or
push a shoe string, I did not go to Little
Rock as I did not vote for Hooper and the
year before at Mobile I was sick wishing you luck
I quote A. J. Adams to Noble Soldiers Home
Hermitage Tenn (March 30 1910)

The Jefferson Davis Beauvoir Soldiers' Home

Board of Directors:

T. R. HENDERSON, GREENWOOD
 J. H. MCGEHEE, LITTLE SPRINGS
 DR. J. W. SHARP, GRENADA
 J. D. MCINNIS, MERIDIAN
 J. O. S. SANDERS, JACKSON
 H. L. TAYLOR, YAZOO CITY
 T. M. KEMP, SECRETARY OF BOARD, GULFPORT

R. F. D. No. 1.

GULFPORT, MISS.

 Jan^{ry} 20th 1913

Mr R. J. Holcombe -
 St Paul Minn -
 Dear Sir -

Your very much appreciated favor of 7th Inst rec^d several days ago, the same forwarded me at this place from Meridian Miss. My health broke completely down January last, and I entered the Mississippi Soldiers Home on the 17th of Sept last; 4 months ago, here I expect to remain provided I behave myself & vote the Democratic Ticket, until my little ball^{of Yarn} is completely wound up, Mississippi has the most delightful location for a home for Old Soldiers, of any State in the Union. Situated on the beach of the Gulf in the extreme ^{southern} portion of the State, where it never snows, where the Magnolia & Orange Trees grow & where the Summers are not near so oppressive, as they are in States many hundred miles north, many Northern people spend the winter here in nice cottages along the beach, & visit our home daily, Beauvoir the old homestead of Jefferson Davis - containing 90 Acres

The Jefferson Davis Beauvoir Soldiers' Home

Board of Directors:

T. R. HENDERSON, GREENWOOD
 J. H. MCGEEHEE, LITTLE SPRINGS
 DR. J. W. SHARP, GRENADA
 J. D. MCINNIS, MERIDIAN
 J. O. S. SANDERS, JACKSON
 H. L. TAYLOR, YAZOO CITY
 T. M. KEMP, SECRETARY OF BOARD, GULFPORT

R. F. D. No. 1,

GULFPORT, MISS.,

191

②

More or less, was purchased from Mrs Davis, his Widow, by the Sons, & Daughters, of Mississippi Confederate Veterans, for the purpose now used - & is under the supervision of a Corps of competent kind & obliging Officials, and is maintained by the State, The inmates of the home at the present time number about 250, including about 85 or 90 Wives & Widows, ages of both sex ranging from 60 to 90 years, some are badly bent. So much so, that it is with much difficulty to find out whether you are meeting or overtaking them, We have all characters here just as we had in the Army, The males I have reference to, Our female members I consider all perfect, We have some as nice & refined Ladies & Gentlemen, as can be found in the United States, or elsewhere, & we have some of the very tail end of the Globe, like Mike O'Flanagan's fighting Ducks, Mike was passing along the street with a couple of Ducks in his arms, What ~~are you~~ meeting James O'Conor, ^{a neighbor} what are you going to do with the Ducks Mike, inquired James,

The Jefferson Davis Beauvoir Soldiers' Home

Board of Directors:

T. R. HENDERSON, GREENWOOD
 J. H. MCGEEHEE, LITTLE SPRINGS
 DR. J. W. SHARP, GRENADA
 J. D. MCINNIS, MERIDIAN
 J. O. S. SANDERS, JACKSON
 H. L. TAYLOR, YAZOO CITY
 T. M. KEMP, SECRETARY OF BOARD, GULFPORT

(3)

R. F. D. No. 1,

GULFPORT, MISS.,

191

fight them said Mike, Why Mike a Duck cant fight said James, Why just look at their fate - said Mike, all h-ll cant trip them up - so we have some few here that cant be triped up - We have all faiths & Orders here from Catholic to somnambulist & Ku Klux, & some without faith, Order, or even a small amount of politeness, They are passing out lively, & have passed in their checks. This month, the females dont seem to die here, since I come here 4 months ago, not a death has occurred with them, while 18 or 20 males have died during that time & I learn that not a death has occurred with the females during the last 14 months, the ages of both sex are reckoned to be about equal, and I can account for the vast difference in the death rate of the two, only in this way. A woman will keep if possible her age a profound secret, while some men will go around boasting of their extreme old age, many adding 8 or 10 years more than should be, so he is cut down in the same manner & for the same

The Jefferson Davis Beauvoir Soldiers' Home

Board of Directors:

T. R. HENDERSON, GREENWOOD
 J. H. MCGEEHEE, LITTLE SPRINGS
 DR. J. W. SHARP, GRENADA
 J. D. MCINNIS, MERIDIAN
 J. O. S. SANDERS, JACKSON
 H. L. TAYLOR, YAZOO CITY
 T. M. KEMP, SECRETARY OF BOARD, GULFPORT

R. F. D. No. 1,

GULFPORT, MISS.,

191__

④

Office as was old Man Ananias,
 To say that your letter was appreciated will be
 expressing the fact, mildly & very mildly, Oh
 what wonderful changes time has brought, 50
 years ago had I then have had the opportunity
 pulled out by the roots every lock of your hair
 & bit off both of your ears, Now I feel as if I could
 embrace you as friendly & lovingly as one of
 my own dear Comrades, We that won the blue
 & gray, & rose at the front where duty called us.
 I heard the Artillery & Small arms playing the death
 March. Know how to love, forgive, & respect each
 other, the uncompromising of today, are only those
 that rise in Hospitals entirely too sick to help
 when needed, & never allowed their anger to arise
 until all danger was over with, I am looking
 forward for the reunion of the blue & gray that is
 to take place at Gettysburg on July the 1st to the 4th next
 to be one of the grandest lovefeast that ever occurred
 upon the face of old Mother Earth. I was wounded &
 captured there, & it is my intention to attend if I

The Jefferson Davis Beauvoir Soldiers' Home

Board of Directors:

T. R. HENDERSON, GREENWOOD
 J. H. MCGEEHEE, LITTLE SPRINGS
 DR. J. W. SHARP, GRENADA
 J. D. MCINNIS, MERIDIAN
 J. O. S. SANDERS, JACKSON
 H. L. TAYLOR, YAZOO CITY
 T. M. KEMP, SECRETARY OF BOARD, GULFPORT

R. F. D. No. 1.

GULFPORT, MISS.,

191

5

Can only get some philanthropist to take my pocket book in hand & have it cured of that horse disease known as, Sweeney - I care nothing for dress, as I made the trip from Gettysburg, to New York City, via Baltimore, in the year 1863. My courting days, clad in a single garment only, that of a short tail Army shirt, so now in my old days, ought to feel myself well dressed in a pair of Coppersas breeches, supported with one gallus, in making the trip from Beauvoir Miss. to Gettysburg, transportation is all I care for, should I miss going will regret it exceedingly. - should I go, would be glad to meet with you there. - You will please excuse such a lengthy preface, to ~~your~~ my answers to the queries you set forth concerning Lieut Col. Boone, I am of the opinion that you will after reading my honest sketch of the Col. you will care not to write any more concerning him, than you have already written, B. B. Boone the subject of our sketch was a native of Mississippi, born in Tishamingo County, said state, was a lawyer by profession, & resided at a station on the Mobile

The Jefferson Davis Beauvoir Soldiers' Home

Board of Directors:

T. R. HENDERSON, GREENWOOD
 J. H. MCGEEHEE, LITTLE SPRINGS
 DR. J. W. SHARP, GRENADA
 J. D. MCINNIS, MERIDIAN
 J. O. S. SANDERS, JACKSON
 H. L. TAYLOR, YAZOO CITY
 T. M. KEMP, SECRETARY OF BOARD, GULFPORT

R. F. D. No. 1.

GULFPORT, MISS.,

191

+ Ohio R. R. some 20 miles south of Corinth Miss,
 called Booneville in honor of ~~his~~ the Col. Father,
 B. B. had 4 Brothers, all of which were strong
 secessionist, so was his Father, while he B. B. was
 bitterly opposed to secession, & vigorously fought it
 until its adoption by the state, & his readiness to go
 & battle with his Countrymen so soon after his
 defeat, no doubt led to his election as Lieut. Col -
 his action at Bull Run was generally accepted
 by the entire Regt to have been either a case of
 downright drunkenness, or a voluntary act of his
 own. his short confinement in prison & taking
 the oath of allegiance to the U. S. Government, stating
 that Mr Lincoln advised him to do so, that act
 was enough to fully convinced most all that it was
 his own voluntary act & deed. he returned to his
 home at Booneville Miss, & nevermore entered the
 army, he boasted before the Bull Run incident, of
 being a descendant of the famous Daniel; though his
 conduct there set at variance for ever, ~~to that~~ ^{his} claim -
 to that, the Col was well liked by all of his

The Jefferson Davis Beauvoir Soldiers' Home

Board of Directors:

T. R. HENDERSON, GREENWOOD
 J. H. MCGEEHEE, LITTLE SPRINGS
 DR. J. W. SHARP, GRENADA
 J. D. MCINNIS, MERIDIAN
 J. O. S. SANDERS, JACKSON
 H. L. TAYLOR, YAZOO CITY
 T. M. KEMP, SECRETARY OF BOARD, GULFPORT



R. F. D. No. 1,

GULFPORT, MISS.,

191

acquaintance, kind hearted, jovial, social, loved his company well & his Mornings. Morning better, also loved a joke. and his laugh at a good one could be well heard in all adjacent neighborhoods. Though notwithstanding all of his vote catching qualities, he could never be elected to any Office on account of his War record, though during Mississippi's darkest days. (Reconstruction days) he was appointed by Gov Ames, Judge of the Circuit Court of B. B. home District, & the District in which I lived, which he held for some time, he was quite emotional in his make up could never refrain from tears. When passing sentence on convicted criminals in his Court especially if his system was well charged with "Bug Juice" & the heavier the charge greater the flow of tears. On one occasion I heard Ex U. S. Senator Daniel Bohus, The Oycamore of the Warbush, argue a case for 3 hours to a jury in the Judge's Court, the Judge had loaded his cart to the brim, & had up his sideboards. for this special occasion, Daniel made a very sympathetic & touching appeal to the

The Jefferson Davis Beauvoir Soldiers' Home

Board of Directors:

T. R. HENDERSON, GREENWOOD
 J. H. MCGEEHEE, LITTLE SPRINGS
 DR. J. W. SHARP, GRENADA
 J. D. MCINNIS, MERIDIAN
 J. O. S. SANDERS, JACKSON
 H. L. TAYLOR, YAZOO CITY
 T. M. KEMP, SECRETARY OF BOARD, GULFPORT

R. F. D. No. 1,

GULFPORT, MISS.

191

jury in behalf of his client, one that brought the wine by the cup full, from the eyes of each of that body, & a perfect deluge from his Honor, such a flow as to drown the jury, & David won his case. The Judge dies some ten years ago & has been dead every since, where he went, dependent knoweth not, though to please & satisfy his relatives & friends, & probably gain a few subscribers the News Papers found a soft place for him, as they usually do in such cases made & provided,

Now in conclusion will beg of you to pardon me for consuming so much of your valuable time with this long bit of tittle, I hope you will succeed with your History & I may have the pleasure of reading it when completed, Wishing you many days yet & the happiest days of your life. —

Yours Truly
 Samuel Handlins

Soldiers Home
 Gulfport
 Miss

W. N. UNDERWOOD,
GASOLINE ENGINES, MOTORS,
124 MAIN STREET.

WARDEN & UNDERWOOD'S PATENT
AUTOMATIC GATE OPENING DEVICE.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., August 13th, 1913.

Mrs. J. H. Van Dyke,
Supt. Public Instruction,
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Madam:-

Your request for a diagram of the streets of Fredericksburg, and also vocal cognomen of Captain Rowe's residence received this afternoon. You state you want this information for a Major, Colonel or something or other, and I could not possibly think of going into this research for any officer below a Brigadier-General.

Fredericksburg is a very ancient and historic town, and its streets and by-ways are not to be treated lightly, as the Gould system has just adorned Caroline, alias Main, alias B street with beautiful reinforced concrete monuments as a tribute to their victory in subjugating the City Council preparatory to fencing in the town, and placing it on exhibition as an artificial curiosity.

I am enclosing you a little sketch with side notices that will inform you that Sophia street adjoins the river and is visible at low water. Caroline street adjoins it and we pretend we live on that, but in reality we only exist. Princess Anne is one square back of us, running parallel with us and also with Caroline, Main or B street, and is noted from the fact that the new passenger station and also the new Post Office is located thereon, and it has several little patches of granolithic sidewalk and other obstructions which prevents much peregrinations after night fall. You will probably recollect that Mr. Warden's residence closes up the southern extremity of Princess Anne street and therefore prevents the escape of any of the citizens who desire to get away in that direction.

W. N. UNDERWOOD,
GASOLINE ENGINES, MOTORS,
124 MAIN STREET.

WARDEN & UNDERWOOD'S PATENT
AUTOMATIC GATE OPENING DEVICE.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,

Muhree Heights is located in Spotsylvania Co. more than a hundred feet outside of the corporate limits of Fredericksburg and is noted ostensibly as a battle-ground of the Civil War, (beg pardon I mean the War between the States) but in reality as the dairy farm of Captain M. B. Rowe who together with his numerous relatives own and operate the corporation of the City of Fredericksburg.

I am marking the location of Maryes Heights and the National Cemetery and the battle-ground tablet on the sketch which I am sending you with all possible speed, due to the fact that you enclosed stamps for return postage.

This is about all the information I can gather as most of the population here are Wilson men and they refuse to give up anything except for a consideration, and besides my stenographer objects to working over time and she has already written one letter to-day and claims that that is a full days work.

P. S. I am glad Sid had a good time and presume you are about talked out by this time. I intended writing before she left but this is the first time I have felt equal to writing anything for the past three months. I am living high now on canteloupes and coffee, for the water is so muddy it furnishes the color and the coffee grounds are not required.

Yours truly,

*A Private soldier or something, whose pension is held up by Left's veto, and who has to starve until Congress gets together
Dada.*

Minneapolis, Minn.

1020 5th St. Se

Xmas, 1913:

My good friend:

I was grieved to learn from Mr. Whelan that you have been "off your feed" & been ordered into hospital. I hope that by the time this reaches you, you are ready to report for duty. It is mean for persons who have so much to do & need our time to do it, to be forced to lay off. But we are in such a world as we were sent to & must conform to its exigencies.

I am getting on with my job. But
don't gain ground to the front as
I would like to. I allow myself
to be seduced into side excursions
often much more interesting than
what is ahead on the main road.
For instance, I have struck a great
mass of facts connected with the
handling of the paper & other laws
of the Clapperton's, under the Nelson
Act. of 1889. It would be easy to
make a considerable volume.

If I am "let to live" I mean
to write the story of that nationality
unless somebody else gets the
start & does it so well. I shall
not need to.

The weather has been so fine that
Mrs. Folwell has not taken on her
customary bronchitis. So we are still
in our comfortable old house on
5th St. where we shall be glad to
see you again.

The American Economic Association
meets here on Saturday for a four days
session. The program does not
promise much. The good old comfort-
able political economy which started
from a few supposedly undeniable
postulates & proceeded by chain of logic
to orthodox conclusions, has been
greatly damaged by modern big
business. The laws of trade don't work
automatically, without friction as Adam
Smith thought they might if only a
"system of natural liberty" were established.

You have probably seen by the
Newspapers that the Franklin
Stick acct. book & papers are
safe in the vaults of the Histori-
cal Society. It will be no
small job to assort & arrange
them. And the Donnelly
papers are to come in.

I shall be glad to hear di-
rectly from you, but if I don't
I shall presume that you are
to be on sick again soon.

With the compliments of the
Season I remain,

Very truly Yours

William Folger

Mrs. R. S. Holcomb,
City.

NEWTON HORACE WINCHELL, 1839-1914.

a Memorial by Warren Upham, Secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society.

A member of this Academy of Science who had attained a worldwide fame by his work as the State Geologist of Minnesota, Professor N.H. Winchell, has fallen, —let us rather say, and more truly, he has been promoted, called up higher. He was born in North East, Dutchess county, N.Y., December 17, 1839; and died in a hospital of Minneapolis, the city of his home, on Saturday afternoon, May 2, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Like his brother Alexander, with whose family he had his home during the early part of his university studies, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, Newton Horace devoted himself mainly to the science of geology, with allied interest in all branches of natural history. In Michigan he did much early work for botany; and in his latest years, after his geological survey of Minnesota was completed, he performed very valuable services for the Minnesota Historical Society on the archaeology and ethnology of this State and the Northwest. From the later work resulted a quarto volume, published in 1911, entitled, "The Aborigines of Minnesota," 761 pages, with many illustrations and about 500 maps of groups of Indian mounds. This volume, and the twenty-four Annual Reports and six quarto volumes of Final Reports of the Geological and Natural History Survey of Minnesota, are monuments more enduring than bronze, which will be consulted and studied during all the coming centuries by investigators of the origin and history of the races of mankind and by all interested in geology or earth lore, not only in the schools and universities of Minnesota but of all the world.

Newton Horace Winchell in boyhood attended the public school and academy at Salisbury, Conn.; and at the age of sixteen years he began teach-

ing in a district school of his native town. Two years later, in 1858, he entered the University of Michigan, where his brother was the professor of geology. The next eight years were spent alternately in studies at the university and in school teaching, the schools taught being in Ann Arbor, Grass Lake, Flint, Kalamazoo, Colon, and Fort Huron, Michigan. Previous to his graduation at the university, in 1866, he had been two years the superintendent of public schools in St. Clair, Mich.; and next after graduation he was again superintendent of schools at Adrian in that state for two years, 1867-69. He received from his Alma Mater the degree of master of arts in 1867.

During a year, in 1869-70, he was an assistant to Prof. Alexander Winchell on the Geological Survey of Michigan; and later in 1870 he visited and reported on the copper and silver deposits of New Mexico. In 1871 he assisted Prof. J.S. Newberry, the state geologist of Ohio, surveying and reporting on twenty counties in the northwestern part of that State.

In the spring of 1872, N.H. Winchell was invited by President Folwell, of the University of Minnesota, to take up the work then recently ordered by the legislature for a survey of the geology and natural history of this state, to be done under the direction of the Board of Regents of the University. In this work he continued twenty-eight years, until 1900; and during the first seven years, until 1879, he performed also the full duties of the university professorship of geology. Later he relinquished teaching, aside from occasional lectures, and gave all his time to the diversified duties of the state survey and the curatorship of the university museum.

In the summer of 1874 Professor Winchell accompanied General Custer's expedition to the Black Hills, brought back many valuable additions for the museum, and prepared a report which contains the first geological map of the interior of the Black Hills.

In 1873 he was one of the organizers of the Minnesota Academy of Natural Sciences, which he served during several terms as president; and he continued as one of its ~~xx~~ most active members throughout his life.

found in the Mississippi valley drift at Little Falls, in central Minnesota, belonging to the time of final melting of the ~~other~~ ice-sheet there, and other traces of man's presence at nearly the same time, or even much earlier, in numerous other localities of the southern part of our great North American glaciated area, have led Professor Winchell and others, as the late Hon. J.V. Brower, Professors G.F. Wright and F.W. Putnam, and myself, to a confident belief that mankind occupied this continent during the later part of the Ice Age, or even quite probably much earlier in that period, and possibly even before our continental *glaciation* began. This very interesting line of in-

Have you ever struck the diary of Ely one of the missionaries to the Chippewas in 1833 and following years? A daughert-in-law lives near us and has lent a typewritten copy. Much of it is dull but it is worth going through. It was uphill work converting Chippewas whose half-breed French relatives were devout Catholics.

Nov. 7, '14:

Act prescribing boundaries of
Shakopee about 1857