
Civil War Letters of 1908

Civil War Letters of 1908 Abstracts of the Pioneer and Veteran letters from the Galveston Semi-Weekly, 1908"Special Thanks to Sarah Stevens without whose graciousness this material would not be available to all."The following Pioneer and Veteran letters are only partially proofread, please note this in the event you find any errors in spelling or spacing until we are able to complete this task. These letters are verbatim as accurately as possible from the originals."

{mospagebreak title=Battle of Shiloh Hill & toctitle=Civil War Letters of 1908}

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH HILL - Monday, June 29, 1908

As some of the sisters requested the song The Battle of Shiloh Hill, B. F. Arthur of Rockdale, Tex., sends it in. Mr. Arthur was a member of Company E, Twenty-Third Tennessee Infantry, Gen. P. R. Cleburnes Brigade, and was at the battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862. He was also at Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Petersburg and Appomattox.

Come. All ye valiant soldiers,
A story I will tell;
It is of a noted battle
You all remember well.
It was an awful strife,
And twill cause your blood to chill;
It was the famous battle
That was fought on Shiloh Hill.
It was the 6th of April,
Just at the break of day;
The drums and fifes were playing
For us to march away.
The feeling of that hour
I do remember still,
When first our feet were trailing
The top of Shiloh Hill.
About the hour of sunrise
The battle it began,
And before the day had ended
We fought them hand to hand.
The horrors of that field
Did my heart with anguish fill,
For the wounded and the dying
That lay on Shiloh Hill.
The wounded men were crying
For help from everywhere,
While others who were dying
Were offering God their prayer:
Protect my wife and children,
If it be thy holy will.
Such were the prayers I heard that night
On the famous Shiloh Hill.
Then, early the next morning,
We were called to arms again,
Unmindful of the wounded,
Unmindful of the slain.
The struggle was renewed,
And ten thousand men were killed;
This was the second conflict
Of the famous Shiloh Hill.
There were men of every Nation
Slain on that bloody plain;
Fathers, sons and brothers
Were numbered with the slain.
And that has caused so many homes
With deep mourning to be filled,
All from the bloody battle
That was fought on Shiloh Hill.
About the hour of sunset
The battled ceased to roar,
And thousands of brave soldiers

Had fallen to rise no more.
They have left their vacant ranks
For some other one to fill,
And now their moldering bodies
All lie on Shiloh Hill.
And now my song is ended
About those bloody plains,
And I hope the sight by mortal man
May nere be seen again.
I pray to God, the Savior,
If consistent with his will,
To save the souls of all those
Who lay on Shiloh Hill.
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January 6, 1908

Found Comrades Through News. As your paper is always open for old soldiers, I want to write a few lines. I wrote a letter some time back to your paper asking about some one from Alabama, Company D, Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment and through the News I have found two yet living to-wit. W. A. Walker and B. L. McCray and heard of J. B. McFerran. Havent heard from them before since the 60s. It certainly was a treat to me to get a letter from them and to know that I was not the only one living of old Company D.

Some of them misunderstood me in the letter to The News as being the only officer in Company D from the Franklin battle but in that campaign we lost the last one. Frank Owen was captured at Nashville, Tenn., so at the battle of Rocky Face Mountain was where the Colonel said he was going to send my name to the War Department and have me put in command of Company D which he did. It was a surprise to me, for just before the battle I was about to shoot him, and the boys all knew that I would be court-martialed but instead of the court-martial he changed his notion.

Col. Woodruff was a grand man. When on duty he was Colonel, but when off duty he was Woodruff with the rest of us boys. He was shot at Resaca, Ga., and was not with us any more.

We have statehood here in Oklahoma at last, so we may begin to prepare our pocketbooks, for the Tax Collector will soon be around. High taxes and the boll weevil, together with the third and fourth of the crop, will leave us but little for the poor renter in this new State. I think I shall either go to Mexico or back to Arkansas one day soon. I am thinking of New Mexico, so I can beat the weevil of this country. -- J. W. Riley, Enville, Oklahoma.

Was In The Fifth Mississippi. I would like to hear from some of my comrades who have been missing ever since we parted at the gate of prison at Camp Douglas in Illinois. I am an ex-Confederate soldier; volunteered in June, 1861, went to Camp Enterprise and then formed the Fifth Mississippi Regiment and then took the letter K to designate Capt. Booths company.

Later on we went to Pensacola, Fla., where we remained until the last days of March. Then we left for Corinth, thence to the fatal battle of Shiloh, which began about sunrise Sunday morning, April 6, 1862. I lost my left eye, went home and stayed till September, reaching my command in time to see the wounded brought out. There my third Captain was killed. The next point of note was at Chattanooga, on Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and all the way to Atlanta, Ga., thence to Jonesboro, Ga., where our beloved Gen. J. E. Johnston was relieved and J. B. Hood took command, one of the greatest mistakes of the Confederate Congress. We then retraced our steps nor till we encountered another force up in Tennessee...(incomplete)fought them till we finally ... rounded up at Franklin, on Where I was captured and went to Camp Douglas, Ill., on Dec. 3, and there took Christmas dinner and remained until Lee surrendered in May.

Thus, you see I got the sweet and bitter of the war between the North and the South. -- W. B. Brantley, (city unreadable), N. M.

Letter From Confederate. I take this chance of writing to some of my old comrades of the Green Brigade. I belonged to the old Seventh Regiment, and can say I am proud I was a soldier of Texas. I think now that it was the best move of my life. The good ladies of our State have provided a good home for all old broken-down soldiers and it is the best place for them I ever saw.

I am one of Company C. B. Stanley of Company D is dead. McDowel of Company F is here and Simons of Company ... There have been sixty-one deaths since January last. There are about eighty-one in the hospital. The remainder of 340 in the quarters. The Governor has proven ... three of the best men he could find... our officers. They cant be beaten in our State for good, honest men, faithful in their posts all around. Comrades, meet at the reunion at Gonzales next June. -- W. Anderson, Austin, Tex.

Wants Comrades to Write. I was a soldier in Tom Hams regiment in Mississippi. I came to Texas shortly after the war and have lived in and around Van Zandt County ever since.

As our time is drawing to a close in this world, I would like to hear from some of my old comrades once more before I go to cross the cold, chilly waters of death. -- M. Henderson, Ben Wheeler, Tex.

January 27, 1908

Letter From Georgian. I was born in Randolph County, Georgia, in 1854. At the beginning of the Civil War my mother moved to Columbus. My father died in Randolph County when I was very small. I just can remember him. When the war was over we moved to Stuart County. My only brother volunteered in the army and I never saw him any more. There were six of us children, two boys and four girls.

I came to Texas in 1877; located in Freestone County and lived there until 1906. Got dissatisfied and moved out near Mart, McLennan County.

I have been taking The News fifteen or sixteen years. We think it is like the Dutchmans coffee: When it is gone there will be no more like it. May it long live. --

John King, Mart, Tex.

Was A Texas Ranger. A word to the old Texas Rangers of 1871 and 1874. I have not seen any of them for more than twenty years and would like to hear from any of you.

I wish that we all could meet again some time. I belonged to Company E, Capt. Swishers company, in 71. Jan. 3, thirty-six years ago, we were camped on Home Creek, Coleman County. I have still some of the old relics from the fight near where Abilene now stands, and some from the Loss Morris fight of 1874. That year I belonged to Company D, Perrys company, but was taken from the company and put on Major Jones escort.

Would be glad to hear from any old comrades. -- S. P. Elkins, Tishomingo, Ok.

Belonged To Sixth Georgia Infantry. I was a member of Company G. Sixth Georgia Infantry, and Colquitts Brigade. Allow me to digress a little here and say that the above mentioned brigade was composed of as brave boys as ever stole a bee gum or robbed a chicken roost, and on the rebel yell it was conceded by the whole Army of Northern Virginia that they were perfect. We fit, bled and died when occasion demanded but when not engaged in fitten and bleeding and dying we had as good a time as occasion and circumstances would permit, and woe it was to the potatoe patch, goober patch (we were Georgians), hog lot, chicken roost, or bee gum that became contiguous to our camps.

I would be glad to hear from any old comrades or Georgia friends. -- J. T. Respass, Cottonwood, Callahan County, Tex.

Was in Fifteenth Texas Infantry. I was a soldier in the Fifteenth Texas Infantry and was called Bose Hinnard. I was in Capt. Luters company. I do not know where any of the boys are and would like to hear from some of my old comrades.

I would like to see them if it was so I could, and though we may never meet on earth, I hope we shall in that bright world above. There we will not have to come in battle: our battles will be fought in this world. I am a soldier for Christ. -- L. S. Hinnard, Shep, Tex.

Wants To Locate Comrades. I wish to inquire through your valuable paper if there are any veterans of the Civil War living that worked in the Government shoe shop at Columbus, Ga. I would like to hear from them. I worked there thirteen months and havent heard of but one.

I am a reader of The News: dont see how I could do without the paper. - H. E. Dark, Hardy, Sharp County, Ark.

Wants To Find Comrades. I thought I would write and see if I could find some of my old comrades that were in the war with me in Company D, made up in Angelina County. Homer was the county seat then. It was in 1860, Walkers division, Huberts regiment. - W. T. Middleton, May, Brown County, Tex.

March 9, 1908

Was in Tennessee Army. I am a native of Tennessee; was born in Grundy County in 1845. I will be 63 years old March 28. I am one of those old ex-Confederates. Was in the Tennessee Army, Fourth Confederate Regiment, Company G. Barnes was our Captain. He was a good officer and a good man.

I served awhile in Capt. John P. Henleys Company. During my last service we ran some Tennessee Federals in a barn and they shot me through the right arm before we got them smoked out. I was in a fix then, sixty miles inside of their lines

and not able to ride out. Next morning a boy by the name of Levan and I were carried up on the side of Cumberland Mountain to an old stillhouse and a man brought something to eat, and old man Levan and my mother found out where we were and they came to us. The Federals had killed my father; he was 53 years old when they killed him. He had been in the army, but they had discharged him. I had to hide three months in those mountains before I got to go in, and it was twelve months before I could use my right arm.

Some time after the surrender, in 1870, I came to Kaufman County, Texas. Left there in 1875 and came to Erath. - G. S. Goodman, Morgans Mill, Tex.

Helped Retake Galveston. I was born in Chatham County, North Carolina, Aug. 21, 1841. Came to Texas in February, 1854. In October, 1861, I enlisted in Fishers Company, Third Regiment, of Sibleys Brigade, known as Greens Brigade. I did most of my fighting in Louisiana, but was with Sibleys expedition to New Mexico. I acted as Sergeant Major, under Col. Huffman, and was one of the 150 that manned the Neptune in taking the Harriett Lane in the retaking of Galveston, Jan. 1, 1863. The Neptune was sunk, and we had thirteen killed and twenty-five or thirty wounded. I was one of the number wounded.

My father and mother were born in North Carolina. My fathers name was Groves M. Brazier. He represented Chatham County, North Carolina, in the State Legislature, and was representing Houston County, Texas, at the time of his death. My mothers name was Elizabeth M. Cross.

I have been taking The News so long that I have forgotten the date. If every one was like myself, they would all be taking it for it is the best paper in the South. - W. H. H. Brazier, Franklin, Tex.

Death Of A Pioneer. Charles Culpepper Blair was born Nov. 20, 1820, in Lawrence County, Georgia. He was married to Miss Meekie Reeves on Jan. 5, 1845; moved to Texas in 1855. Stopped first in Collin County; moved from there to Parker County same year, thence to Eastland County, February, 1860. He departed this life Nov. 30, 1907, being 83 years old. There were born to this couple ten children, four boys and six girls, eight of whom are living now; also seventy-one grandchildren, ninety-nine great-grandchildren and eight of fifth generation.

Grandma Blair still lives and is 77 years old.

Mr. Blair was possibly the first man to plow a furrow in Eastland County. His oldest daughter was possibly the first person married in Eastland County; was here in the midst of the red men.

Mr. Blair joined the Baptist Church in 1866 and was baptized by Rev. R. D. Ross. - G. P. May, Pastor Victor Church, Eastland County, Tex.

Member of Nineteenth Alabama. The Nineteenth Alabama Regiment was under fire ninety-two days, from Dalton, Ga., to the fall of Atlanta. The whisking balls, the booming of cannon and the popping of small arms was kept up day and night for ninety-two days. Wounds and death were constant. Gen. Polk of Tennessee, Confederate, and Gen. McPherson, on the Federal side, and many other officers and men lost their lives on this march.

The horror of war can not be told or written. Comrades, it will soon be over with us. Let us be ready for the last roll call, that we may have a happy reunion in the eternal encampment of God, beyond the river of death.

I read the News and it is very kind to the old veterans giving us space to jot down some of our trials and hardships that we went through in the war. It will do me good to hear from any old comrades. - B. B. Cornelius, Kerrville, Tex.

Member of Seventh Missouri. I am an old man, 70 years old; born in Tennessee and lived in Mississippi and in Missouri. Am now living in Arkansas. I was in the Civil War, served under Gen. Price, Clarks Brigade, Kitchens Regiment, Coopers Company, Seventh Missouri Cavalry.

I was there four years and did some good fighting and lot of good running, but am glad that I am not there now, for I had enough and dont want any more.

I would like to hear from some of the old comrades, especially those who were on our last raid through Missouri, for that was our hard part of the war. We went in with 1,500 and did very well until we got to Kansas City. There we found 3,000 cavalry and 18,000 infantry, and they won and sent us back to Arkansas. - M. Stacy, Horatio, Ark.

In Eleventh Texas Cavalry. Having seen the picture of an old comrade of the Eleventh Texas Cavalry and his wife in The New, it carries me back to the sixties, for I was a member of the Eleventh; enlisted in the first company raised in Red River County, John C. Berks, Captain.

I was with the regiment when it disbanded at Salisbury, N. C. I hope others of the Eleventh will write to The News. - James H. Trimble, Moore, Ok.

Twenty-Eighth Texas. I belonged to Company G, Capt. Roberts Company, Twenty-Eighth Texas Dismounted Cavalry, Rannels Brigade, Walkers Division, and served in Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. I was enrolled in 1863. I wonder if anybody knew the Stanley boys in that regiment?

I have been taking The News a good long while and think it the best paper printed. I wish the editor and the readers much happiness. - Isaac I. Stanley, Bowie, Tex.

March 16, 1908

Alabama Veterans Experience. I see that there is room in your columns for the old veterans to give a history of their service in the late war. Being in the war, I will state that I am yet living and able to earn my bread.

I was a private in Company I, Eighteenth Alabama Regiment. The old Eighteenth was in the battle at Shiloh. I was not with the regiment at that time; was working in a Government gun shop at Talladega, Ala. I went from Talladega and joined the Eighteenth at Mobile, Ala. From Mobile we went to Estelle Springs, Tenn.; remained there some time; went from there to Watrace, Tenn., and then to Tyner Station. From there, went to Chickamauga; there we were in a three day fight. On Saturday, while fighting I was lying down and a cannon ball struck a rock in front of me and the slivers of the rock cut my hand badly. I was sent to the rear to a hospital. While there I was sent by Dr. Hamilton to a graveyard with Sergt. G. W. Hogg. We camped eighteen days, burying men who had died at the field hospitals. When Dr. Hamilton released us we returned to our respective commands just in time to be in the Missionary Ridge battle.

From there we went to Dalton, Ga. There was heavy fighting at Ringgold, Ga., but the good old Eighteenth was not called into action. When we left Dalton we went to Atlanta, and were in all the battles around Atlanta. I was in the Jonesboro battle, and from Jonesboro we went back to Tennessee, and were in the Franklin battle. Went to Nashville and were in that battle. On our retreat from Nashville the Union cavalry charged into our rear guard, and in the charge a soldier of the Tenth Indiana Cavalry cut my head open with a sword and it has never gotten well; it hurts now.

I was captured at Franklin and sent back to Nashville, and was kept there two weeks; then sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. While at Nashville, had it not been for soldier boys, I would have frozen to death. They were brothers named Wasdon, belonging to Company A. Eighteenth Alabama Regiment. They took me in with them and they had blankets. I had none. That night eight or ten soldiers froze to death in the inclosure of the State prison at Nashville. We prisoners were sent from Nashville to Camp Chase, and there I froze again. Every toe nail and finger nail I had came off.

I look back and often think how near death I have been but for some cause I am here yet. I am 73 years old and able to work. I would be glad to hear from any old soldier who knew me in camp or in prison. - Ira C. Dickerson, Calcis, Ala.

Family of Early Settlers. William and Elizabeth W. Witcher emigrated from Virginia to Texas in 1859, settling in Grayson County, and had born to them seven children, five boys and two girls. All seven are yet living. The oldest is 73. The youngest 57. The boys all enlisted in the War between the States on the Confederate side, and at the close all returned to Texas. But two received wounds, but that was enough to go around. J. H., the oldest, and A. M., the fourth, enlisted and served in the Sixteenth Texas Cavalry, Fitzhughs regiment. J. H. settled and is still living near Honey Grove, Fannin County. A. M. lives near Liberty Hill in Williamson County. W. C. and R. E., the youngest, served on the frontier in Bowling regiment. W. C. lives at this place, R. E. at Childress.

The writer enlisted in the Eleventh Texas Cavalry, crossed the Mississippi under Price and Vandorn, was dismounted at Desarc, Ark., made the march through Kentucky under Kirby Smith and returned to Braggs army and was remounted after the battle of Murfreesboro; was attached to John A. Whartons, afterward Harrisons brigade, Wheelers corps. I served as a member of Shannons scouts the last fifteen months before the close.

The girls, Mrs. Mary F. Booth, yet lives in Virginia, though she has visited us several times. Her husband died in prison at Camp Chase. Mrs. C. A. Craig lives here. Father died in 1864 at the age of 55. Mother died in 1896 at the age of 80 years. My older brother and myself came to Texas a year in advance of the family. -- J. C. Witcher, city unreadable, Texas.

Member of Tenth Alabama. I was in the Tenth Alabama, Eighth Company, under old John Frony, Calhoun County, Alabama. I was drilled in the fair grounds about a week and was ordered from there to Virginia. Have been in about twenty-two battles. I belonged to Andersons division. Under A. P. Hill, I would be pleased to hear from any old comrade. I am going on 92 years.

My Captain is living in Oxford, Ala. I carried a flag for the first two years. William York carried it up to the surrender. He is somewhere in Texas.

I must say The News is the best paper published. - M. C. Stapp, Caddo, Tex.

Fifty Years in Two Counties. Your valuable paper enables me to hear from my old comrades and old friends. I would be glad to hear from any old Texan or Confederate veteran, especially of the Fifteenth Texas Cavalry. Dear comrades, let us try to meet once more here in reunion. I have made Fannin and Hunt Counties my home ever since April 10, 1850. Age 61 on Oct. 6. - Taylor Thomas, Merit, Tex.

Wants To Hear From Comrades. I was raised in Cass County, north of Jefferson. My father, J. A. Preuit, moved to that county in 1844. I went in the army just after the Mansfield fight. I joined Company A, Robisons Battalion of the Cavalry, Walkers Division, at that time; afterward, Forneys; disbanded after the war closed, at Hempstead, Tex.

I would be glad to hear from any comrades. Their letters would give me great pleasure in my old age. - T. F. Preuit, Granite, Greer Co., Ok.

March 23, 1908

Roster of Company F, Seventh Texas. The following roster of the men, who composed Company F, Seventh Texas Cavalry, during the Civil War, is sent in by D. H. McCrummen of Paoll,

OO. F. Wiggins, Captain.
C. W. Cook, First Lieutenant.
W. C. Wiggins, Second Lieutenant.
S. D. Montgomery, Third Lieutenant.
F. M. Elkins, First Sergeant.
W. Wells, Second Sergeant.
P. H. Johnson, Third Sergeant.
N. Hillin, Fourth Sergeant.
D. H. McCrummen, Fifth Sergeant.
Sam Hillin, First Corporal.
S. R. Whitley, Second Corporal.
A. E. Payne, Third Corporal. Lives in Navarro County, Texas.
Buck Brown, Fourth Corporal.
S. T. Featherston, blacksmith.
H. T. Airheart, private. Lives in Bosque County.
G. W. Autrey. Lives in Rusk County, Paralyzed.
W. C. Barker.
C. C. Barker.
W. F. Bradshaw.
J. W. Cook.
T. C. Crews.
J. J. Crews.
S. Crews. Lives at Lone Star, Cherokee Co.
J. M. Dodson.
L. J. Dial.
L. S. Flew.
G. D. Garrett.
Wm. Garrett.
J. C. Gill.
Robert Goldberry.
W. L. Graham.
W. H. Green.
J. W. Greenway.
J. O. Hays.
Robt. Heflin.
M. J. Heflin.
C. M. Hicks.
O. Higginbotham.
Wm. Higginbotham.
C. P. Jay.
H. F. Johnson.
W. H. Jones.
J. Jones.
D. Keahey.
I. T. Kendrick. In San Saba County.
L. M. Knight. In Lubbock, Lubbock County, Texas.
J. Y. Landrum.
Geo. Loftice.

B. Mays, New Salem, Rusk County.
M. Mays. County Judge, San Angelo, Tom Green County.
Z. R. McDowell, at Soldier Home in Austin, Texas.
F. McMillin.
M. Moore.
S. Nelson.
R. Nelson.
J. Pruitt.
J. R. Preston.
B. Quaid.
N. M. Reagan.
E. Richardson.
J. H. Richardson.
R. T. Seay. At McKinney, Collin County, Texas.
D. C. Sharp. In East Texas.
M. J. Summers. Ponnta, Texas.
J. C. Tipton.
Jacob Windsor.
T. H. Edmonnds.
R. D. Woodward.
W. Wren.
J. W. Foreman.
H. Couch.
J. Dunbar.
D. Deason.
John Flew.
Pink Greenwood.
J. P. Harmon.
W. H. Kirkland.
D. McCaskill.
J. M. Reagan.
John Womell.
M. L. Wilson.
P. I. Hogan. Punta. Cherokee County, Texas.

Served in Fifth Ohio. As I see quite a number of letters from old Confederate veterans, I thought I would write a few lines. I am an old Federal veteran; served in the Fifth Ohio Cavalry and participated in all the great battles from Shiloh to Atlanta.

If there are any Confederates in Texas who were in Forrests Cavalry, doubtless they remember the scrap at Lexington, Tenn. I do. We soon discovered that we had important business at Jackson, and started at once, with the exception of about 400, among them the great Bob Ingersoll, whom you boys were kindly looking after. In our march to Jackson I dont think I am exaggerating when I say we made fifteen miles an hour, with you bringing up the rear in good order.

Next morning just at sunrise you made another charge and ran into an ambushade, and for a few minutes perdition seemed to be turned loose. You left us in full possession of the field.

Then, in a few days, we ran together at Parkers Cross Roads, and if my memory serves me right both sides got all they wanted. Of all battles, great and small, that I engaged in, none were more stubbornly contested than the battle of Shiloh. Every man in both armies who was on the line which passed through the Hornets Nest knows perfectly well what it means.

I would be glad to hear from any comrade. A few more years at most, and all us old veterans of both armies will have passed away. I hope we will all meet and strike glad hands beside the great River of Life. Good will to the blue and the gray. - H. F. Stultz, Fate, Tex.

Was in Fourteenth Texas Cavalry. I have been reading your paper, and think it one of the best I ever read. I am an old veteran of the Fourteenth Texas Cavalry, better known as the Dismounted Texas Cavalry. Was in Gen. Ectors Brigade, Col. Kemp was our Colonel, and James Harrison our Captain, Company C, Fourteenth Texas. I would like to hear from some of my old comrades.

I enlisted in the spring of 1861, at the town of Henderson, Rusk County, and was paroled May, 1865, at Meridian, Miss.; afterward came home to Texas and lived there twenty years. Since then I have made my home in New Mexico and Arizona; at present I live in Arizona. -- John F. Power, Canille, Santa Cruz Co., Ariz.

In Texas Almost Sixty Years. I suppose I will come under the head of an old-timer, having lived in the State fifty-eight years, except during the war. My parents landed at Daingerfield, then in Titus County, Texas, in the fall of 1849, from Northern Alabama. That part of the State was in its incipiency. There was not a town of any note in all that part as far west as Dallas. Fort Worth was a cow ranch and an outpost. There were no schools worthy the name except one taught by Dr. McKenzey near Clarksville, in Red River County; also one at Marshall, Harrison County.

About 1854, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church built a college at Daingerfield, presided over by W. E. Beason, D. D. There was not a church house in all that country. The first meeting I ever attended in the State was under a brush arbor at what is now Hughes Springs, in 1850, conducted by the Methodists. About 1856 the Cumberland Presbyterian and Methodist people built a union camp ground and one and one-half miles south of Daingerfield, where they jointly held their annual camp meetings up until the war. Many souls were happily converted at those meetings. People got religion in those days, and many are the souls happier in the paradise of God that shouted for his praises at those meetings. We had giants among the preachers in those days.

Do you think we had a hard time of it? Not a bit of it! Our living was nearly made at home, we could get all the wild meat we wanted out of the woods, from a snowbird up to a bear, and we raised our own fruit and vegetables, and had all the honey we wanted. We had to buy but little.

It is true, the women spun and wove, but that only lasted a short while in the spring and fall. Our mother could take her knitting needles and a ball of yarn after breakfast, and walk two or three miles to see her neighbor and return in the evening with a pair of socks or stockings, as they were called in those days. The girls then were stout and carried a big red apple on each cheek, with a dimple in the chin. Oh, they were lovely.

When we went to church we walked, rode horseback or rode in an ox wagon; just as we liked. Nearly all the supplies the people got from abroad as far west as Sherman were hauled by ox teams from Shreveport, La. It was about 1852 that small sternwheel steamboats would run up the bayou to Jefferson in time of high water. The country filled up rapidly until the war came on.

In 1861 Dr. Hawkins, who got to be Colonel in Gen. Ross brigade, raised a company of 113 with but two married men in the company. After serving through the war in Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, forty-eight of us returned, wiser if not better than when we left. Of course we old soldiers all married, if we did own but one horse, bridle and saddle, and our girls wore cotton dresses; they looked mighty good to us. Times have changed; we are glad to say, our girls and boys do not have to do as we older folks did.

Wife and I have raised eight out of ten children to be grown; and the baby is 22 years old and married. All are doing well. I am near my sixty-seventh milepost, and if I should live to be old I hope to say I have never been forsaken nor had to beg for my bread.

I will ring off now and will come again at the end of another half century if I am alive. - Henry J. Norwood, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Had His Share of Wounds. I will give a sketch of my troubles in the 60s. I enlisted in the Confederate Army in Company C, Capt. Bill Normans company, Col. Smiths regiment, Gen. Joe Shelbys brigade and Marmadukes division. Was in seventeen fights, was wounded at Cape Girardeau, Mo.; was knocked down with a piece of shell from a gunboat; it knocked the breath out of me for a while, but I kicked just in time to keep from being buried. They had me within a few feet of the grave when I came to.

I was soon in line again, and the next time I was shot through the thigh with a cast ball from a bombshell. Still I stayed in line till I began getting weak from loss of blood; I then started to the hospital and was shot again in the same leg with an Enfield rifle, so I was helped up again and went to the hospital or a private house used as one, and had my wounds dressed and then our army was on the retreat, and one of my comrades came to my assistance. I overtook the army and rode between 400 and 500 miles. It was pretty tough, but I did not want to fall into the hands of the enemy. I was out of the command one month, the longest time I was out for nearly four years.

I will be 63 years old March 16. I am not able to do any kind of work, and can hardly walk without assistance. It will be but a few more years at best that I will have to suffer here. I have seven children, all grown and married except the youngest boy. All of them professed Christianity as fast as they reached the years of maturity. I am proud of my children. They all have good positions and are doing well.

I would love to hear from any of Shelabys boys. I was postmaster at Huckaby, Tex., some time, and sent the good old News many subscribers. I love to read The News. One doesnt know how much company it is until he is confined to the house as I am. - G. W. Shelton, Mabank, Texas.

Enlisted In Louisiana. It affords me great pleasure to read the many interesting letter, especially the letters from old Confederates. My husband, John Young, who is dead and gone, was one. He enlisted in Louisiana and belonged to

Capt. Eddingtons company, McNeils regiment, under Lieut. Pew. I would be glad to hear from any of his comrades. - Mrs. Rhoda Elizabeth Young, Lockesburg, Ark.

Mexican Veteran Requests Letters. My father, J. W. Shook, was a Mexican soldier and will be glad to hear from any old comrade who knew him in the army. -- Mrs. L. L. McPherson, Malone, Tex.

March 30, 1908

From An Old Ranger. I was born in Washington County, Missouri, in 1846. Father moved to Texas in 1853 in wagons, crossing the Red River at Colberts Ferry; thence south to Dallas, thence west to Fort Worth and southwest to the Brazos River sixteen miles south of where Weatherford is now. There was one cabin west of us. At the time we stopped there the country was full of Indians, but they were peaceable.

My father was a farmer and undertook to make a living by farming. His first two years were a failure and he had to go to Hunt County for corn to make bread. We did not have biscuits then, and mother, to make the meal go as far as possible, made curd out of milk and mixed it half and half with meal. When we got so we could have biscuits for breakfast Sunday mornings I thought it was fine.

Farming not being profitable at that time, my father engaged in the stock business. He took 2,000 head of sheep to run on shares, and put me and a shepherd dog to look after them. I took two years for me and the dog to reduce that herd to fifty head. Then father went into the cattle business, and put me after them. That suited me, as I had to ride a pony. In 1862 one-third of the cattle died, so in the spring of 1863 I got my father to let me take the remnant of cattle and go west to fresh range, so we rounded up all we could, about 150 head. I pulled out northwest to the northern part of Young County, and located my ranch on the Brazos River. We were in a bad Indian country. I enlisted in the Ranger service under Capt. C. Newhouse, afterward was transferred to Capt. Sam Pursers company, which I belonged to until the close of the war.

Miles and Jim McCoy were killed by Indians at our ranch, I think in October 1864. My brother Ewell and two other men were killed by Indians near the ranch in June, 1867. I stayed on through all the Indian troubles, but I had to move lively sometimes.

In April, 1870, I was married to Miss Rosa Johnson of Belknap, Texas; we have been in partnership ever since. We have had five boys and four girls. All who are living are grown; two boys and one girl are dead. We have two daughters living in Young County and three boys and one girl living in Sanger, California. I left Texas in September 1907, and located at Sanger in the San Joaquin Valley. I like this country and like the climate.

I have been taking The News ever since 1870; it is reliable and is always on the right side of any and all questions that come up. In my opinion it is the best paper published. - John W. Proffitt, Sanger, Calif.

Walkers Division Was Rightly Named. I joined the army in 1862. Was sworn in March 26, and went first to Hempstead; then soon all the regiment met at Tyler. I went with Youngs regiment, Eighth Texas Infantry. When we left Tyler we went up in Arkansas to Camp Nelson; there formed a brigade and a division. Gen. Walker commanded the division. I belonged to Company B, Eighth Infantry. First Brigade, Gen. Haus commanded the brigade. Afterward it was commanded by Gens. Wall, Waterhouse, Randall and King.

Most of the time we were in Arkansas and Louisiana. Had a battle at Jenkins Ferry, Arkansas and one at Youngs Point on the Mississippi River; others at Vicksburg, Mansfield, and Peach Orchard. In the Mississippi bottom we encountered many sharpshooters. I belonged to the commissary department (butcher). I liked to butcher. I could skin a beef in five minutes. I would do the skinning and Rolls Clifton and Jack Elders would dress the beeves. It required about eight large beeves a day for our brigade, twenty-four for the division. Sometimes we butchers would think it safer to enter the battle than stay in the butcher pens. We would secure a gun and go with the army. Walkers division had the right name, for they surely did walk.

We were on our way to reinforce the Arkansas post, and when near there the gunboats arrived. Our army left all the baggage, and that night an awful norther blew up, and it certainly was cold. The second night a heavy snow fell, and we had a cold time. I would often visit another regiment and listen to the sergeant call the roll. It was amusing to hear so many strange names. But now they are most all gone to answer the roll call up yonder.

I have suffered three score and ten years. I came to Texas when quite a boy in 1842. Do not remember much of conditions then. I settled the place am now on in 1870. Settled in the woods; not a stick of timber cut, neighbors few and far between, and all kinds of wild animals were here.

Nacogdoches people have given up cotton as a money crop, and turned their attention to diversified farming. Sawmills have taken all the timber, and soon a house can scarcely be built of Nacogdoches County lumber.

The mineral in this county is being looked after to some extent, and no doubt it will be developed in the near future.

I would like to hear from any of my old comrades. - W. M. Vaught, Cushing, Texas.

Came to Texas in 1871. I was born in Marion County, Georgia. My fathers name was M. K. Callaway. I was married to M. B. Bumgarner in 1847, and in 1848 we came to Arkansas. My fathers family lived in Callahan County during the Civil War. My husband died in 1865. He was in the service nearly three years. I was within hearing of three battles.

I was left a widow with five children and came to Texas in 1871. I raised all of my children to be grown and married, but they are all dead and gone but one son, A. B. Bumgarner. He lives within four miles of Lamkin, Comanche County. I have twenty-four grandchildren and thirty great-grandchildren.

I have always tried to live a Christian and to serve the Lord. My daily prayer is to meet some dear old friend before long. I am a member of the old side Baptists. I will be 75 years old on Aug. 30. I hope some of the sisters will write me a birthday letter. - Mrs. C. F. Bumgarner, Gustine, Tex.

Member of Wetumpka Light Guard. H.S. Ziegler of 2426 Fifth Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., would be glad to hear from any of his old comrades who were in the war with him. He was a member of the Wetumpka Light Guards, Company I, Third Regiment Alabama Volunteers, Battles Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

I was a member of H. C. Samples, afterward Goldwaites Battery. I reside at Mertens, Tex. - W. G. Beaver, Mertens, Tex.

In An Alabama Regiment. I am an old soldier and belonged to the Thirty-Eighth Alabama Regiment, Company E, under Col. Charles T. Ketchum of Mobile. We were in the Tennessee Army for four years and went through lots of hardships and hard fighting, but thank God, there are a few of us here yet. The place that knows us now, will know us no more before long.

I would like to hear from any old comrades. - D. J. Haskins, Buffalo, Tex.

Mississippi Veteran Writes. I was a member of Company F, Capt. F. A. Wolfs Company of Tipah County, Mississippi; then with Col. Bill Falkners regiment and Capt. Sam Councils company, which was Company B, also of Tipah County.

Would be glad to hear from any old comrades. - S. F. McCauley, Mount Pleasant, Tex.

Sworn In At Bellview, Tex. I was a soldier in Bob Wyleys company, Ed Clarks regiment, Randells brigade, Walkers division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Was sworn in at Bellview, Rusk Co., Tex., on or about April 28, 1862. Would be glad to hear from my old comrades. J. M. Austin, Neches, Houston Co., Tex.

May 4, 1908

Was Scout Along the Coast. This is my first letter to the News, although I have been almost a constant reader for fifty years. I first began to read The Galveston News before the war between the States. After The Dallas News was started, some twenty-odd years ago, as I had moved to Coryell County, I changed to it.

I was born in Wharton County, Texas in 1846 and lived in that county until 1873. I then moved to Davilla, Milam County, Tex., and lived there two years; from there to Jonesboro, Coryell County, Tex., lived there until 1887, and since then I have been on the move. I now live on a farm near Stephenville, Erath County, trying to help my son-in-law, O.H. Harris, make a cotton crop. He bought this farm from an old friend of mine, Hon. Lee Young. We were raised in the same county. I knew his father well, when I lived at Columbia, Brazoria County, during that cruel war.

My father served in three wars, first in gaining Texas Independence, then in 1846 with Gen. Taylor in Mexico, again in 1861 for four years. He went in as First Lieutenant and came out as Colonel. I joined in 1861 in the same company with my father. Served two years with him in Col. Joseph Bates regiment, Capt. William Moselys company, then father begged me to go home and go to school, as the South thought about that time they had the North whipped. I decided I would take his advice. I was out one year, and as we had not whipped the Federals yet, I knew the time had come for me to join again or be drafted, as I would soon be 18, and at that time, Major B. F. Dunn of La Grange, Tex., was trying to raise a company of young men for coast scouts, I joined them and served as scout for one year, then we all could see plainly the South was about overpowered. I will come again some time and tell more about the wars. I would surely be glad to hear from any of my old comrades that served with me in Col. Bates regiment and in Major B.F. Dunns company of scouts. H. P. Cayce, Stephenville, Tex.

Fought in Many States. I came to Texas in 1857 at the age of 20 years and stopped at Fort Worth; stayed there two years, then went to Dallas and stayed about Dallas until 1860. During this time I worked in the Cedar Springs Mill. I went from Dallas to Fayetteville, Ark., and in March 1861, joined a company of militia under Capt. Kelly; was in Carrolls Regiment from Fort Smith, Ark., went to Missouri and was in Wilsons great fight under Gen. Ben McCullough. Served

until the last of August, 1861, and was disbanded at Fayetteville. I came to Texas and stayed at Dallas until the spring of 1862; then I joined the army under Wallace Peak and F. C. Hops Regiment, Spaits Brigade from Waco. Went to Missouri and reported to Joe Shelby; was in the battle at Newton and Spring River. Was in the battle at McGuire's store in Arkansas, then turned over to T. C. Hindman at Van Buren and there we were dismounted and went to Prairie Grove and fought a battle.

After that, went back to Kiamichie on Red River and went into winter quarters; I got a furlough and went back to Dallas; stayed there sixty days and went back to the company. Was turned over to Dick Taylor in Louisiana, and was put into Mooton Division and Polignacs Brigade; this was in 1863, and was in the battles at Morgan, Ga., Brazier City, Harrisonburg, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Mansur, Yellow Bayou. This is most of the hard fighting, except skirmishing; we had lots of them and were ordered to Texas. Stopped at Houston, then went to Richmond, then back to Houston and were disbanded and went home. I went to Dallas. I would like to hear from any old comrades. I am 71 years of age. J. H. Mathis, Collinsville, Tex.

Went to War From Texas. I was born in Titus County July 23, 1842, and when I was about two weeks old the Indians killed a family named Ripley who lived one mile and a half from us. The first shot killed young Ripley in the field. There were two of the girls made their escape and came to my fathers.

We moved to Hunt County, Tex., when I was about 4 years old, and here I grew to manhood and married Miss Mary Ellen Uzzell in 1864. In 1862 I joined Jim Stephens Company D, and was at first under Col. Bob Taylor, and after this Capt. Jim Stephens was elected Colonel, and A. G. Pace, Captain. Still later, F. L. Scott of Greenville was elected Captain. I was under Gen. Cooper and we had a little fight in Missouri, then went to Van Buren, Ark., where we were dismounted and placed under Gen. Hinman. While under him we had a little fight at Prairie Grove on Boston Mountain. Here I got enough infantry service and went home and asked Capt. Hall to get me into a cavalry company, which he refused, and I scouted until the war closed.

I would be glad to hear from any comrades who knew me in war times. I am nearly 66 years old. A. B. Keith, Texmo, Ok.

Third Alabama Cavalryman. I was born and raised in Alabama and came to Texas in 1866. I stopped at Kimball, Bosque County. I was in the Civil War and belonged to Company G. Third Alabama Cavalry. We were after Sherman on his march to the sea; also through South Carolina. I was at Columbia, S. C. when it burned down. I moved from Kimball to Cooke County in 1868 and took many desperate chances with the wild Indians. I finally had to give up my claim and fall back to the settlements.

I have a good many relatives in this State and would be glad to hear from them; also from any of my old comrades. I have been reading The News for more than twenty years and think it is a grand paper. I have been living in Somervell County twenty-four years. C. C. McCaghren, Glen Rose, Tex.

In A Texas Cavalry Company. I would like to hear from any old soldiers of Company B, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry, Col. Bufford commander; Band, captain; Wilson, lieutenant. I am an old Confederate soldier. C. C. Cox, Mullen, Tex.

May 11, 1908

Many Fights With Indians. I am an ex-Confederate soldier; left Weatherford, Tex., March 12, 1862, forty-six years ago today. We went to Houston. My Captain was John L. Tubbs, my Colonel, W. H. Griffin. I belonged to Company A, Griffins Battalion, and was at the taking of Galveston, when the ship Harriet Lane was captured.

Was in the army until May 26, 1865, and came back to Parker County in the western part, and underwent all the hardships of Indian troubles. Had many narrow escapes; they stole our horses and killed our neighbors; they killed one of my brothers-in-law, his wife and one child, and wounded one of his other children; his name was W. D. Light, or Bill Light, as he was called. He was killed July 4, 1868, about sundown. I heard the shooting and John Doss, now of Parker County, H. R. Moss, now dead, and I went to them as fast as our horses could carry us, but the redmen had gone. They scalped Mrs. Light, but did not scalp the others. Bill Light lived about two hours; it was a heartrending scene to see them butchered so badly.

In April, 1869, they killed Elbert Doss, a brother of John and Will Doss; they killed him near where Mineral Wells now is, in a fight with them. My brother, S. P. Newberry and Tom Cox were in the same fight, so was John Doss and a Negro by the name of Base Ikard. They carried him in on a horse, set him in the saddle and one of them rode behind and held him on.

We old-timers had our share of Indian troubles, and we old pioneers know what a frontier life is. When we went to work we had on two big six-shooters and sometimes a Winchester rifle, but we were all friends and neighbors and glad to meet each other. They were men of iron nerve. I don't think the people would stand it now. We held the country, and it is now settled up thickly, but most of those old pioneers have crossed over. Uncle Fuller Millsap of precious memory, had many tilts with the redmen.

I lived in Parker County forty-seven years; my father, R. O. Newberry, his brothers, Campbell and Ross Newberry, moved from Tennessee to Parker County in the fall of 1859. I lived there except what time I was in the army until 1907, then moved to Hardeman County. I can see the mounds every time I go to Chillicothe where Sul Ross had the fight at the time he captured Cynthia Ann Parker.

Would be glad to hear from any of my old comrades. - J. D. Newberry, Chillicothe, Hardeman Co., Tex.

Served in Texas Cavalry. I am one of the old-timers, 77 years old, March 5. Enlisted at Hempstead and joined Capt. Hannahs company, Company G, Twenty-First Texas Cavalry; served to the close of the war. I saw enough of war hardships. I taught school some after the close of the war, but have been farming or trying to most of the time since.

E. E. Burtlelow and I were married Feb. 10, 1859. We were the parents of ten children. Our oldest, a girl, died when she was about 16 months old. We raised the others to be grown, and all of them have left home and scattered about over the world doing for themselves, and I believe each one is making a good living. We two are left alone now. My wife, Elizabeth, is 67 years old, but quite feeble, and not able to do any work except cooking and housework, though I consider we have both been well blessed. I am still able to do farm work. I make a regular hand in the field, raising corn, cotton and truck patches. I am a great hand to raise the Spanish peanuts and dont feel like I could get along well without them. We have been taking The Dallas News for two years and wife says we cant get along without it. - Hugh McMillan, Saturn, Tex.

Member of Eleventh Texas. I belonged to the Eleventh Texas Infantry, Company C, Capt. Engledow in charge, Roberts Regiment, Rannels Brigade and Walkers Division.

I was enrolled at Rusk Cherokee County, Texas, Feb. 1, 1862, and served four years. Les, Issac, I remember you boys all right. Now, Isaac Stanley, I want to see if you remember H. N. Lusk, I am the man that carried the ordinance wagon in the fight at Pleasant Hill and Mansfield, and I was brigade wagon master in Rannels Brigade. I have been taking The News a long time. - H. N. Lusk, Grandview, Tex.

Still Carries A Bullet. I am an old soldier and belonged to Company H, Fitzhughs Regiment, Waterhour Brigade, Walkers Division. I was wounded and the bullet is still in my breast. Am 65 years old and am feeble. My wife is still living. We have two daughters.

I married June 25, 1866, at McKinney, Tex. Drop me a card, comrades, and let me know where you are and give me your age. - W. A. Mollow, Blanket, Brown Co., Tex.

With An Alabama Company. In 1861 I went from Midway, Ala., to the Confederate Army; went out in infantry as a member of Company E, Capt. Daniel, Twenty-Third Battalion of Sharpshooters, Graces Brigade. We were with the Army of the Tennessee until Longstreet came to us, then we returned with Longstreet to Virginia.

After the war closed, I came to Texas where I have been since. Within recent years I have written several letters or cards to comrades, addressing them as I remembered their postoffices, but have received no responses. Some years ago Bill Bloodworth, Jeff Bloodworth and John Wilkerson, members of Company E, were somewhere in East Texas.

Will be glad if any old comrade will write to me. - C. W. Strother, Athens, Tex.

Had to Do Mans Work. I see so many old-timers writing, I bring my dear old mothers picture. Probably some of her friend will see it and remember her.

She was born in Carroll County, Tenn., and moved to Gibson County, where she was married to Emmanuel Davis in 1848 and then moved to Arkansas. They had seven children, five girls and two boys. She has been a widow for years.

All the children were small when the Civil War broke out, and her husband went to the army. She spun and wove and made all the clothes they wore, and many a day has plowed all day and at night has split rails. She had a hard time trying to raise her family. Her husband came home from the war with black scurvy and died a year after the war. Many a night she would have to get a pine torch and go to the lot to run the wolves away from the calves. Her boys live in Texas; the girls still live in Arkansas. She has thirty-five grandchildren, nineteen girls and sixteen boys, and has thirty-six great-grandchildren. She has made three visits to Texas to see her boys.

Those who knew her in her girlhood days, please give her a letter party. Her maiden name was Price, and her mothers maiden name was Nancy Parkinson. Her mother married John Price. Her address is Mrs. M. E. Davis, Draughton, Ark. Will ask for a letter party for myself. - J. B. Davis, Waco, Texas.

Second Georgia Cavalry Soldier. I was a soldier in the Second Georgia Cavalry, Capt. Tom Merrits Company, and after reading so many letters from the old soldiers in the good old News have decided to try a short letter to the old comrades

of the sixties. I would be more than glad to hear from any of them. In your letters, dont forget to tell me if you are still battling for the right, if so, I will know that you are battling for the Lord.

After I came out of the Civil War I enlisted in the service of our blessed Savior, and 1908 finds me still at my post, more determined to fight on than when I first enlisted in this service. Comrades, if you havent enlisted in this service let me say to you in the name of reason, join this command, for it wont be long until we will have to answer to the last roll call, and remember as death finds us, so will the judgment, boys.

Will have to stop after saying a few words to the brother of the Fifteenth Texas Regiment that wrote in the issue of Jan. 28. Brother in Christ, fight on, for it wont be long until we will meet in the bright beyond, where all is peace and joy and praise to our Captain and Savior. - L. C. Clements, Memphis, Hall Co., Tex.

Served in Thirtieth Texas Cavalry. I was born in Shelby County, Tex., May 1834, and am now living within two and a half miles of where I was born. My fathers name was Peter Stockman; he was principally raised in the country near where the town of Nacogdoches now stands. I went to McLennan County in 1859, and lived there five years.

In 1862 I enlisted in the Civil War under Col. E. J. Gerley, Thirtieth Texas Cavalry, Company C, and served as a soldier till the surrender. I have witnessed a vast change in society and in the progress of industrial pursuits of this country. Where the old bridle paths once led through the wilderness we now have railroads, and instead of the old-time pack mule, magnificent palace cars are running through our land. Where bear and animals formerly roamed unmolested now flourish farms and fruitful orchards, and instead of the wolves hideous howl, the voices of happy school children can now be heard.

Would be glad to hear from any old comrades. - Peter Stockman, Garrison, Tex.

Member of Thirty-Third Mississippi. I joined the army at the beginning of the war, Some said, Oh, it will only be a breakfast spell. I think it was not much of a breakfast spell. You old comrades will agree with me on that, I am sure, and I had enough of it, for we certainly did have some rough old times.

I was living in Mississippi, Leake County, at that time, and was in Company F, Featherstons Brigade, Thirty-Third Regiment. I suppose my people are still in old Mississippi. I have not heard from them for quite a good while.

Would be glad to hear from any of my old comrades. I am getting old now, but still have fair health and am able to work some. - D. T. Archey, Grundyville, Tex.

Letter to Rangers. To the Texas Rangers of the 70 and 74: I wrote a piece to the Rangers some time ago and received so many letters that I cant well answer all, so I take this method of answering them.

I was proud to hear from the old boys that I had not heard from for so long. Some it has been thirty-seven years since I saw. Some of the letters that I received want all the old Rangers to have a reunion at Dallas this fall, and I would like to hear from all that see this, and get their ideas about it. I would like to meet all the boys once more, and think that we all would enjoy ourselves for a few days. Would like to hear from all and see how many there are living. - S. P. Elkins, Tishomingo, Ok.

May 18, 1908

Volunteered From Texas. I was born in Caddo Parish, La., March 22, 1844, near Shreveport. My father, John Montgomery, moved to Texas in the fall of 1846, and settled in Kaufman County eighteen or twenty miles north of the town of Kaufman, the county seat. Lived there two or three years, and then moved over in Hunt County and lived there until 1858. Then we sold out and moved to Lavaca County.

In 1862 I volunteered and went into the Confederate Army. I joined Capt. O. P. Prestons company to go to Missouri. We went up in Arkansas about twenty-five miles above Little Rock, and our company was joined to Major Whitfields battalion. We then went to Des Arc on White River, and there we were attached to Vanhorns Brigade, dismounted, and ordered to the Shiloh battle, but we were too late.

At Des Arc we were put on a large steamer and went down White River until we struck the Mississippi, and then went up the river to Memphis, then to Corinth to the Corinth battle, where more of our poor boys died from the measles and typhoid fever than were killed with bullets. I was sick and was sent to the hospital at Columbus, Miss., and later on was transferred to the hospital at Aberdeen, Miss., in Monroe County. I stayed there three months and I do believe I would have died if it had not been for the good ladies of Mississippi. I never see a lady from Mississippi but what I think of those old days and I cant help but love them. I was a beardless boy and sick and 1,000 miles from home, and they nursed me like a brother, and I got well, was honorably discharged and came back home to Texas. I served the rest of the war on the Rio Grande and was stationed ten months at Corpus Christi. Was turned loose at Goliad in Goliad County. I would be glad to hear from any old comrades. - W. T. Montgomery, Wayland, Stephens Co., Tex.

Old Pioneer Gone. Will you kindly publish the following about a Texas pioneer:

William Jasper Owens was born in Kentucky, Aug. 29, 1844, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Sadie Carson, near Hollis, Ok., Feb. 12, his remains being interred in the Hollis cemetery. His nearest surviving relatives are his wife, Mary E. Owens, and their children as follows: A. Wayne Owens, Rock Springs, Tex.; Mrs. Lucinda Preston, Wagner, Ok.; Mrs. Sadie Carson and Lafayette Owens, Hollis, Ok.; Mrs. Belle Brink and Absalom Owens, Grady, N. M.; Mrs. Maud Taylor, Evant, Tex.; Mrs. Emmie Preston, Childress, Tex.; W. Foster and Auty Owens, Hollis, Ok. In his boyhood, Mr. Owens became a resident of Texas, and in his manhood one of her upright and most loyal citizens. In 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate Army, remaining in the service thirty-nine months, or till the close of the Civil War. Ever loyal to the cause in whose righteousness he believed, he possessed the capacity of manly submission and entered the new reign of peace intent upon better things than war. Aug. 22, 1867, he was married to Mary E. Cox, daughter of James and Lucinda Cox, late of Lampasas County, and established his home in the valley of Lucas Creek, where he acquired a fine ranch and resided for a number of years. He was a member of the party which went in pursuit of the Indians when they made their last raid into Lampasas County in 1872. He was a Christian, became a member of the Missionary Baptist Church in 1883, and continued faithful to his choice till the end. He was a loving husband and an affectionate father; a kind neighbor and a faithful friend, and in the hour of his departure we might well have heard for him the heavenly words, which rang in the ears of St. John,: Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Mrs. W. B. Carson, Hollis, Ok.

Was With the Sixteenth Mississippi. I am an ex-Confederate of Company G, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, Harris Brigade, Ewells Division, Stonewalls Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Was in all the battles from Cross Keys to Chancellorsville. There I got a minnie ball in my lower jaw, which put me out for some time. I went back to the army and found them in the trenches at Petersburg; was captured at Fort Gregg, where we held a Federal division for two hours or more. A few of us were carried to Point Lookout, Md. They kept us about two months and turned us loose.

Would be glad to hear from any old comrades, especially any of the survivors of Fort Gregg. - W. C. Griffin, Hubbard, Tex.

Had to Card and Spin. I was born in Tippah County, Miss., March 12, 1849, and in 1859 with my parents moved to Texas. Then it was Burleson County but now Lee. In 1860 moved to Wise County, and there resided during the Civil War.

My father, T. M. Miller, served in the militia on the frontier; he now lives in Fort Worth, and is 82 years old.

I carded, spun and wove my own clothes, bedclothes and all other articles we used. My task, when only 13 years old, was to card and spin four cuts per day, but the present generation has no idea what a cut is, or hard times, either. I plowed with oxen, chopped wood and most anything that come in the way of a farmers girl.

After the war was over I moved to Ellis County, and there I married James Marion Sheets. He was from Wise County and had served nearly four years in the war. We went immediately into Kaufman County and stayed there four years. Times were hard several years after the war, so we had a hard time, and drifted about in Texas until 1892, when we came to Oklahoma, where we got a good home, just for the filing. Hubby and I are satisfied here. We have lived together forty-three years Dec. 20. March 12 I will be 59 years old and have had many ups and downs, mostly downs.

I am the mother of twelve children, six of them died in infancy and raised six, besides one grandchild, all married but my baby girl, and granddaughter. Four of them got homes here, as we did. They are all Missionary Baptists but one, I have been ever since I was 14 years old. I am thankful I became a Christian when young, for I dont believe any one can do their duty in raising children without the guidance of our Heavenly Father. He saw fit to take just half of mine from me, but I am thankful that those he let me keep are honorable and upright. The Lord is my comfort and stay through the journey of life, but when I reach the end I like many others will have to say I have done nothing for my Savior. -- Mrs. Minerva J. Sheets, Cloud Chief, Ok.

Served Three Years. I was born in old Mississippi, Dec. 26, 1843, in Tipper County, and enlisted in the Southern Army when the war came up. I served three years under Gen. Forrest, Company I., Capt. Wimbly. My first Lieutenant was Hon. Tom Hogg, who is now living in Ellis County, or was in the last accounting I had of him. I met him in Dallas in 1902 at the reunion, and I was as glad to see him as if he had been a brother, and hope he will write to me.

Chamlus was my Colonel. Dear old comrades, that war has ended, and let us bear no malice against those who fought against us. I do not, for we could not live to meet the last roll call and have aught against any man. I joined Christs army in 1869, and I intend to fight for him as long as I live. Never will I surrender, but make a good fight to that better world where all wars will end, and where we can all live together in peace and happiness.

When I was in sin I would drink whisky and go in every little old circus or show that came my way, in spite of all the good people would say to me. I thought just like some do today, I thought I knew it all, but I found I made a mistake as wide as this world. When God, for Christs sake, forgave me of sin, I saw where I was wrong, Christ tells us to let our light shine, or we might say let our faith shine before the world. A Christians light wont shine in a saloon or in a show. Will it shine in

a ballroom? Brothers, the evil tells us there is no harm in these things. I dont believe that there is a Christian man or woman on Gods green earth that will walk close to God twelve months, but what will say there is harm in these places, and thousands of other places where we see church members and professed Christians. I would be glad to hear from any old comrades, especially any that knew me in the long ago. - Jas. W. Brownlee, DeLeon, Comanche Co., Tex.

Fought in Many Battles. I was born in Johnson County, Mo., Sept. 12, 1837, and will be 71 years old next September. I enlisted in the Federal Army Jan. 2, 1862, and served until the close of the war in 1865; was in the battle of Mill Spring, Ky., the last of January, 1862, and the battle of Fort Donaldson in February 1862, battle of Pittsburg Landing or Shiloh on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, and went with Sherman to Savannah and back to Virginia the next winter. Came home in May, 1865.

I saw as much of the war as most men, and was slightly wounded in September, 1864. I arrived in Sherman, Texas, July 18, 1873, and have lived in Grayson County, Denton County and Cooke County since September, 1897, when I went to Creek, I. T., and returned to Texas Nov. 6, 1906. I now live with my son near Electra, Wichita County, Tex. I have passed through many hardships and had narrow escapes. I am not able to do much manual labor now, but can get about some. I love to read the letters from the old soldiers, and would be glad to hear from any one who was in the battles that I have mentioned.

Have been a reader of The News for over eighteen years; no better paper printed in the South or anywhere else. May it prosper and continue the good work on behalf of the laboring class. - A. G. Ancell, Electra, Tex.

Was An Arkansas Soldier. I enlisted in 1862, in Sevier County, Arkansas, in Major Witherspoons battalion and Gen. Cabells command. Major Witherspoon was captured in the mountains of Arkansas and then our company (D). Captain John McCane was my Captain. We were then attached to Col James Munroes regiment.

I was in the battle at Marks Mill and Poison Spring, but was not in the Jenkins Ferry battle. Gen. Cabell started, I think, in July on the Missouri raid. I have forgotten what month we started. Had several skirmish fights. The first battle that amounted to anything was charging the fort at Pilot. Our company lost about twenty men and the next place I recollect was Franklin, Mo. The next place was Jefferson, Mo. We had a fight at Boonesville and at a creek called Magazine, and there I was captured the 27th or 28th of October, 1864. They marched us prisoners to Fort Scott, about thirty miles, and we stayed there two days and nights. From there we went to Warrensburg, Mo., and from there to St. Louis, where we stayed two weeks. Finally went to Rock Island, Ill.; stayed there until the surrender. Rock Island prison comprised forty acres of land, picketed in with twelve foot boxing plank. There were 1,800 prisoners. I was released from prison May 21, 1865.

I was raised in Hempstead County, Arkansas. - S. B. Bishop, Mill Creek, Ok.
In Fourteenth Texas Dismounted Cavalry. I am 65 years old and served nearly four years in Company A, Fourteenth Texas Regiment, dismounted cavalry, Ectors Brigade. Was somewhat disabled for work, and I drifted about in Texas until 1892, I came to Washita County, Ok., where Uncle Sam give me and four children homes in a good country, so I am getting along moderately well.

Oklahoma is trying to pass a bill to pension her soldiers so you see if it passes that will be ample for an old feeble man like me. If any of my old comrades see this, I would be pleased if they would write to me, and I will answer every letter I get. - J. M. Sheets, Cloud Chief, Ok.

Born in Tennessee in 1840. I was born in Hardin County, Tenn., in 1840, and in 1857 I went to Arkansas; was water-bound there nearly two years and then came to Texas. In 1862 I joined the army under Capt. Smith, Company B, Burnetts Regiment, Thirteenth Dismounted Cavalry, Walkers Division. At the close of the war I came out all O.K. with only one pair of pants that I drew from the Government.

Since the close of the war I have been farming the best I knew how, and that is all I know how to do. When I came out of the war I promised myself if I had meat and bread I would not complain. I have never gone hungry since the war. - J. A. Portersfield, Rising Star, Tex.

Fifty-Four Years on Same Farm. In 1836 my father, William R. Wornel, left Murray County, Tennessee, for Texas, stopping in Marshall County, Mississippi, one year. During this stop March 30, 1837, I was born, and my father, with his family, moved on, landing in Texas and settled down in San Augustine County, remaining there several years.

During the regulators and moderators troubles, he would have returned to the old country, but could not on account of having everything he had stolen except his family, even to his wagons. He was a great love of fine horses and had brought several head with him, but it was not long until all were gone. A few years after this he settled on a little home, there in the woods, near what afterward became New Salem, in Rusk County, and there raised and educated his family in the common county schools. My oldest sister married Harrison Ables, my aunt married Pad Medford, another John Hester, another Mat Pruitt, and the next and last, while we remained on that place, married Jack Kellam.

In 1851 my brother, John M. and brother in law, Harrison Ables, brought our cattle and horses to Hill County and settled five miles west from where Hillsboro now is. In 1853 my brother returned to the old home and brought a stock of goods from Joaith Oheire in New Salem. Myself and brother loaded them into an ox wagon and hauled them though to the new home, where a little village had been started, called Lexington, thus establishing the first store in the then new country, which is Navarro County. In 1854 Hill County was formed and Hillsboro, the county seat was established. In 1856 I was elected Constable of Precinct No. 1, at the same time my brother was elected Sheriff, which positions we held until the war came up, both going into the army, he in Company F, Seventh Texas, Greens Brigade, and I in Company D, Nineteenth Texas, Parsons Brigade. My brother was killed at Yellow Bayou. After the war closed I returned to my home in May, 1865.

In October, 1860, I married Miss America Glass in Miller County, Missouri, and brought her to my home in 1861, where we now live, five miles west from Hillsboro. When I returned from the war I found everything swept away but my home and the family had to begin life anew. I was the first Sheriff after the war, and for many years after. I served my county as Justice of the Peace, Tax Collector, Deputy Sheriff and Deputy Tax Assessor.

I have been living on this same farm for fifty-four years, and I can not tell when I began to read The News, it has been so long. It has been constantly in my home for many years. - D. C. Wornel, Hillsboro, Tex.

Came from Kentucky in 1847. I am an old pioneer of Texas and a Confederate soldier. I have been taking The News for thirty years. My father moved from Calloway County, Kentucky, to the East Fork of the Trinity River, Dallas County, in the fall of 1847, when I was 11 years old. I was in Dallas when there were but two business houses, one log house grocery and one frame dry goods house. It belonged to Smith & Patterson, and one of my uncles hauled them out from Shreveport in an ox wagon. That was then a country of milk and honey.

I was married Aug. 11, 1856, to Miss Mary Miller in Hopkins County, Texas, and we had eleven children, of which eight are still living. My wife passed away Oct. 26, 1900.

I was in the Confederate Army, in the Twenty-First Texas Cavalry, Andersons Regiment, Capt. Butlers company, as Second Lieutenant. Would be glad to hear from old comrades. If I should live to see my next birthday I will be 72 years old. I dont believe I will ever see it, as I am getting very feeble, but I feel like I was ready for the last roll call, when we will meet our loved ones, where all is peace and no more parting. - M. Ballard, London, Menard Co., Tex.

Member of Alabama Regiment. I am an old Confederate veteran; belonged to Company E. Fiftieth Alabama Regiment. Enlisted in February, 1862, in Capt. J. H. Malones company in the Twenty-Sixth Alabama Battalion; was at the Shiloh battle, under Gen. Johnston and was in all of the battles from Shiloh to Atlanta, Ga.

Was taken a prisoner Aug. 13, 1864, carried to Camp Chase, Ohio, and stayed there ten months. I cant describe what I went through with while I was there, but I am still alive, and would be glad to hear from any of my old comrades. - Geo. P. Henderson, Leonard, Tex.

Husband Enlisted at Personville, Tex. I have been a widow thirty-four years and am living with my daughter, Mrs. Annie Baker. My husbands name was Tom Voluntine; he enlisted at Personville, Limestone County, Tex. His Lieutenants name was McClelland and Captains name was Brown. He died in 1874, and if there are any of that company alive, I would be very glad to hear from them. - Mrs. M. C. Voluntine (nee Cathrine Speer), Hagansport, Tex.

Walkers Texas Infantry. I am an old Confederate. I served three years and six months and then came to Texas in 1864 with Gen. Walker. I was in Company A, Texas Infantry, Walkers Division, McCulloughs Brigade. I am 70 years of age; have been in Texas forty-four years. Would like to hear from any of my old company. Hurrah for The News, the best paper in the world. - Ed Witt, Box 194, Ballinger, Runnels County, Texas.

June 1, 1908

Vicksburg, Miss., May 28. Within sight of the fields on which he had fought his hardest battles during the Civil War and on the same ground where he had welcomed and entertained his former foes less than a week ago, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans and one of the last of the three surviving generals of the confederacy, died here today in Vicksburg National Military Park at the official residence of the park commissioner.

Immediately following the death of Gen. Lee the sad intelligence was flashed to all parts of the country, and from early this morning until late tonight messages of condolence and sympathy continued to pour in. From Montgomery, Ala., the cradle of the confederacy, where its government was first organized; from Richmond, the stronghold of the South-land during the greater part of the bloody strife; from New Orleans, the headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans, and from many other cities not only in the South, but in the North and West, expressions of sorrow and brief eulogies were received. Camps and other confederate organizations as well as many prominent persons, including the president of the United States, were quick to convey their expressions of sympathy to the bereaved family.

All arrangements for the funeral of Gen. Lee were completed tonight, and an order bearing on this was issued by Adj. Gen. Mickle from the headquarters of the veterans at New Orleans at the directions of Gen. W. L. Cabell of Dallas, Tex., who, in accordance with the by-laws of the organizations, assumes the title of lieutenant general.

Following the issuance of this order Gen. Mickle left New Orleans for Columbus, Miss., where the funeral will be held next Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The funeral train will leave Vicksburg tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock, arriving at Columbus late in the day where it will be met by several thousands of veterans, many of whom are now on their way to pay their respects to the former comrade.

The funeral will be held from the late residence of Gen. Lee, according to the burial rites of the Baptist Church, whereof Gen. Lee was a member. The part the veterans will take in the funeral will be under the direction of Maj. Gen. Robert Lowry, commanding the Department of Mississippi of the United Confederate Veterans.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, present commander of the United Confederate Veterans organization, and successor to the lamented Gen. J. B. Gordon, was a native of Charleston, S.C. He descends from a line of revolutionary patriots and statesmen. His grandfather, William Lee, was one of the forty prominent citizens of Charleston, whose devotion to the continental cause was punished by imprisonment.

His grandfather Thomas Lee, was appointed United States district judge by President Monroe. Gen. S. D. Lee graduated from West Point with the highest honors.

He resigned from the United States army in 1861, and was commissioned captain in the army of the confederacy, and assigned to duty as aide de camp to Gen. Beauregard. He and Col. Chestnut bore the summons to Maj. Anderson for the surrender of Fort Sumter, and gave subsequent notice of the opening of bombardment. After the surrender of Fort Sumter, he took command of the light battery of Hamptons legion, which was the commencement of his unparalleled career as an artillery officer of the confederacy, and he so distinguished himself that he received rapid promotions to major, lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier general. He served under Gen. Johnston in the Peninsular campaign and Seven Pines, and with Gen. R. E. Lee at Savage station and Malvern Hill.

At the battle of second Manassas, in command of the artillery, his fighting was so gallant, judicious and effective, that President Davis declared: I have reason to believe that Col. Lee served to turn the tide of battle and to him is due the victory.

Just after the battle of Sharpsburg, Gen. R. E. Lee was asked by President Davis to select the most efficient artillery officer for duty on the Mississippi, and he named S. D. Lee. The conditions on the Mississippi River demanded the most skillful leadership. Gen. Lee was assigned to command at Vicksburg. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant general at the age of 31 years.

He defeated Shermans advance in December, 1862, and met Grant in the following May at Champions Hill, where his personal gallantry was admired by and enthused his whole army. After the fall of Vicksburg he was exchanged, and on Aug. 3, 1863, was put in command of all the cavalry in Mississippi, Alabama, West Tennessee and East Louisiana. In this field he and Gen. Forrest prevented Shermans advance to Meridian. After other engagements he took command of Hoods corps of the army at Atlanta. In the desperate fighting at Nashville he held Overton Hill against the enemy until after the left and center of the army were driven back, and his was the only organization intact. He covered the retreat of the army, repulsing every effort of Wilsons cavalry from dawn till late at night. During that day Gen. Lee was severely wounded, but he remained in command of his troops until he participated in the capitulation of Johnstons army.

Since the war Gen. Lee was active in efforts to promote the prosperity of the South. He served as state senator and member of the Mississippi constitutional convention.

At the time of his death Gen. Lee was the ranking officer of the confederacy. Two other lieutenant generals of the confederacy still survive. They are Gen. Alexander P. Stewart of Tennessee and Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky, but by virtue of the precedence of his commission Gen. Lee outranked both of these.

Gen. Lee was one of the South Carolina Lees. He was born in that state in 1833. He received his appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point and graduated at the institution, receiving his command in the artillery.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Gen. Lee resigned his command in the United States army and entered the confederacy. He served with the confederate army in Virginia until after the battle of Antietam, when he was made a brigadier general, and sent to Vicksburg.

Gen. Lee played a prominent part in the siege of Vicksburg, and following the fall of that city he was taken a prisoner. He was later exchanged and promoted to the rank of major general and ordered to the Southwest. He was later assigned to the army of Tennessee with the rank of lieutenant general, and served up until the close of hostilities.

Chaplain J. William Jones, United Confederate Veterans, teacher of Gen. Lee, says of him: His first service in the war was aide to Gen. Beauregard, being one of the two officers sent to demand the surrender of Sumter, and when the demand was refused, ordering the nearest battery to fire on the fort.

He served as captain of a battery in the Hampton Legion, and in November, 1861, he was promoted to major of artillery; served with Johnston at Yorktown in the spring of 1862 and was promoted to lieutenant colonel of artillery for gallant and meritorious services; was with Whiting at Seven Pines and was Magruder's chief of artillery in the seven days around Richmond; was then put in command of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry and complimented for his daring scouting, and when the campaign against Pope ended he was made colonel of artillery and put in command of a battalion of twenty guns.

At Second Manassas he occupied a ridge between Jackson's and Longstreet's position, and when the army advanced to crush Jackson, Lee opened on them with all of his guns, which he handled so superbly and with such terrible effect that the slaughter was fearful and the enemy's columns retreated. Col. Lee and his battalion (consisting of Rhetts South Carolina Battery under Lieut. William Elliott, and Parkers, Eubanks and Jordans Virginia batteries) were highly complimented by the officials and President Davis said that they saved the day.

When Gen. Hood succeeded Gen. Johnston, Lee participated in the ill-fated campaign in Tennessee.

Lee commanded the rear guard in the retreat from Nashville, and his cool courage and skillful management, aided by the heroic fighting of his men and by Forrest, who came to his aid later, saved the remnants of Hood's army. He was severely wounded in the campaign.

June 8, 1908

From Hopkins County, Tex. I will write a short sketch of father's life. His name is Hisom Spencer and he was born in Dickson County, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1837, which makes him 72 years old. I think he gets around fine, as he still makes a crop, although he can't work steadily all day. He has fine health and walks prouder than lots of the young men of today. His father lived to be 94 years old and his mother something over 100. She died last December. Father came to Texas in 1852 and was married to Mrs. Martha Hampton in 1861. In 1862 began his war life, and he enlisted in Upsher County, Tex. He belonged to Company D, Col. Lanes Regiment, and served four years. He made a brave soldier and went through the war without getting a scratch. Some of the boys threw a hatchet at him, but missing their aim, he was unhurt. He was in several hard fights and was ordered from Texas to Fort Smith, Ark., and from there to Cane Hill and from there to Louisiana. He was in the Mansfield battle, so you old timers know he has heard the cannon roar many times. His mother had six sons and her husband in the war and they all came out alive. I think father said there was one of them slightly wounded. His mother was left with five little girls to make a living for, the oldest being 15 years old. She had one pony and by the help of her little girls she made a living and raised them all to be nice, hard-working girls.

Father's company was disbanded May 5, 1865 and came home. His wife died March 8, 1876, and he was married to my mother, Miss Lizzie Harrison April 25, 1878. They settled in Hopkins County, near Sulphur Springs, fifty years ago, where they still reside. They had eleven children; six of them have passed over the River of Death and are awaiting the coming of father, mother, brother and sisters, and if we live right we shall meet where there is no sad parting. The living children are Mrs. Mattie Nicholson of DeQueen, Ark.; Mrs. Lula Reynolds and Mrs. Reed Wright of Sulphur Springs; S. H. Spencer, the oldest child, and Johnnie Spencer, a girl of 14. Mother is 52 years old and has pretty black hair; she isn't getting gray very fast, and father isn't gray, either, to have gone through as many hardships as he has. They have twelve grandchildren.

I don't see how any one can keep house without The News. Father would be glad to hear from any of his old comrades. His address is H. Spencer, Sulphur Springs, Tex. I will close, with best wishes to the editor and the many readers. Mrs. Reed Wright, Sulphur Springs, Hopkins County, Tex.

Company B Roster. The following roster of Company B, Nineteenth Cavalry, was sent in by H. B. Cox, Mesquite, Tex., Nat M. Burford, Colonel, and Allen Beard, Captain:

Angel, Eli
Anderson, Wm.
Benett, Hardy.
Beeman, Samuel.
Beeman, Jas.
Beeman, Scott.
Badgley, Dan.
Bryant, John.
Cox, C. C.
Cox, Jacob.
Cox, J. M.

Cox, D. B.
Cox, H. B.
Cornagy, George.
Colwell, Hugh.
Coats, James.
Capehart, James.
Crow, George.
Dunn, Thomas.
Darby
Denton, John.
Duvall, Ell.
Chinault, Wes.
Chinault, John.
Emerson, Sam.
Elam, Frank.
Elam, Bent.
Elam, Isaac.
Elam, Andy.
Fugat, John.
Fugat, William.
Fleeman, Doc.
Frishott, Asheal.
Gray, Milam.
Garrett, Louis.
Gill, James.
Graham, Arch.
Horn, William.
Henderson, John.
Huntsman, William.
Hart, James.
Hammons, Steve.
Hunnicut, William.
Hunnicut, Sam.
Hasrooks, J. T.
Johnston, Joseph.
Johnston, Balus.
Jackson, Good.
Jackson, George.
Keemp, Steve.
Lindzy, Gus.
Lumley, James.
Loter, John.
Lay, Jesse.
Lay, Frank.
Lanham, D.
Merrifield, Jeff.
Merrell, Bob.
Merrell, Alexander.
Merrell, Adolph.
Mouser, F. M.
Miller, John.
Miller, Press
Miller, James.
Miller, Marsh.
McDermett, Port.
Maulding, Press.
McComas, E.
McComas, Milt.
McComas, Steve.
McComas, William.
McComas, Mike.
Markes, Wat.
Moore, F. M.
McClanahan, James.
McKinzy, George.

Nash, James.
Prigmore, Ben.
Ornsley, John.
Peer, Isaac.
Penn, John.
Penn, Bob.
Pery, Nathan.
Ramsey, Jesse.
Stepout, Henry.
Shepard, Joseph.
Shepard, Bud.
Smith, George.
Smith, Frank.
Trees, Crawford.
Thomason, John.
Thomason, Newt.
Thornthwait, Jonathan.
Wright, Tom.
Watson, John.
Winsor, Jarett.
Wilson, John.
Toliver, Joe.
Raymond, Emuel.
Keemp, Murphey.

Was in Eighth Texas Infantry. I am 81 years old, was born in 1827 in Bienville Parish, La. Came to Texas in 1849 and joined the Confederate Army in 1861 at Corpus Christi, Company E, Eighth Texas Infantry, Habbys Regiment. My Captains name was McCamel. I went from Corpus Christi to Pensacola Island, from there to Port Lavaca, from there to Galveston.

In 1864 I was sent by Gen. Magruder to Houston, Tex., to work in the Government shoe shop, and stayed there until the war ended. Would be glad to hear from any old comrades. Arthur Ross, Bertram, Tex.

From Dallas County, Texas. I am an old Confederate soldier and enlisted in Dallas County. I was mustered into service Feb. 28, 1862, at Dallas, and took up the line of march July 21. I was in Company B, Capt. Beards Company, Col. N. M. Bufords Regiment, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry, and it was disbanded in the spring of 1865. I would like to get a letter from any of my old comrades. There are ten or twelve members of Company B in Dallas County. Hart B. Cox, Mesquite, Dallas County, Texas.

A Mississippi Soldier. I am an ex-Confederate soldier and first entered the service from Mississippi in 1862. Was detached to Semples Battery on the Kentucky campaign. I surrendered at Greensboro, S. C., May 2, 1865. I greatly desire to hear from some of the old soldiers of Semples Battery. W. G. Brauer, Mertens, Tex.

From Mills County, Texas. Under the head of old-timers I think I am entitled to a seat, as I was born in Middle Tennessee in 1832; so I will be 76 years old on my birthday. I came to Texas in 1853, stopped in Tyler County, and stayed there until October, 1854, when I moved to Bell County, where I stayed until 1905. Then I came to Goldthwaite, Tex. I started in the Civil War in October, 1861, in the Tenth Texas, and remained there until May, 1862, when I received an honorable discharge on account of asthma, and in November, 1862, I joined the frontier service and remained until the close of the war. We furnished our own horses, arms, clothing and rations, and were to be on the frontier one-half our time, and received for our services \$2 per day in State money. But we did not get pay for our time, and we were exposed to many hardships. The bones of a good many of our boys are now bleaching on the battle ground of Dove Creek.

We will soon all be gone to that country from which none return, but I hope we may be able to exclaim, I have fought a good fight: I have kept the faith. A few numbers back in The News I saw a letter from a dear old sister from Bland, Tex., that I have known for a long time. She has been traveling the paths of this world about seventy-five years, but she has been in possession of that gift the blessed Savior said he would give us when he said: I will give you my spirit to bear witness with yours, that you are a child of God. She has had many crosses to bear, but I have no doubt but she was as well prepared as it is possible for humanity to be in this life. Dear, old friends, love and best wishes to you all. B. P. Lee, Goldthwaite, Mills County, Texas.

Old Soldier and Family. G. A. Ragland was a Confederate soldier and served in the war till the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in May, 1865. He came home and married Mary A. Weaver in 1866. Of this union four children were born, Mrs. Eugenia Davis, Mrs. Ellen Gayler, Dr. T. S. Ragland, and Dr. Marcus Ragland, all married. Mrs. Davis lives at

Lancaster, Tex.; she has one daughter married, Mrs. Cora Fitzhugh, who has three children. Mrs. Ellen Gayler lives in Georgia, Dr. T. S. Ragland at Gilmer, Texas, and Dr. Marcus Ragland lives at Monroe, N. C. , and is an employee of the United States Agricultural Industries.

We have eighteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. We were out to see our son and daughter in September last, and while there had our pictures taken. Wife and I live by ourselves, I often tell her that we are just like we were when we first were married. We were married forty-one years ago last September, and we hope to live to visit Texas many more times before we are called to meet friends up yonder.

I will soon be 66 years old, and my life seems but a short time. It seems but a short time since I was a schoolboy. I pray Gods blessings on the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and The News. G. A. Ragland, Chattanooga Co., Ga.

From Lee County, Virginia. I belonged to the southern Army. I volunteered in July, 1861, in Company B, Fiftieth Virginia Regiment, and served under John B. Floyd the first year in Northwest Virginia, and in December, 1861, we were ordered to Tennessee to meet the Federals at Fort Donaldson, and after our battle was over, we met at Murfreesboro, Tenn. There we re-enlisted for the remainder of the war and came home on thirty days furlough. Then we went to the Eastern army under Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and remained there until the close of the war, except nine months at Point Lookout, Maryland.

I was in the battle of Fort Donaldson in February, 1862; Chancellorsville, May 1863; in the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, and next in the Battle of the Wilderness, May 1864. My age in 73. Would be glad to hear from any old Confederates. John J. Rutherford, Jonesville, Lee County, Virginia.

From Edwards County, Texas. I enlisted in Marion County, Alabama, in 1861, Company G, Sixteenth Alabama Regiment, and served there until the battle at Corinth, Miss., and then I went into a battalion of sharpshooters under Major Hawkins. I continued under Hawkins and was in many hard battles, and at Chickamauga, Tenn., I was wounded; my father was wounded and a brother was killed in the same battle. My battalion were nearly all killed. I was sent to the Atlanta Hospital, and never have met any of my old comrades. I would like to hear from some of them. I have lived here sixteen years, and am on my farm three miles south of Barksdale. R. J. Custer, Barksdale, Edwards County, Texas.

June 18, 1908

From Houston County, Tex. I came to old Houston County in 1860 and landed right here in calling distance of where I now live and own land adjoining the first place I ever lived on in the county. Was here all during the war of the 60s. We had a hard time, we thought, but not like some in other States that tell us of their troubles. Still, ours were hard enough.

I was born in old Mississippi in 1849 and came to Washington County in 1854, and then to this county in 1860. So you see I was not old enough to go into the war, I stayed at home and helped to make hog and hominy to support the women and children and when I was not in the field at work I helped my old widowed mother card and spin and make cloth. We made many yards of cloth of all kinds that ever were made at home. You may think it rather strange to tell you that I have carded and spun and me only a 12-year-old boy, but it is the truth. My mother would give me one hank of thread to card and spin each day and I have carded and spun many a one and got done before night and then have run and played the balance of the day. She would have me reel my own hank off myself, and I would run a stick through my broach of thread and then hold the stick between my toes and away I would reel thread was a sight, if you could have seen me.

I have filled hundreds, yes, thousands, of spools of thread for my mother to weave with and have handed thread many a day for her to carry through the harness and then she could carry it through the sleigh herself, and let me tell you, before the war was over I had gotten to be a good sized boy and began to notice those pretty homespun dresses the pretty girls wore and I thought the one that Miss Belle S. Grounds wore was the prettiest of them all and I kept that thought up until 1870, and she and I were made man and wife, and we have pulled together ever since. Now we have a comfortable home and plenty to live on the balance of our lives. I will be 60 next April and she 58 next May; both of us work all the time at something or other, though we could live without doing a bit of work, but we would rather wear out than to rust out. - James N. Tyer, Crockett, Houston County, Tex.

From Callahan County, Tex. You are very kind and liberal to spare us old people space of your valuable paper, and we ought to highly appreciate your favor. I surely do, and I certainly enjoy reading the letters from the old people, also my fellows of the Civil War, and God bless those noble women who stayed at home and kept the wolf from the door while husbands and sons were noble in their convictions and were out defending their country with nothing to eat sometimes but parched corn, those noble women were at home having their hardships as well as we, substituting parched wheat and sweet potatoes for coffee.

I was born in East Tennessee, McMinn County, Sept. 7, 1828, and am in my 70th year. Rev. M. H. Sellers, a Baptist divine of the Roan County, Tennessee, was my grandfather on mothers side. On fathers, Joel Jones, and several uncles

drifted West in the fifties. I was married to Miss Elizabeth Spradling, Nov. 16, 1859, and thank you Lord, shes still baking my biscuits. I volunteered in the army in 1861, in Dr. Hodges company, Company D, Forty-Third Tennessee, J. W. Gillespie, Colonel, and was with Bragg in Kentucky. Later went to Vicksburg, Miss., and was in the siege, in the surrender, paroled, went home, exchanged in two months, went back to my command and stayed until the last gun was fired, including Lees surrender. I was paroled by Federal authorities and landed home May 17, 1865. Ive been in Texas three years last April, and my children are all in Texas - seven in number. I have thirty grandchildren and one great-grandchild. I have one dear son, W. J. Jones and wife, lying in the cemetery at Frankford, Tex., awaiting the resurrection. Peace be to their ashes! I hope to meet them by and by. The old time religions good enough for me. Im an old Baptist, primitive, and I like the old hand-shake religion. On, those good, ole soul-cheering songs, Children of the Heavenly King, etc.

I would be glad to hear from any member of my company, regiment or a near relative. - G. G. Jones, Atwell, Callahan County, Tex.

From Hopkins County, Tex. I was born in Sabine County, Texas, June 25, 1833, and moved with my parents to Shelby County before my recollections and lived near Shelbyville until 1844, when we moved to Hopkins County, where I have ever since resided. I was living in Shelby County in time of the Indians and Mexican Wars. I was in the famous runaway scrape, when the report came that Gen. Santa Anna was coming through Shelby County, but he never got there. My father, brother and two uncles were in the battle of San Jacinto, and they were in all the Indian wars. We were living in Shelby County in time of the regulating and moderating war. That beat all the wars I have ever seen and I was in the Confederate war, so you see I know something about war times.

If I was back in Shelby County on the old farm on Tenaha Creek, the very first thing I would do would be to go down to the creek and pull off my shoes and take a good, old-fashioned wade, just like I used to do in the long, long ago, when I was a happy little rollicking boy.

I have been a reader of The News more than forty years. - B. Merchant, Dike, Hopkins County, Tex.

From Dewey County, Ok. I served in the Virginia army under Jackson, Early and Gordon in the Sixtieth Georgia Regiment, Company D, Whitfields volunteers, and was one year in the Fourth Georgia Battalion, same company. I am trying to farm some, and I would rather farm than carry a gun. I was in some awful battles. Was in the seven days fight at Chickasaw Swamps, the Battle of Second Manassas and the Battle of Sharpsburg, and there I got wounded and had to be carried off the field. I went to Pennsylvania with Early and Jackson and back to Gettysburg, that dreadful place, and was at several other places. Was at Chancellorsville and got wounded in both legs. I am 65 years old and feeling very old now. - Warren McAbee, Putnam, Dewey County, Oklahoma.

June 22, 1908

From Somervell County, Tex. I was a member of Company G. Third Arkansas Cavalry, Harrisons Brigade, Wheelers Command, Army of Tennessee, at the surrender. We got our paroles at Greensboro, N.C. some time in April, 1865. Our brigade at the surrender was composed of the Eighth and Eleventh Texas, Fourth Tennessee, Third Arkansas Cavalry. I am the youngest brother of Capt. George W. Winburne, who fell at Chickamauga on that, to me, sad Sunday evening. I got an ambulance and with several friends carried him to an old mill, where we picked up old lumber and nails and made a box and buried him in his Captains uniform to await the resurrection morn, when I hope to meet him in the beautiful city of love and light, he having been a Christian from his boyhood.

I became a Methodist minister in 1871, and joined the Little Rock conference in 1872. Served in that conference till 1879, when I transferred to Northwest Texas conference and took retired relations in 1895, and came to this place, where I am sheltered in a nice little home, and with friends, books, meetings, garden, chickens, pigs, etc. I keep soul and body together, in fact, its the most restful period of my life, still I preach as much or more than when a pastor in meetings. I can locate a few of the Third Arkansas, Capt. J. E. Dumas, Good Hope, Miss.; Capt. Charley Leaked and Caleb Warren, Abilene, Tex.; Jack Briege of Corsicana, Tex.; John Browning, Dallas, Tex.; Pert Henderson, Company D, Jonesboro, Tex.; Ben Holmes, Fordyce, Ark.; John Moore, Company E, Little Rock, Ark.; John Leer died at Corsicana several years since, Jim K. Jones, Company A, Washington City, D.C., was for a lone time in United States Senate, so we are scattered.

"Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to rolle
God Grant It. Finch M. Winburne, Glen Rose, Somervell Co., Tex.
Roll of Sam Lanham Camp. The following is the roll of members of Camp Sam Lanham, No. 1,383, United Confederate Veterans, of Clarendon, Tex.";

D. J. Murphy, Company G, Frontier Texas Cavalry.
E. E. McGee, Company B, Forty-Second North Carolina.
W. T. McDaniel, Company A, Fourth Missouri.
T. N. Naylor.

W. J. Owens, Company H, Nineteenth Texas Infantry.
J. C. Philips, Company C, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry.
R. R. Reed.
J. H. Reeves, Company K, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi.
R. B. Robbins, Company L. Sixth Kentucky.
G. W. Smith, Company G, First Confederate.
W. V. Smith, First Missouri Artillery, Lone Jack Battalion.
F. R. Steel, Company B, Fifth Tennessee Cavalry, Gano Brigade.
W. G. Smith, Company B, Pierce Battalion, Marmaduke Division.
J. J. Scroggins, Company C, Thirty-Ninth Ala.
B. F. Wright, Company F, Thirty-Eighth Ala.
J. F. Woodward, Company F, Third Alabama.
A. J. Wyatt, Company K, Perrine Regiment, Alabama.
G. R. Sullivan, Company I, Sixth Texas Cavalry. Ross Brigade.
G. W. Allen, Company I, Fourteenth Texas Infantry.
L. McQueen, Company B, Eleventh Missouri Infantry, Clark Brigade.
A. B. Clark, Company A, Bufford Regiment Cavalry.
W. C. Brinson, Company C, Sixty-Second Alabama Infantry.
G. W. Casey, Company A, Eighth Georgia Infantry.
David Rice, Company A, Thirteenth Kentucky.
W. J. Bowling, Company A, Fifteenth Tennessee Cavalry.
K. W. Fryor, Company K, Ninth Arkansas Infantry, Bowen Brigade.
Nate Smith.
J. L. Wright, Company A, Second Georgia Battalion Infantry, Adjutant.
B. T. Lane, Company A, Fortieth George commissary.
S. E. Burkhead, chaplain.
Levi Braly, Company H, Seventeenth Tennessee.
L. D. Blackwell, Ingrams Buck Harris Battalion Cavalry.
W. E. Betts, Company C, Thirteenth Georgia Infantry.
S. Y. Beavers, Company D, Thirteenth Texas Infantry.
H. B. Catlett, Company I, Fourteenth Texas.
W. H. Condron, Company F, Seventeenth Texas.
S. C. Davis, Company G, Thirty-Sixth Alabama.
G. B. Donnell, Company C, Fourth Tennessee.
J. C. Fleming, Company A, seventeenth Texas Infantry.
T. A. Gattis, Company K, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry.
W. C. Hightower, Company A, Second Louisiana.
F. P. Hughes, Company 3, Eighth Arkansas.
P. D. Hudgins, Company A, Gano Bat.
P. D. Haney, company A, Second Tennessee Cavalry.
W. W. Hastings, Forrest escort.
J. F. Journey, Company F, Ninth Tennessee.
O. D. King, Company B, Thirty-Second Mississippi.
W. T. Kennedy, Company K, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry.
W. H. Martin, Company I, Forty-Firth Mississippi.

The officers are:

R. S. Kimberline Company D, Second Missouri Cavalry. Commander. Clarendon, Tex.
A. J. Barrett, Company G, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry, Ross Brigade, First Lieutenant.
P. R. Stephens, Company A, First Missouri Cavalry, Shelby Brigade, Second Lieutenant.

I will be 64 July 20, so give me a letter party that day to help pass off the time. I hope my old comrades will write to me. I have been a member of the Baptist Church twenty-five years, and try to live right. Hope to meet all good comrades at the last roll call, with no black marks against me. Dont forget the letter party July 20. Best wishes to all and the kind editor. - William T. Edgeman, Newport, Clay Co., Tex.

Was in Second Georgia. I would be glad to hear from old comrades whom I havent heard from for forty years or more. I was in the first company of Capt Tom Merritt, Second Georgia Cavalry. Colonel, Crews; brigade, Allens; corps, Wheelers.

If I never hear from any of you until the last roll call I hope to meet you all there. By Gods grace, I expect to be there, and receive that plaudit, well done, thou faithful soldier. Boys, be ready for that call, for it is more important than it used to be, to fall in line, to answer the Sergeants call of our names, and it wont be long until all of us will have to answer up yonder. - L. O. Clements, Memphis, Tenn.

Monday, June 29, 1908

From Navarro County, Tex. Larkin Hill, my father, is one of Texas noblest men. In April 1861 he enlisted in Company K, Sixth Alabama Regiment, and was sent to the Army of Virginia under the command of Stonewall Jackson until the latter's death. He participated in the first battle at Bull Run, the fight at Seven Pines, the seven days fight at Richmond, and at Sharpsburg, and was captured and taken to Fort Delaware where he was kept twenty-three days. Being exchanged, he returned to his command and was at the battle of Fredericksburg, and at Chancellorsville, where Jackson was killed. He was at Gettysburg, at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and from there to Lynchburg, on to Harpers Ferry and into the District of Columbia with the Early raid. There were skirmishes all along the way, and on the return to the Shenandoah Valley, and the men played see-saw with Sheridan all through the fall of 1864. Then the regiment went to Petersburg and was placed in the trenches when the final surrender was made at Appomattox. Gens. Gordon and Fitzhugh Lees were the last lines to cut through three lines deep and father was in the line with his regiment where they were held for final action but was not permitted to make a move. His subsequent commander was L. F. Culver and he, with Lieut. Overdere, were the only members of the original company left to stack arms at the surrender. His only wound had been a very slight one made by a bullet along the side of his head. He is strong for his age.

We take The News, and I enjoy reading the old soldiers letters. - Mrs. R. H. Hill (nee Dawson), Dawson, Navarro Co., Tex.

From Clark County, Ark. I was born in Lumpkin County, Georgia, in 1826 and was married to Arty Mitchell in 1853. We moved to Alabama in 1855 and lived there until the war broke out. I then enlisted under Col. Morrison, Company G., First Georgia Cavalry, in 1862. I fought in several hard battles, of which I will name a few: London, Richmond, Murfreesboro, Cumberland Gap, Beacon Creek Bridge, Corinth, Loudon and several others. I was captured in 1864 on the Cumberland River and there were seven others captured at the same time. We were sent to Camp Chase and kept there about one month, and then sent to Johnsons Island. Stayed there about three months and were sent at Point Lookout, Md., and kept until paroled in February, 1865.

In 1872, with my family, I moved to Hot Springs County, Ark., where I lived until 1901, when I moved to Fannin County, Texas, and from there to Parker County. I stayed there about six months then moved back to Arkansas, where I can get around very well for a man of my age. Knowing that I can not survive many more years and months, I would be very glad indeed to hear from some of my comrades and friends. - Ace Holcomb, Lenox, Clark Co., Ark.

Soldiers Knew How to Run. I am an old Confederate veteran, and was in the Nineteenth Tennessee Cavalry, Forests command. Would like to hear from my old comrades.

I see H. F. Stulby of the Fifth Ohio Regiment wanted to know if there are any of Forests men in Texas who recollect the scrape at Lexington, Tenn. I do. He said they surely found out that they had business at Jackson and he thought they marched about fifteen miles per hour, with us keeping up the rear. I wonder if he recollects Forest capturing their artillery, running it up in town and firing through the streets at them. I think they went at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, and the next morning we ran into an ambuscade, and there we had to ride fast a little ourselves. Then we went to Union City, and captured a regiment there. On the road back there was a little more fun, but it was about a draw; the Federals held the field, but they were so badly worsted that they could not claim any victory. - A. K. Nix, Avery, Tex.

Was Always Ready for Service. I was born in Gaston County, North Carolina, in 1845, and volunteered in July, 1861. Our regiment was organized at Wilmington, N. C. and was the Twenty-Eighth North Carolina. My company was B. We were sent to Virginia and put in a brigade composed of the Seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-Eighth, Thirty-Third and Thirty-Seventh North Carolina, and Gen. L. L. B. Branch was our brigade commander; a braver man never drew a sword; he fell at Sharpsburg, Md. Then our Colonel, James H. Lane was made brigade commander. We were in A. P. Hills division, Jacksons corps, until he fell at Chancellorsville; then A. P. Hill took the corps, and we wound up at Appomattox. I was twice wounded.

I served as a private throughout the war, as was never absent from my command but one time when there was any fighting going on, and that was at Sharpsburg. I was at the surrender at Appomattox. - L. R. Clemmer, Clyde, Tex.

Ranger from Burnet County. I am of the old-timers, 83 years old, Feb. 8. I enlisted in Coleman County and joined Capt. Mullins company, served till the close of the war. I saw some of the hard times, as did some others, and came to Texas in 1850, landed in Bastrop, Bastrop County, and worked at the wheelwright business until 1851, when I moved to Brookville, which is now Florence, Williamson County, and lived there until 1861, when I moved to Coleman County. I am now unable to do any work, but my earnest desire and prayer is to live right and do as much good as possible as long as I am spared, and would be glad to hear from as many old neighbors, friends, and relatives as will write to me. My wife is 76 years old, and says we cant do without The News. - James H. Montgomery, Briggs, Burnet County, Texas.

Tuesday, July 14, 1908

From Comanche County, Ok. I was born in Caddo Parish, Louisiana, twenty-two miles west of Shreveport, Dec. 13, 1841, and moved to Panola County, Texas in 1852. I lived there two years and moved to Rusk, Tex.; then I moved to Navarro County and lived there until the Civil War. I joined an independent company under Capt. William Love and went to Houston, but they would not take our company into the Confederate Army, so it disbanded there, and I went on to Velasco and there joined Capt. Meltons company, Bates regiment. We stayed there about six months, I then enlisted in the regular Army for three years, or during the war. I went into Capt. Fortys company, G, Fifteenth Texas Infantry, Polnoks brigade, Meltons division. I was in the two days fight at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill and other little engagements too numerous to mention. Will say to my old comrades that I would like to meet them all once more in some cool, shady spot and have a good chat before the final roll call. I have been a reader of The News for several years and think I could hardly do without it. Best wishes to all. G. C. Miller, Hastings, Comanche Co., Ok.

From McLennan County, Tex. I was born in Pike County, Alabama, July 3, 1841, and moved to Arkansas in 1844. I lived there till 1861, and then for four years I lived in Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina and surrendered to Sherman at Greensborough, N. C. Sherman gave me a furlough home, dirty and ragged, with patched pants and not a dollar. We Arkansas boys got 50 cents apiece after we were surrendered. I got a hat with mine at Nashville on my way home under guard. I got home, and how those mothers had worked and their daughters, too! Some had to plow, make bread, spin and knit by firelight, and I have carded and pun some but the roll would all twist up. My girl spun a No. 12 thread and made her a dress. She stripped it and it was a mostly dress. I had a hankering for it, but could not get it without the wearer, so I took both, and I have never regretted it. Now we are both old and have no children to grieve over our departure or strew our graves with flowers.

We old-timers will all soon be gone and the war will soon be over. We hope to be at the first roll call to meet some of our old comrades that are gone before. The editor of The News is very kind to allow space to the old-timers. -- J. Z. Amason, McGregor, McLennan Co., Tex.

Father Fought at Dove Creek. My father, Isaac West, was born Nov. 11, 1829, and was married to Ruth Kiser of Williamson County Jan. 18, 1853. Ten children were born to this union, but only two are living, one brother and myself. His name is G. W. West, and is from Lake Victor, Tex. Father was on the frontier during the four years of the Civil War.

I notice in a letter from B. P. Lee to The News he speaks of the battle of Dove Creek. Father was in the Dove Creek fight and he and his family lived during those four years on the Colorado River in Hannah Valley, San Saba County, and they experienced some hard times. He has long since gone from this world of sorrow to that sweet beyond. He was an upright, honorable Christian and belonged to the M. E. Church, South. He died in 1884. Mother is still living, and makes her home with me. Letters from any of fathers old friends will be appreciated by his daughter. -- Mrs. W. S. Archey, Grundyville, Lampasas Co., Texas.

Prisoner at Camp Chase. Some time ago I read a letter from a brother who spoke of being a prisoner in Camp Chase in time of the war. I have forgotten his name, but would like to ask him if he knew a prisoner there by the name of David Oaks, who died in prison. He was married to my sister during the war and was conscripted into service and was captured by the enemy. They had a son born during the imprisonment of the father, and he is now living at New Tazwell, Tenn. His name is David Lee Oaks. Will the brother please let me know? -- Mrs. Winnie McDaniel, (nee Sellars) Wynnewood, Ok.

Monday, July 20, 1908

Boyhood Friend of James K. Jones. I retired in 1905 instead of 1895, as your types make me say. Warren Juniels Postoffice in Bearden, Ark. Capt. Al Burwell is a prominent lawyer in North Carolina.

I see my youthful friend, Hon. Jim K. Jones, Washington, D. C., has crossed over to the great beyond. Jim K., as we called him, was my senior a few years, but in the heyday of life we enlisted from the same county and same regiment and went to the defense of our country. Both survived the four years shock of war, came home and both married pretty girls. Jim K. became, as you know, a lawyer and prominent politician. In 1871, I became a Methodist itinerant preacher. He has met his reward; ere long I must do the same. In all the vicissitudes of life we kept in touch with each other, and I shall miss his friendly cheerful letters from Washington. Peace to his ashes. I hope to meet him in that land of cloudless day. Heaven bless his loved ones left behind. The friends of my youth are passing away. I hope we will all be ready for the roll call up yonder.

Tell all those Tishomingo, Mississippi, County scribblers that I, too, am a Tishomingo County boy, born and partly reared in the pine-clad hills of old Tish.; later, however, I became water-bound in Arkansas. Now laugh. Yes, I love Arkansas, for there I got religion and got a wife and have her yet, and there in the Little Rock Conference I got my first circuit. After all, Arkansas is not to be grinned at. I certainly have good reason for loving Arkansas.

By the way, my children are getting married. My baby girl, Dora, married Walter Roark of Walnut Springs, Tex., April 21, and to our great surprise my son Pierce came in from Walnut Springs yesterday with Dovie Downey and I fixed them up, and this evening they went on their way rejoicing hunting for Walnut Springs, their home. So like parent like children, they will marry when they get a chance.

Our little town is county seat of Sommervell County, and a health resort, i. e., a great number of flowing wells, and the people are coming in now in swarms from all about and filling our several parks along the Paluxy. Some three miles below we have already struck lots of gas, and some oil, and of course we expect a gusher ere long. In fact, all we lack of being a city of no small repute is a railroad and a little more money. The natural resources are here. - F. M. Winburne, Glen Rose, Tex.

154th Tennessee. I served in the Confederate Army. Left my home near Shiloh, Tenn., May 2, 1861; was a member of Company I, 154th Sen. Regiment, Tennessee Infantry, but served in the Sixteenth Tennessee Cavalry a short time. Our regiment furnished more Generals to the Confederate Army than any other regiment I have ever heard of. Gen. Forrest first volunteered in the regiment as a private soldier.

Our first Colonel, Preston Smith, killed at Chickamauga, our Lieutenant Colonel, Marcus J. Wright, now of Washington D. C., and Major Martin, killed at Corinth, Miss., were all Brigadier Generals and went out with that regiment. Then come Luke Wright, now Secretary of War, who was too young for a soldier when we went out, but was later made a marker and stayed with the regiment to the end. What regiment can beat that for Generals?

How many of the old soldiers who see this remember the night of the muddy march from New Hope Church, the flank movement the night and morning before the battle of Atlanta and our lying in the trenches around Atlanta in the sun without any shade, and the battle at Jonesboro and Lovejoy? The day we got back to Jonesboro from Lovejoy Station I was detailed to help bury about 300 of our dead. Some of them had been dead for three days. The weather was very warm and only the old soldiers know what kind of task we had.

I would be glad to hear from any of the old regiment or anyone who suffered on that Georgia campaign.

Now, I will ask a question o the young folk who write to The News: Where was the battle of Dead Angel fought, date, number killed on each side, who commanded each side, what act of bravery was shown that day?

This is not the battle of Bloody Angle in Virginia, but a battle that history gives no account of. - W. S. Ray, DeQueen, Ark.

Death of a Pioneer. G. E. Miller, familiarly known as Uncle George, was born in Mississippi, Tishomingo County, May 7, 1837, and died May 29, 1908, being 71 years old. He came to Texas sixty-four years ago, to Marshall, then to Parker County in 1853 with his mother and ten children, and came to Wise County thirty-one years ago last April. He was married to Miss Mannie Cagburn in 1861. Twelve children were born to them, of whom ten are living, one boy in Mexico, two in Western Texas and two in Wise County. His youngest boy is in Oklahoma. His girls all lived near him - Mrs. Gregg, Mrs. Thedford, Miss Emma Miller of Balsora, Tex.; Mrs. Johnston of Vineyard, Tex. He had also a host of grandchildren.

He was a Texas Ranger under Capt. Johnston in 1859, and was a soldier in the Confederate Army. Was Lieutenant under Capt. McKamp, of which he held to his death his old commission. He could tell many frontier incidents and many trials of war trouble. - Mrs. M. E. Mann, Balsora, Tex.

Browns Company of Rangers. I have been watching The News several years hoping to see something in regard to a company of State Rangers mustered into service in June, 1859, and put under command of Capt. John Henry Brown, being mustered out again early in September of the same year. As I have not seen anything in regard to this company I will write a few words myself, though I know not if there is any living besides myself that was in that company. The companys existence as made necessary by the fact that the reserve Indian, as they were called, had become very troublesome on the Texas frontier, killing, stealing stock, etc., so that their depredations became unbearable and they had to be moved off of Texas soil.

Capt. Browns company was sent to protect the frontier against their raids and to keep peace as far as possible between these Indians and the settlers. The Government was feeding these Indians on their two reservations, the Caddos in what is now Young County, if I am not mistaken, the other reservation of Kickappos, Wichitas, etc., were higher up the Brazos River.

We followed the Indians north as far as the Little Wichita where we went into camp for several days, and where myself and a young man by the name of Estes were stricken down with dysenteric fever and poor Estes died ad was buried there away from any human habitation. I would doubtless have died but for the skill of our company physician, Dr. Radford, or Rutherford, or something like it (who can give me his name?) and the faithful patience of James Morrison, who nursed me through my sickness and until I was able to be hauled in our Mexican carts that hauled our baggage. I think there were fifteen or twenty of these two-wheeled carts drawn by oxen. While on this trip I carried a large single-barrel pistol, the barrel being made of brass on account of which the boys nicknamed me Artillery.e

I am very anxious to learn if there is still living any one that was in this company. Myself, Bob Hurley, James Morrison and I think several others enlisted at Stephenville, in Erath County. It is near fifty years ago, and my memory is failing, but I have given a few incidents which I think sufficient to enable any survivor to remember this campaign and also to

remember myself. We will not have many more years on earth. I pray we may meet at the great white throne. - George B. Ely, Odessa, Ector Co., Tex.

In Several Hard Fights. As I have read so many letters from the old soldiers I thought I would send a little of my experience in the Civil War. I served four years. I first went to Talledega, and drilled two months. There we were organized and drew arms. From there we went to Cumberland Gap, Tenn., and stayed there about two months and were in several skirmishes while there, and we got the Federals out of these and started into Kentucky. We overtook them. At Lexington and had a three days fight there. From there we went to Jefferson, Ind., and we had to turn and come back to the Gap. We were then ordered to Nashville, Tenn., and there they turned us back to Bridgeport, Ala. There we were ordered to Vicksburg, Miss., and we stayed there about three weeks, and went from there down to Fort Gibson, and we had a three days heat of hard fighting there, and then we had to fall back to Jackson, Miss. The enemy met us there and had three days fighting. From there back to Vicksburg again and there the siege began. I, orderly Sergeant, and three more men got cut off. We attached ourselves to another company and fought in the year every day while the siege went on till they surrendered. After Vicksburg surrendered we fell back to old Jackson again. We had it about a week. There they charged us with bayonets. After they charged us with bayonets we stayed with them to days and nights, and fell back to Demopolis, Ala., and there we met our old regiment and all got together, and we were ordered to Chickamauga, and there the fighting stopped. We fell back to Rocky Face Ridge and fought there two or three days. Then we fell back to Resaca, from there to Cartersville, Ga., and from there to New Hope, Ga., a church, and there we fought three days of the hardest fighting we ever did, and then they ran us across Lost Mountain, and I was captured on the 15th day of June. They sent me to Rock Island and I left the fighting with them. I stayed in the coop a while.

If any of my old comrades see this, write to me. - J. H. Haney, Honey Grove, Tex., R. F. D. No. 4.

Sixty-Seven Years in Texas. I would be glad to hear from my old comrades whom I havent heard from in forty years or more. I was in Capt. Robersons company, Company C, Col. Duffs regiment, B Brigade.

If any of my comrades are living I would be glad to hear from them. I was born in Choctaw County, Mississippi in 1830. I came to Texas in 1835 and lived there until 1902, then I moved to Oklahoma. Atoka County, where I now live. Lewis is my Postoffice. - S. T. Hartley, Lewis, Atoka Co., Ok.

Enlisted in Missouri. I am an old Confederate soldier; joined Capt. Alexanders company in Cooper County, Missouri, May 11, 1861. I saw some of the war, or all that I could get to, until captured with Capt. John Jenkins in 1864, while on Prices raid. I was taken to Rock Island, Ill., and was paroled from there June 3, 1865. I am 65 years old and as stout as I ever was.

I would like to hear from any old comrade or friend. Best of wishes for The News and all who read it. - R. H. Kimbrough, Voca, Ok.

Would Like to Find Comrades. I would like very much to hear from any old soldiers belonging to Sholewater Regiment, Company E, Capt. La Costers army. I am 66 years old, and served in this army. I was born in Benton County, Missouri; moved to Texas in 1844, and was raised in Grayson County, Texas. I moved from there to Cook County, and lived there until 1892, when I went to Indian Territory. I hope to hear from some old comrade soon. - J. C. Hibbert, Fleetwood, Ok.

Husband Served in Walkers Division. I come to inquire for any of the comrades of my husband, George D. Macomber, nicknamed Beauregard, who belonged to Walkers division, Company K, and served under Major Redwood. He was a drummer, and was said to have been the last surviving drummer. If any of his old comrades see this please write to me. - Mrs. Fannie K. Macomber, Hammond, Ok.

Husband Was a Ranger. I would like to hear from any of the comrades of my husband, W. C. Beckham, who served in the ranger service before the Civil War. - Nancy E. Beckham, Weatherford, Tex.

Monday, July 27, 1908

Thirteenth Georgia. I was born Oct. 1, 1842, in Meriwether County, Ga., near the Troup County line. I joined Company K, Thirteenth Georgia, in February, 1862. We had first and last nearly 150 men, and out of that number about thirty of us got home. We belonged to Gen. J. B. Gordons Brigade, Earlys Division, Jacksons Corps. That accounts for so few of us getting back home.

My first fighting was the seven days fighting around Richmond. My last fighting was on May 12, 1864, when I was wounded, captured and sent to Fort Delaware. In March, 1865, I was paroled. I got to Richmond March 10. There I was given thirty days furlough. I was thirteen days getting home, having to foot it most of the way.

In 1867 I was married to Miss Josie E. Powledge. In 1877 I joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Providence and was baptized by Elder Henry Higginbotham. My wife joined with me. She has a brother somewhere in Texas. His name is Gideon Powledge.

Some of my old company are in Texas, J. R. Frazier, Seaborn Phillips and John Teaver. My mother was a Beeland and her mother was a Huckelby. My children, seven in number, are all grown and self-supporting. I can say for a truth that I never lost any sleep over the conduct of any of my children. Teach your children manners, and when you say no mean it; when you say yes stay by it. I have two dear boys who are asleep in Jesus.

I am getting old and the time of my departure is near at hand. If I am a Christian, soon the joyful news will come, Child, your Father calls: come Home.e

We shall sleep, but not forever;
There will be a glorious Dawn.
We will meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn.
J. G. Philips, Holland Bell Co., Tex.

Forty-Eighth Tennessee. I was born and raised in Wayne County, Tenn., and am 64 years old. I joined the army at the age of 18. We were first sent to Clarksville, Tenn., and remained there until the fall of Fort Donalson. From there we were sent to Corinth, Miss., where the Fifty-Fourth and Forty-Eighth Tennessee Regiments were joined.

I was in the forty-Eighth Tennessee Regiment, Company I. Cleburnes Brigade, Hardins Division. I was in the regular battles. One was at Perryville, Ky., another at Chickamauga, Tenn. Here I was captured and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., and stayed there from September until March, 1865. This prison was bounded on the north by Chicago, on the south by the prairie, on the east by Lake Michigan and on the west by the prairie. The walls were sixteen feet high and contained twenty acres. There were 13,000 prisoners there. I was paroled at Richmond, Va. In 1865 and returned home. In May, 1867, I was married to Mrs. Nannie Chapman of Tennessee. She had a son, S. E. Chapman, who now lives near Prague, Ok. Six children were born to us, only three living, Mrs. Minnie Smith, T. L. and J. N. Whitten, who all live in this part of Oklahoma.

My first wife died in Texas in 1891. In 1894 I was married to Miss Nannie Stevens of Bonham, Tex. In November, 1907, we came to this part of Oklahoma - Pottawattamie County.

Crops in this part are moderately good, considering the excessive rainfall we had in the spring. This is a very good farming country. Good and is at a high price, as it is in most places. Health is very good. I have almost made a regular hand in the field this year, which does very well for me, 64 years of age. My father died June 18 last. He lacked five days of being 91 years old. He died in Tennessee, where he was raised.

I am a reader of The News. Best wishes to The News and its many readers. -- D. H. Whitten, Prague, Ok

In First Texas Infantry. I am an old Confederate veteran. Seeing so many letters from old soldiers, thought I would write. I enlisted in April, 1861, at Palestine, Tex., under Col. A. T. Raney; mustered into service at New Orleans; went from there to Richmond, Va., then into Wigfalls First Texas Regiment Infantry, Company H, W. H. Garan, Second Captain; B. Parks, Third Captain; John Stephenson; First Lieutenant; John Smith, Second Lieutenant; S. T. Tarbat, Third Lieutenant; Billie Ford, Orderly Sergeant.

I have seen many ups and downs and hard times during the war.

Dear old comrades, it will not be long until we will have to answer the last roll call. If there are any of my old company living please write me. I have relatives in Texas and elsewhere named Stewart.

Kind wishes to the editor; also The Semi-Weekly News, the best paper printed. I belonged to Hoods Brigade. - Davy Stewart, Orr, Ok.

Born in 1833. Having seen so many good letters in The News from old-timers and old ex-Confederate soldiers it has made me quite anxious to come in with a short letter, as I am an old-timer, nearly 75 years of age. Was born in Pulaski County, Arkansas, in 1833, the year the stars fell; came to Texas in 1846, when I was 13 years of age; know something of a frontier life, its hardships and disadvantages, but the few settlers that were here then were a happy and contented people and I want to say the first few years was the happiest days of my life, when I could go out and shoot a deer or wild turkey most anywhere and sometimes a bear. I had the honor of killing a bear when I was 16 years of age. In 1862 I enlisted in the Confederate Army; joined Company H, Capt. Jack Marshalls company, Col. Hopps regiment, Thirty-Firth Texas Cavalry, afterward dismounted and attached to Gen. Tolmacs brigade. In the summer of 1863 was detailed as a mechanic in the engineer department at Shreveport, La., and remained there until the close of the war.

I hope and trust some of my old comrades who read this letter will let me hear from them. - L. H. Newell Sr.

Monday, August 3, 1908

An Interesting Episode. This being the forty-fourth anniversary of the battle fought on Peach Tree Creek, near Atlanta, Ga., I feel constrained to write a short sketch of that memorable day. How many of you dear old comrades remember that eventful day? While life lasts I shall never forget that battle. I have several causes to remember that day, for several of my comrades who were my neighbors and schoolmates fell there. I received a slight wound and went to a small spring branch to quench my thirst and wash my wound. There I met a sight that I can never forget. Many of the wounded who were able to get to the water, and many others carried there by friends to quench their thirst and wash and dress their wounds, were lying there with their heads in the water dead. Poor fellows, those who were mortally wounded, some of them managed to get to the water, and died in it, while many of them were bathing their wounds. The water was bloody, and no chance to get a drink without drinking their comrades blood. I was so very thirsty that I was forced to quench my thirst with water that was red with blood from the dead and dying comrades. After washing my wound I got a wounded comrade to tie my handkerchief over my wound, and sought a place away from this sad scene, suing my gun as a crutch, and as I was hobbling on my way I discovered a Federal crouched in a gully. On the spur of the moment I was about to surrender to him, but as I stood looking at him, and he making no effort to capture me or make his escape, the thought popped into my mind that he mistook me for a friend, as I had on a Federal cavalry jacket. I at once took advantage of his mistake, and called on him to get out and shoot the Confederates, as they could plainly be seen pressing their enemy before them. And, to my surprise, he jumped up looking in the direction I pointed, and I discovered for certain that he had mistaken me for a friend, and I told him that my gun was unloaded, and if he would let me have his gun I would show him how good a shot I was. I was not surprised at him handing me his gun; but I assure you I surprised him. I treated him kindly, and would suffer no one to take anything he had or to mistreat him in any way. We became good friends, and before I turned him over to the guards who took him to prison, he gave me his watch, gold ring and other things he was sure would be taken from him after I left him. Each of us exchanged addresses, promising to write after the war was over. But when I was captured in October after that and taken to prison at Camp Douglas, Ill., everything was taken from me, even my diary with had his address. I certainly would like to know if my Captain is living. His name is Alexander W. Smitz, but forget his postoffice address. If living he is an old man, for I well remember his telling me of his wife and three children. He showed me their pictures and asked me to take them if I thought they would be taken from him. I assured him that his wives and childrens pictures would be the last thing taken from him. I can see that poor fellow in my imagination now as I pen these sad thoughts. Never can I forget the tears he shed on being separated from his wife and children. I would be glad to meet him and strike his hand in live and friendship. Poor fellow may have died in prison and never met his wife and children, whom he dearly loved. I am making my story too long. Many things of interest occurred since the battle on Peach Tree Creek and I may give another sketch later. - L. Q. C. Askew, Chandler, Tex.

Thirteenth Mississippi. My company (Company F, Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment) was made up at Lauderdale Springs by Capt. Kanon McElvy with 120 of the neighborhood, boys and old men together. In early spring of 1861 we went into camp one mile from town for drill and to learn the manual of arms according to Hardees tactics. We drilled four hours a day, two before and two after noon. Our Captain was very strict on us. He would not allow one to raise his hand to even knock a fly off his face.

We were soon ordered to Corinth, Miss. When the day came for our departure all our friends and relatives were there to bid us good-bye, crying and handshaking. We then began to wish that we had not enlisted. It was a pathetic scene to all.

We arrived all ok. We went into camp in an old vacated store and camped there a week. We were then formed into the Thirteenth Regiment with William Barksdale as Colonel. We camped in tents for awhile until there were enough soldiers to form a brigade, which was the Thirteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-First Mississippi, commanded by Gen. Evans, if I mistake not. We went from Corinth to Union City, Tenn., and stayed there until we were ordered to Manassas to reinforce the army at that point. We got there in due time; had to go five or six mils at double-quick for the scene of the battle. When we got to our position we formed line and were ordered forward. We were soon firing at will. We kept advancing and firing as fast as we could load, the Federals going back all the time. We soon got the command to charge. We raised the rebel yell and struck a trot. It was not long until there were no Federals to shoot at. They outrun us too badly.

This is my first experience in warfare and was not as bad as I thought it to be.

I am in my 67th years. - N. Hobbs, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 18, Enola, Ark.

Under Bragg, Johnston and Hood. I am an old Confederate soldier; joined Capt. Tom Raglans company G Seventeenth, in Russell County, Ala., July 4, 1861. I went through the war and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C. April 22, 1865. I got home May 18. Served under old Gen. Bragg, then under Joseph E. Johnston, and under Hood; was in the two days fight at Peach Tree Creek, at Altoona, Ga., under Hood. I would be glad to hear from any of the old regiment or anyone who suffered on that Georgia campaign. Best wishes to The News and its many readers. - W. P. Sasser, Gladwater, Tex. R. F. D. No. 3.

Ranger Service Data Wanted. I would like to get the address of all who served in the Ranger service under Capt. H. A. Hamner in Jack county in the years 1859 or 1860, so I can communicate with them for the purpose of getting together the necessary records of enlistment and dates of muster into the State service. - John Greener, Grapevine, Tex.

Monday, August 10, 1908.

Scouting in the Northwest. I would like to find old Texas Rangers belonging to M. T. Johnson's regiment. I belonged to Gabe Fitzgerald's company. I enlisted at McKinney, Collin County, in March, 1860. We went from McKinney to Fort Belknap, on the Brazos River, and went from there to old Camp Radmensky, on Otter Creek, in the Wichita Mountains. We scouted around in that country a month or two. They called for a sixty days scout, and I volunteered and went on the scout. We were gone about ninety days. We crossed the Staked Plains and went up the Cimarron river; then we traveled up the Cimarron about four days and a half. We lost fifteen men there on the river. They came to the regiment through the mountains by themselves. The next day we started back, going east; traveled about ten miles and came to what we called the Indian Rock. After we got to the Indian Rock, going east, our Indian guide didn't know any further. Our provisions gave out and we were out about forty days, except what we could catch, such as deer and antelope, buffalo, jack rabbits and mesquite beans, hackberries and prickly pears.

We traveled east about four or five days. We crossed two different Indian trails about forty feet wide. Two days we didn't have anything to eat or any water to drink hardly, and we came across an old buffalo. We ate him and took the bones and hide. From there we camped up and down a creek. There were about 100 of us. Next day we traveled down to Dog Town River, and there is where the Indians ran through our camp about 4 o'clock in the morning and took sixty-two head of horses and pack-mules. When daylight came they started out about forty-five men to get the horses. I was one that volunteered to go. We found more Indians than we could handle, and we turned back to camp. We didn't travel any that day. About 2 o'clock in the evening the Indians fired a few shots through our camp. The boys said when they came into camp that night that Sul Ross shot and killed an Indian. Sul Ross had about fifteen white men and Pete Ross had about twelve Indians in his company. He had a company of Indians. Gabe Fitzhugh had about fifteen men in his company. Capt. Burleson had about fifteen men in his company, and M. T. Johnson had a company of about fifteen men. A man by the name of Smith was our Lieutenant-Colonel; Bill Fitzhugh was our Major, of Collin County. When we left the camp where our horses were taken we burnt our saddle and packsaddles and blankets and things we could not carry with us. Then we traveled right down the bed of the river about twelve miles and camped up in the sand hills that night. The next morning we didn't have anything to eat or drink. We traveled the next morning till about 11 o'clock, and then we let our horses graze. We started then about 2 o'clock. Joe and John Engling gave out and we left them under a mesquite bush. Then we traveled a mile further and left a man by the name of Frank Hunter under another bush, all on account of not having anything to eat or drink and traveling on foot in the hot sun. Then we traveled about six miles and found water. When we got to the water it was so salty we couldn't drink it, and you ought to have seen about twenty-five or thirty old Texas Rangers get down and pray, and then came word there was water about four hundred yards up the river. Capt. Fitzhugh sent back and got the men we left under the bushes. We all stood guard that night. Then we traveled on for four or five days and came to Pease River. That was the first we found out as to where we were. Then we went on to Big Wichita River, and from there to Fort Belknap. That was about the 20th of October, and there Fitzhugh's and Burleson's companies were discharged.

If there is any one that was in that scout, I would like to hear from him.
Best wishes to The News and its many readers. - T. J. Vantine, Quanah, Tex., Hardaman County.

In Longstreets Corps. I was born Dec. 5, 1840, in North Carolina. I disremember what county. I enlisted in Tallapoosa County in 1862; joined Capt. Laws Brigade, Hoods Division and Longstreets Corps, Forty-Seventh Regiment, Company A. John Hamm was our Captain, Ed Langly was First Lieutenant and John Burne Second Lieutenant. I was in battle in Virginia at Cedar Run and in Pennsylvania and Maryland. I would like to hear from any of my old comrades whose names were Billy Grubbs, Beavers, and Dave Langly was Sergeant of our company. I can not remember anything like half of my comrades names, but if any of them see this and were in that company, please let me hear from you. I have been in Texas nearly forty years. Best wishes to all who read The News and its good editor. - J. B. Hathcock, Como, Hopkins Co., Tex., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 19.

Joined Army in Arkansas. I was born in Wake County, North Carolina, in September, 1834; was raised in Tennessee; lived there until I was about 20 years old, then I married and moved to Arkansas; lived there until the war came up. Along about the middle of the war I joined the squad made up by Prof. Lieper at my little town called Tulip in Dallas County. We started then to go to the army on the other side of the Mississippi River. When we got to Little Rock the blockade was on and couldn't go any further. We were then attached to a little band from Texas, Lamar County, under Capt. Daniels, and put under old Gen Hindman after some time. I was detailed and put into a shop to do repair work for the army, in which capacity I worked until the war closed.

If any of my old comrades should see this and remember me, I would like to hear from them. - Thomas Christian, Palestine, Tex., R. F. D. No. 4.

Through the War without a Wound. I enjoy reading the letters from the old soldiers in The News, which I consider one of the best papers printed.

I will give a little sketch of my life as a soldier. I was born in Pulaski County, Kentucky, April 21, 1843, and enlisted in the Federal Army Oct. 20, 1861. I belonged to Company K, Twelfth Kentucky Infantry, Bill Hoskins was my Colonel. Joe Ballew my Captain. Our first camp was on Cumberland river, near the old Waitsboro crossing. I was in the battles of Mill

Springs, Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, on John Morgans raid, siege of Knoxville and was at Strawberry Plains on the cold New Year of 1863. There seventy-five of us Twelfth Kentuckians would not veteran, and I was transferred to Company K, Twenty-Fourth Kentucky, on Jan. 15, under Capt. Anderson and was in the battle of Dandridge, Tenn. I was also in the battle of Resaca, Ga., while I was with the Twenty-Fourth. In June my old regiment (the Twelfth Kentucky) returned to the front and I rejoined it at Lost Mountain. I was in all the battles of the Atlanta campaign that my regiment was in. In going to Atlanta we were the first to cross the Chattahoochee River about sixteen miles from the city. The enemy was in rifle pits just on the opposite side of the river. We crossed in pontoon boats and our men kept up such a continual fire that the Confederates had to keep low. We crossed without the loss of a man and captured all that were in the pits.

I cut a coat loose that was strapped to the saddle on a horse that had been shot and in the coat was a letter written by a Confederate soldier to his sweetheart.

From the Howard House I witnessed the battle of Peach Tree. We went from there to Jonesboro, then to Atlanta, then to Nashville, then to Springhill, then fell back to Nashville. From there to Louisville, Ky., and were mustered out March 15, 1865. I did not receive a wound while I was in the army.

My father is alive and is 93 years of age, and can go about as he pleases. I would like to hear from any soldier of either side that was in any of these engagements. It wont be long till we will hear the last roll call. Let us try to be ready to go.

With best wishes to all and the editor of this grand paper. - F. M. Keith, Greenwood, Ky.

Two Pioneers. My father, Joshua Teague, was born in Whitley County, Kentucky, Jan. 22, 1832. While he was small his father, Silas L. Teague, moved to and settled in Alabama, near the Georgia line. My mother, Emeline Baker, and he grew up close together, though in separate States. Grandpa Baker was a wealthy slave owner. He and mother had two children alive when the war broke out. Father enlisted at once and served the four years, never having been sick a day or received a scratch during the whole time. I have often heard him and mother talk of those days, but I never thought to to ask him the name of his company or Colonel. I knew he was a Lieutenant. I remember as a child I felt that to be an honor.

I write this because soon I know all the veterans will have passed on and I wonder if there be any of his company or comrades that remember him. He died March 24, 1905, at his home, where he had lived twenty years, near Cisco, at Nimrod, Tex., for about twenty-odd years. He was a successful physician, was a devoted Primitive Baptist and died in the faith; said he was willing to go when the Master called.

Mother died July 16, 1899; she also was a Primitive Baptist. For their dear sakes, if for no other, I would read all the letters from the elderly people, but I always had a fondness for the company and talk of older people.

I love the old flag and the war songs played by the band. - Mrs. Emma Day (nee Teague), Pecos, Tex., Reeves Co., Box 135.

From Taylor County. After an absence of four years I come again to chat with you awhile. I think the old timers letters so interesting to all.

My father was a soldier in the Civil War and we, too, had hard times; had our house and everything burned by accident. He is still living in this county (Taylor), near Merkel. Father was sick while in the army at Galveston, and mother and I visited him three times while he was there. I remember it well, although a small child. He was a frontiersman; was born in Grimes County, Tex., in 1835, and when a babe six months old his mother ran and carried him thirty miles in one day to reach a fort to escape the Indians. When but a small boy he and his widowed mother, two brothers and one sister moved to Robertson County, Tex. There they lived in the wild country and made their truck wagon and went to mill thirty miles, working oxen. But they raised their corn, hogs and plenty of vegetables. My father has twenty-six grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. His sister married Joseph Webb. There were born to them five girls and three boys.

I have five married children, eight grandchildren and two of my grandchildren have three great-grandfathers and two great-grandmothers living.

Sisters, if it is not too late, please give me a post-card party July 29, which is my birthday. I will be 47 years old. - Mrs. Mollie Pruitt (nee Anderson), Moro, Taylor County, Tex.

Helping Others. I have been reading The News several years and like it the best of any paper printed. I also like the Century page and the good recipes. I enjoyed the old timers letters.

Everyone should try to give or send a ray of sunshine to others. It will make life sweeter and have fewer cares.

How many would revive as a crushed flower, with a kind or pleasant smile! I am the mother of two girls and three boys. - Mrs. Beras Bradford, Hamlin, Jones County, Tex.

Father Was in Missouri Regiment. I would like for some soldier who knew my father to tell me, through The News, the company, regiment and captain he was with. He is dead, and I never learned from him. He joined in Oktibbeha County, Mississippi, in 1861. His name was Henry Jasper Walker. I think Randles was his Captain. - C. E. Walker, Hope, Stephens Co., Ok.

Sixth Alabama. I have been a silent reader of the dear old News. I came to Oklahoma from Alabama two years ago; have lived in Alabama and enlisted in the Southern army in 1862. I served three years in the Army of Northern Virginia. I have two old comrades somewhere in Texas. Their names are Abb Wallace and W. W. Cox. I belonged to the Sixth Alabama, Company L. - V. D. Johnson, Chagris, Ok.

Monday, August 17, 1908

A Fourth of July Dinner. When Vicksburg fell Walkers (Greyhounds) Division was lying between the Mississippi River and the town of Monroe, in Louisiana, near a small village called Delhi, I think. I belonged to Company A, Sixteenth Texas Volunteer Infantry, Scurrys Brigade. On the morning of that memorable fourth day of July myself and three other comrades arranged to have a berry dinner in the woods. So, having secured the necessary permission to leave camp and having supplied ourselves with the prerequisites for such an occasion to-wit; a large mess pan, sweet milk (which we obtained at a near-by farmhouse), sugar and a spoon each, we repaired to the woods in quest of the berries, of which there was an abundance of both blackberries and summer whortleberries, some of which were very large, soft and sweet. We soon had our pan full of ripe, luscious berries. Selecting a nice, cool, shady place for dining, we placed the pan of berries on the ground, poured the milk and sugar in from our canteens and haversacks and with a few vigorous stirs with a spoon dinner was ready. There were no special covers for four; the only covering was the leafy trees spreading so kindly over our heads; no formal announcement, and, I regret to say, no grace was said.

I look back to that day and that occasion, forty-four years ago, and can see so much we should have been thankful to the Giver of All Good Things, for while thousands of our companions in arms had fallen in battle or died from disease, we had escaped unhurt by opposing bullets, and were enjoying reasonable good health, and were at that very hour enjoying to our own benefit and pleasure the special blessings his providence had so generously placed in our reach. We were, perhaps, not willfully and wickedly indifferent to Divine goodness, but thoughtless.

Well, we sure enjoyed that pan of berries, and well we might, for it was good enough for a King. The dish was not prepared with that skill, nicety and attractiveness a womans hand could have given it, nor was the etiquette and table service like that you read of in the books, but I am sure no banquet dining or luncheon, however elaborately prepared and conventionally carried out, was ever partaken of with more zest and good will than was that old rusty pan of berries.

Our command was then, and had been for some time, in easy hearing of the heavy guns at Vicksburg, but for several days prior to this there had been a perceptible falling off of the cannonading. There had, however, on the forenoon of the day I am speaking of, been considerable firing in and around Vicksburg, and while we were sitting round that old mess pan enjoying its delicious contents the last gun of the siege was fired and that Confederate stronghold went into the hands of the enemy.

These things, and many others of that day, I remember in detail, but what is remarkably strange, I have forgotten the names of all three of the comrades I was associated with that day in the berry dinner, and I am writing this in the hope, if those three comrades or any one of them are living, this statement may fall under their notice, and if it does, that I may be supplied with their names. - W. P. Hancock, Miles Station, Tex.

Eleventh Texas Infantry. Some time ago I wrote a short letter to The News stating that I belonged to the Eleventh Texas Infantry. The letter brought letters after letters, which I was glad to get, from my old comrades, and I was happy to learn there were a few of them still living.

After Company C was organized at Knoxville, Cherokee County, Tex., to drill, we remained there until June 1, when black tongue got into the camp. When one took it he only lasted twenty-four hours. Then we were ordered to Tyler, Tex. In August 1862 we reorganized. From Tyler we went to Little Rock, Ark. I have the name of Company C. Forty-four years ago we marched with elastic step, now slow and tottering, almost to the fall. May we lean on the rock Jesus Christ until we pass the Jordan of death and meet again in our eternal home. - H. N. Lusk, Grandview, Tex.

Capt. John Henry Browns Regiment. Captain John Henry Browns company of State Rangers, referred to in a recent issue of The Semi-Weekly News by George B. Ely, was raised at Waco and Belton, and took in some recruits at the Stephenville, Howell Walker and the writer joined the company at Palo Pinto and were marched right on to the Indian reservation, at or near old Fort Belknap. We were camped for quite a while in some old Indian wigwams on the bank of the Brazos River. We had a good time bathing in the river and running horse races. Some days we would go up to the agency and talk with some Indians that spoke a little broken English. Other days a crowd of them were in our camp.

One morning a detail was sent out to take some observations. While in a valley, they were fired on from a hill above. The fire was returned and kept up several rounds. Pat OBrien and another Ranger received flesh wounds from large guns.

This was all the trouble we had with them. When they moved they went north through the open prairie. We followed the trail to the Little Wichita. We remained there some time, two of the boys being very sick, George E. Ely (Browns Artillery) and a mere boy by the name of Estes. The latter died as was buried without a coffin. I was only about twenty years of age, but being very small in weight (110 pounds) and beardless, look to be much younger. Hence I was shy of the company officials, and do not recall any of the officers except the Captain, still I remember many of the privates, some of whom I will name: Gus and Dave Sublett, the latter a West Point graduate; Charley Kingsberry, Mart Walker, Jim Hurley, Bob Brown and George Stringfellow, a nicer little man than whom I never met. He was afterward shot dead at my side in the Confederate service. I could relate many incidents of the company, but trust that some others still survive, and will be able to give the company a better writeup, as I only fell into the company at Palo Pinto, and was discharged at the same place on return, while I was a mere boy. I could give much bloody history of that country during the years of 1858, 59 and 60, that has never been in print. - Cull C. Ratliff, Groesbeck, Limestone County, Tex.

In many Battles. I am an old, worn-out Confederate, born and raised in Anderson County, South Carolina. I volunteered in Company C of the Fourth Regiment for State service, and we were sent to Columbia and drilled for six weeks. Then we re-enlisted for the Confederacy and were sent to the front in Virginia. Just forty-seven years ago today we met the Federals at Stone Bridge. Our company and Company B were on picket or skirmish line, commanded by Capt. W. W. Umphress, and kept the Federals from crossing the bridge. The Fourth Regiment and Major Wheats Louisiana Tigers were made a brigade and were commanded by Gen. Evans. We got all of the enemys artillery and small arms to arm a division. We lost our orderly Sergeant, Sergt. Jess Berry, and Corporal Bob Ransom. We had our gallant Ajt. Sam Wilks killed. He was a fine man and the best field officer we had. We held the front rank till after the battles in the front of Richmond. There were not enough of us left to form a Corporals guard and we were allowed to transfer to any post we chose. Some went to Hamptons Legion, some to Jenkins Sharpshooters, some few went to Charleston. I went to Summerville, in West Virginia, to serve as partisan ranger. We served in this branch four or five months and were assigned to the Thirty-Seventh Virginia Cavalry, under Col. A. C. Dun. I did some hard and dangerous scouting. I went through twenty-seven regular battles, and besides, I was in more than 100 picket skirmishes. I never was wounded, but was mortally scared each time we met them. I was with Gen. W. E. Jones through Tennessee. We had some fun and hard times mixed together.

Well, old Rebs, our stay here on earth is short. Our ranks are thinning out fast. We will soon answer the last roll call and may God shower his merciful blessings upon each of you and guide you over the River of Death where you can rest in the shade until the resurrection morn, is the prayer of your obedient servant. - W. A. Dickinson, Chico, Tex.

Tenth Texas Infantry. Soon after my last letter I received a letter from John W. Rosson, who left my house in Bell County the first of December, 1875. He stated in his letter, I saw your letter in The News and I will visit you soon. Mr. Rosson came about the 15th day of July and we spent four or five days very pleasantly. You can see that thirty-three years had nearly passed from the time he and I parted until we met again. He now lives in Eastland County. Cisco is his postoffice. He is a good Christian gentleman. Well, dear old-timers and comrades, every few days I see in the papers where some one of the old-timers is called to come up higher and it will be but a few years until all of us who came to Texas fifty years ago will have to answer to roll call in a glorious country prepared for the faithful. My hearts desire is that we may all be prepared to go.

If there are any of Capt. Brice Heartgraves company, know as Company 1, Tenth Texas Infantry, I would like to hear from them. I hope I may be spared a while longer. I wish to write a few times more, but my old frail body is getting too trembly to write with a pen. Kindest regards to The News and all old people. - B. P. Lee, Goldthwaite, Tex.

Daughter of an Ex-Confederate. I will write a sketch of my grandfathers life, A. S. Elkins, who passed away Jan. 22. He was 73 years old. He was a Confederate soldier in Walkers Division and stayed three years and never got wounded. His widow is still living and in good health. To them were born six children, five girls and one boy, and three of them are still living. Grandma will be 70 years old Aug. 30. Grandpa had been afflicted for thirty years with cancer and asthma. He bore his afflictions quietly and never worried or complained. He often said he did not mind to die, that the Lord was with him. His father, Bennett Elkins, was a Methodist preacher and belonged to the East Texas conference. Hope if any of his friends or relatives should see this they would write to his widow, Mrs. M. J. Elkins, Clarendon, Texas. - His granddaughter, Bertha Lemmon, Clarendon, Tex.

Was in Ranger Service. To the old-timers and Texas Rangers: I would like to hear from all Texas Rangers that were in the Ranger service of Texas from 1855 to 1860. I was in it, as you will remember the battle at Davis ranch, where sixty-three of us licked 650 Mexicans and took their cannon, and they loaded. We also hung a Meximan eighty feet from the ground, on the bank of the Rio Grande.

Do you remember the day we started on the scout with three days half rations, and were out twenty-five days and when we came to a halt to kill a horse when the cry of Here is a beef, was heard and the same moment heard a gun fire, and before it had quit kicking some of it was on the fire, meat and hide together? Just as it began to draw up the command saddle up was heard, each man grabbed his meat and mounted. I still feel young when I meet a Ranger. Am 72. - John Burleson, Artesia, N. M.

Monday, August 24, 1908

Seventeenth Louisiana Infantry. I was born in Upson County, Ga., Dec. 23, 1842. In 1845 my father with his family moved to Bienville Parish, La., where he died in 1851. About four years after my fathers death my mother married Peter G. Thompson, and in 1858 my stepfather, with our family, moved to Sabine Parish, La., where early in 1861 I volunteered as a soldier in the Confederate service in the first company made up in our country. We marched on foot seventy-five miles to Alexandria, thence by steamboat to New Orleans, where we were sworn in to the Confederate service and organized in the Seventeenth Regiment, Louisiana Infantry. We drilled at Camp Moore for some time, were then sent to New Orleans, where we remained till the Battle of Fort Donelson, where we were sent, but before we arrived at Fort Donelson the fight was over, and we were sent to Corinth, Miss., where we remained until the Battle of Shiloh in which I was a participant. About a month after the Battle of Shiloh our regiment was sent to Vicksburg, Miss., where we celebrated Christmas Day, also the 26th and 27th of December, 1862, in a three days fight at Chickasaw Bayou, about three miles above Vicksburg, thence we went on a scout up the Yazoo River, returning to Vicksburg on the 5th of January, 1863. About May 1, 1863, the Federals landed 40,000 men at Boons Landing, on the Mississippi River, forty miles below Vicksburg. Our brigade was sent to meet them, and we did. We only had about 4,000 men and the Federals had 40,000. We held them in check from 2 oclock p.m. until dark, our lines being only about sixty yards from each other. At dark we were nearly surrounded, when we fell back about two miles to Fort Gibson, where we fought them again; then we fell back to Bayou Pier and fought again, thence up Big Black River to the railroad crossing, and fought again; thence back to Vicksburg, where we were surrounded by the Federals with 200,000 men and we with only 40,000. There we fought forty-seven days and night, our rations being wheat and rice ground together for bread, three small biscuits about the size of a small teacake, with about one-fourth of a pound of poor beef was all we got for a twenty-four hours rations. Some days we would get about one-sixth of a pound of bacon with the three teacakes, but when we drew bacon we did not draw any beef, and some days we would draw a small pone of bread about the size of a goose egg, corn and peas grounds together. When we drew the corn and pea bread we did not draw the teacakes, as we called them. Occasionally we would supplement this with mule meat. The mule meat was not issued to us, but when we would see a fat mule (which was very seldom) shot down, we would cut a piece from the hind quarters, and when we could stop fighting long enough we would build a small fire and cook the mule meat without salt. Thus we lived and fought day and night until, on the Fourth of July, 1863, we surrendered with only 20,000 men. We were marched to our old camps as prisoners of war and held for about a week, when we were paroled and marched outside of the Federal lines and turned loose to go where we pleased, and we pleased to go home, where we remained until we were exchanged, which was about a year later. On the 7th of January, 1864, I was married to Miss Louisa E. Godfrey of Bienville Parish, La. When we prisoners were exchanged we went into camp at Alexandria, La., where we remained until the war closed, then I made my way back home to the girl I left behind me, and there I was with a wife and babe and not a cent in my pocket, but I went to work, and on the 1st day of December, 1867, I started to Texas with my wife, and two babes in an ox wagon and just \$30 in my pocket. On the 26th day of December, 1867, I landed in Bell County with only \$3 in my pocket, but I again went to work, and have raised ten children, all to be grown, but since they were grown the good Lord has seen fit to call four of them with wife to him, and I have evidence that they are all in that better world.

After my wifes death I found another good woman to take care of me in my old age. I have six children living, and have nineteen grandchildren. I am fast descending the hill of life, and will soon reach the bottom, where I will cross over the river, and I hope to meet my loved ones who have gone on before, and also many of my old comrades who fell by my side in the war, also many of those who passed through the hard struggle for the lost but not forgotten cause.

I passed through the war from beginning to end without a scratch. I enjoyed good health, was in every battle that our company or regiment was in, but now I find I am getting old and feeble and must soon answer to the last roll call. I hope to meet you all in the sweet by and by. If any of my old comrades or friends should see this, Joe Cooper would like to have a line from you. Write to Lock Box 77, Belton, Bell Co., Tex. W. J. Cooper.

Came to Texas in 1841. Being an old pioneer and veteran, I feel constrained to write a short sketch of my life. I was born in Georgia in 1820, came to Texas with my father in 1841 and settled in what is now Cass County, though at that time a vast wilderness with various kinds of wild animals roaming over the country. The people were governed by mob law, or what was called regulators and moderators, who hanged a number of men and whipped others, giving them orders to leave the country within a stated time. Those were dangerous times. In 1852 my father sold out the place where Queen City now stands and settled in McLennan County where Moody is. I drifted off into the Guadalupe Mountains near Kerrville and remained there until the war came on, when I went to San Antonio and joined the army. I belonged to Company I, Third Texas Infantry, Col Luckets regiment, Capt. Grainers company. We left San Antonio for Brownsville, and from there to Galveston; from there to Sabine Pass, where thirty-two men in the fort caused two gunboats to run up the white flag, though one of them got away from us on account of the tide running down, which carried it out of our reach. We saved one boat and about 150 prisoners, with a number of dead. Then we were ordered to Louisiana to meet Gen. Banks army, which was coming up Red River to Shreveport, and after the Mansfield fight our regiment was attached to Gen. Walkers division, Gen. Scurrys brigade. Then we were ordered to Camden, Ark., to reinforce Gen. Price, who was fighting the Federal Gen. Steel. The Federals fell back toward Little Rock, and we caught up with them at Jenkins Ferry and fought a hard battle, losing a number of our officers and men. It was in this fight that I received a very severe wound, which left me a cripple for life.

Any of my old comrades seeing this please write to me. A. Q. Clements, Sparta, Tex.

Around Dalton and Resaca. As the editor has given me notice of my time being out, I have to send in my mits as I dont want to miss a copy of The News. I also send some new subscribers to keep him in a good humor.

Crops are very good here, owing to the amount of rain.

I enjoy reading the many good letter that the old-timers write. Some are writing on their war experiences in and around Dalton and Resaca, Ga., and near Snake Creek Gap. It was there I saw the first Federal that ever came through Snake Creek Gap on the war path. I was in the mouth of the gap when the Federal came. The front guard rode up to the gate. He had a hat in his lap. He asked where that Johnnie was. He said he had his hat and if he would come back hed give it to him, but the Johnnie was gone.

My father lived one and one-half miles from the mouth of the gap and Shermans army that came that way came by his home. The gap is five and one-half miles long, and Anderson Mountain on the east and Horns Mountain on the west. The Federal General put up his tent and stayed in my fathers yard the first night, Sunday night, May 8, 1864. W. A. Caldwell, Gore, Ga. Route 1.

Served in Texas. I would like to know if there are any old soldier that were with my father when the war closed. He was in Southern Texas near San Antonio. I have often heard him speak of a man named Crump, but dont know whether that was his Captain or not. Would like to hear from any of his comrades. Fathers name was George M. Shearer. He died in 1899.

We have been taking The News for several years, and like it fine. Mrs. Mary Browning (nee Shearer), Park Springs, Tex.

Monday, August 31, 1908

Starvation in the Army. The starvation of the Confederate Army was worse than the battles. The command that I was in lived four months on what was allowed for one. I went three days without a mouthful of anything and no salt for four months, and the best toasted meat that I ever ate was fresh pork without a grain of salt. There were many that starved to death on the march from the Boston Mountains in Northwest Arkansas to Little Rock. There were many that just sat down to rest and never rose any more. When we arrived at Little Rock it was snowing and our baggage wagons failed to come and we had to stand in an old field all night. But there were no rails around that field next morning. The snow was about eighteen inches deep and most of us were in our shirtsleeves and had nothing to eat. We were then ordered to march and we did not know where, but we soon found out that we were going in the penitentiary, and we were in a condition to appreciate fire. When the brigade got in we had a jolly time. The prisoners were all put in their cells, and we had possession of the penitentiary till next morning. We were ordered to Pine Bluff, Ark., on a steamboat, and that night will never be forgotten by me. There was an old bale of cotton torn to pieces in the hull of the boat and a few of us took refuge in the hull, thinking we would get a good nights sleep. So we went in and after we got in the falldoor was weighted down with our provision till there was no such a thing as our getting out until the boat was unloaded. The next fight that we got into was at Pleasant Hill, La., and from there we went back to Saline River, Arkansas, and had a seven hours battle, then back to Camden, Ark., then near Minden, La., then from there to Marshall, Tex., where we remained till the surrender, which was in June, 1865.

If any of my old friends see this and want to communicate with me, I would be pleased to get a letter from any of them. W. H. Shaddock, R. F. D. No. 1, Longview, Tex.

Was Sent to Fort Chase. Seeing so many letters in The News from the old soldiers, I thought I would tell of some of my ups and downs in the war. I was born in Randolph County, Alabama, Jan. 23, 1839, and went out with Charley McDannels, and made up at Bowden, Ala.; got to Richmond just a few days after the first battle of Manassas, 1861; we went then to Yorktown. There I took the typhoid fever and was down three months; was discharged and sent home; got home a few days before Christmas and the March following I went to Montgomery and enlisted in Capt. Bill Smiths company, then a battalion; later was formed into the Tenth Confederate Cavalry, with a battalion of Georgians; served with Wheeler in Tennessee and Kentucky, ran the Federals across the Ohio River at Cincinnati, and was in several fights down through Kentucky and Tennessee. At Richmond, Ky., we had quite a fight and captured several thousand prisoners, with their wagon train about 400 wagons. Then went in the direction of Murfreesboro. In a few days after that battle I was captured by Rosecrans men. It was May, 1863. There were about sixty of us. We were sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and when Gen. Morgan raided through there they sent us to Fort Delaware, and there we stayed until the war was over; was discharged about June 15, 1865, without a dollar. They gave us transportation from New York home by way of New Orleans. Landed home July 1, 1865. I left Alabama the fall of 1878 and came to Sabine parish, La., where I have been ever since. I am now visiting at my nephews, J. E. Caspers, at Duncan, Ariz. Arrived here July 2 and met my oldest sister here, that I hadnt seen for forty-one years Mrs. Sarah C. Casper. We are the only two of a large family left, she being the oldest, I the youngest. I am stout for my age. I find The News here. I am going up in the mountains eighty miles north of here on a bear hunt. Casper having killed over 100 bears in that country, I thought I might get one. Best wishes to The News. J. W. Tindall, Duncan, Ariz.

Came to Texas in 1862. I was born in South Carolina, Greenville District, on July 15, 1832; came to Georgia in 1834 with my father and family, who settled in Barton County among the Cherokee Indians before they were carried out of that country in 1853. I married Miss Sarah A. Parr in 1857. We came to Texas in wagons in May, 1862, joined the Confederate army, Company A, Twenty-Second Regiment, Walker Division, and served three years and two months. We first went to Tyler, Smith County. The regiment was ordered to Little Rock, Ark. I served as mail carrier for the regiment two years. I then got a furlough and came home, stayed sixty days, then went back to the army and was detailed at Shreveport, La., at a Government shop; stayed there until the war ended.

If any of my old soldier friends see this I would be glad to hear from them, or any of the boys. I was with Jeff Green, James McMans, Off Wallace, J. W. Newman, Aleck Huffman and Jim Nix. Would be glad to have a letter from any of them. We old soldiers are passing away. It will not be long until the last roll call is heard, but if are ready for that day it will all be well with us. I am 76 years old, but very stout considering my age. I am living on he farm I settled on in 1857. I farm some and lay brick. Can build a chimney in one and a half days. I see many old timers letters in The News for which I am an old subscriber, the best paper published in Texas. J. A. McElreath, Winfield, Tex., R. F. D. No. 3.

Was Texas Ranger. I joined the rangers at Davis Ranch in August, 1852. My Captain was Clay Davis, I would like to hear from some of my company if there is one living yet. I am 88 years old and have not been able to work much for a number of years. Will give the name of as many of the company as I can remember: Bill and Green Reagan, Chet Crownover, Jim Taylor, Bill Jet, John Thurston, John Noland, and one Doland dont remember his first name. If anyone of those I have mentioned are living, or if there is one I have not mentioned, living, please write me. I was also in the Civil War from 61 to 65; was in Flournoys Regiment, Walkers Division and belonged to Company I; went through the war and never got a scratch, and now I am here yet waiting for the roll call over yonder. Wylie Jones, Black Jack Springs, Tex.

Came to Texas in 1866. I was born in Marion County, Ala., on 12th of December, 1839; joined the Primitive Baptist Church in November, 1851; married Miss Sarah Jane Streetman in November, 1859; joined the Confederate army in 1861, Company G, Sixteenth Alabama Regiment, Infantry, Woods Brigade, Claibornes Division, Army of the Tennessee; was in many hard fought battles; was wounded at Chickamauga, Ga.; was honorably discharged at the surrender; moved to Texas in 1866; commenced preaching in 1874; wife died in 1882; was married to Miss Rebecca Francis Stone in 1883; she died in 1900. I then married Mrs. L. H. Raborn in 1901; am living at Fruitvale, a small station on the Texas and Pacific Railroad, sixty miles east of Dallas; am very feeble.

If this should meet the eyes of any of my old war comrades would be pleased to hear from them. F. Loden, Fruitvale, Van Zandt Co., Tex.

In Capt. W. G. Veals Company. I joined Parsons Regiment, Veals Company, at Mansfield, La., during the Mansfield fight. From then until the war closed I made as good a soldier as my boyish life would admit. I served a great deal on the skirmish lines, often in great perils, but went through without a wound. I am now trying to be true in the army of the Lord, and all will seem nothing when we reach the end of the way. I would be glad to get in correspondence with some of my old comrades in Company F, Cap. Veals Company. John A. Gardner, Star, Mills County, Tex.

Monday, September 7, 1908

First Mississippi. I am an old soldier, but not like W. A. Dickinson of Chico, Tex. I am not worn out, or, at least, I dont feel like I am, for my baby is just 5 months old, and I could fight again if called on to do so. I belonged to the First Mississippi Battalion, Company H, commanded by Capt. Thad Reese of Tupelo, Miss. I volunteered in 1862 and stayed with them till the close of the war. I had some close calls, but came out all right. The blue coats gave me a hard chase several times; got my guns and horse once, but I outran them and got away. I slept on leaves and ate blue beef and peas cooked without grease or salt, but they made me so fat I couldnt run a rod.

Well, my dear brother soldiers, our number grows less day by day, and one of these days before so very long we will all have passed beyond the river of death and rest from all toll, pain and care. I hope to meet you all up there. We come out of that struggle naked and starved, but thank God when we are freed from this old world we will, I hope have a bountiful living. Yes, dear brother soldiers, I am 63 years, and, of course, I know I am on the decline, but I hope I will be ready when my Captain calls the roll Up yonder. May God bless you all and all the reader of The News. I will be glad to hear from any of my old friends. S. J. Beauchamp, Horatio, Route 1, Box 28, Sevier Co., Ark.

Soldier in Mexican War. Will give a sketch of the life of my father, Thomas Gorham. He was born in Cobb county, Georgia, near Atlanta, the 8th of September, 1819, died Aug. 12, 1908, being 89 years old. When he was 17 years old he joined the army under Gen. Winfield Scott, went to Florida, took up the Indians in 1837 and 1838. In 1849 he moved to Arkadelphia, in Clark County, Arkansas, and in July 1861 joined the Confederate army under Gen. Ben McCullough. Was wounded at Oak Hill, Mo., and honorably discharged.

He belonged to Gov. Flanagans Company, McIntoshs Regiment, Ben McCulloughs Brigade. He was a blacksmith by trade.

After the war he moved to Arkansas, Hempstead County, and his eyes failed him. He then moved to West Oak, where he lived with his widowed daughter until his death, being blind about fifteen years.

He was married in Georgia to Almeda Denson and there were eight children born to their union, six boys and two girls. Both girls are living, also four boys. His wife has been dead some seven years. John T. Gorham, Dotson, Ark.

Eleventh Louisiana. I was born in Yelabusha County, Miss., Sept. 8, 1836; moved to Texas in 1851 and have resided here ever since. I enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862 and served under Capt. C. D. Moore, Company G, Eleventh Louisiana Regiment. I served two years, was then transferred to Capt. Bill Romeys Company, D, Twenty-Eighth Dismounted Cavalry, and served during the rest of the war. I had three brothers in the army. One was shot at the battle of Mansfield and only lived ten days.

When I think of the war it brings back to memory many heartrending scenes and hardships which we had to endure in the army, and I think I have pulled through exceedingly well. I will be 72 years old Sept. 8. If any of my old comrades see this I would be glad if they would write to me. I would like to hear from all of them. Best wishes to The News. S. G. Culberton, Athens, Tex.

Thirty-Second Tennessee. I would like to hear from some of my old comrades, if any of them are living. I hope if any of them see this they will write to me. I have been in Texas since 1880, and have not seen one of them since I have been here. Miller Bass was my Captain. B. F. Young, Cedar Hill, Dallas County, Tex.

Monday, September 14, 1908

Tribute to A. P. Stewart. To The News. I see in your Monday issue that our gallant General, Alexander P. Stewart, is no more. The terse tribute of Gen. Cabell to his immortal worth is well deserved. Accidentally I knew Gen. Stewart personally better than I knew any other prominent commander in the Confederate Army. He was accustomed to attend religious meetings in the brigades of his command with ministerial and deferential regularity. I recall with vivid recollection his genial and attentive face as he sat upon a puncheon night after night in our Louisiana brigade and heard the sermons of our missionaries while Johnstons army was in winter quarters at Mill Creek Gap, four miles north of Dalton, Ga. At that time he was Major General. In these meetings I was made clerk to record the conversions, reporting them by company, regiment and brigade to the preachers. Charles S. Stewart, his brother, was druggist in Amite, La., near where I was born, and Mrs. C. S. Stewart on one occasion conveyed through me to Gen. Stewart some delicacies of food which she knew her affectionate brother-in-law needed. But we were in marches and battles until the hope of delivering these tokens of a sisters affections had perished and rather than let them spoil or throw them away, my comrades and myself fell heir to them. When I met Gen Stewart afterward and explained it to him he seemed to be even more delighted than if he had received them himself. Gen. Stewart was a thorough West Pointer, but never a martinet. Perhaps there was scarcely a gun in his division at that time that he did not on inspection day handle. In his Major Generals uniform he passed down the lines while each man, with the drill of a regular, presented his gun, which was received by the inspection General with the skill and quickness of a private soldier and glanced at from muzzle to breach with celerity. When he came to Bill Mahoney, a private in my company, an Irishman, of course, the General stopped and with pencil took his name, company and regiment. A reward for the cleanest gun in the division exempting the soldier from sentinel duty went to Bill Mahoney. His gun was almost as bright and shiny as when it first came from the factory. It was always so and not merely for this occasion. Bill Mahoney stood guard no more.

When Gen. Polk was killed by a cannon shot at Pine Mountain, Georgia, June 7, 1864, Gen. Stewart took his place, and on the 14th day of the same month received his commission from Richmond as Lieutenant General.

There are many things in the war that have never yet entered the written pages of history. Among these were the circumstances of the relief of Gen Johnston from command of the army and the appointment of Gen. Hood. The order reached Atlanta by telegraph on July 17. It was understood that Gen. Johnston would make his battle-stand at Atlanta and the death grapple between the two armies would end in awful disaster for one side or the other. After Gen. Johnston, Gen. Hardee was next in rank. Gen. Hood was next to Hardee in rank. General Hardee was promoted to be Lieutenant General after the battle of Perryville, Ky., October, 1862. Gen. Hood was made Lieutenant General immediately after the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1864. It was a delicate thing in military ethics to promote a junior over a senior officer. Gen. Hardee had a great reputation. Gen. Hood manifested something of the rapidity and fighting genius of Stonewall Jackson. He was put with the Army of Tennessee on that account. But Gen. Stewart believed in Gen. Johnston and has since the war declared that the whole army had unlimited confidence in Gen. Johnston. The eye of a decisive battle had come, and Gen. Stewart, without the knowledge of Gen. Hardee, called a number of Confederate Generals together, who jointly telegraphed President urging him to suspend his order relieving Gen. Johnston of command until after the battle. President Davis replied in the negative, stating it was too late and that his order must stand. That was on the evening and night of July 17, the very day that Sherman with his army had crossed the Chattahoochee River. President Davis felt that he had waited for a decisive battle to the danger point. Gen. Johnston had lost between Dalton and Atlanta from March to July in absenteeism mostly, nearly 10,000 men. President Davis in order to obviate the matter of rank between Hood and Hardee had given Gen. Hood the temporary rank of General.

No sooner had Gen. Hood taken command than the hush of death fell upon the whole army. Gen. Hood immediately prepared to attack Gen. Sherman. On July 19, he moved his army out of the breast-works and I saw a sight I never saw before or afterward. The Confederate lines were halted a short distance beyond their breastworks and held there for some time, perhaps an hour. As the next order was expected to be for advance, I saw that entire Confederate line as far as eye could reach on their knees praying. We knew that almost in the next breath we would advance on the solid battalions of Shermans infantry with his massed and masked batteries plowing great death furrows through our line. But no orders came and I have since conjectured in my mind that with Gen. Hood it was a feint, for our lines were withdrawn at night and moved far to the right, where Gen. Hardee fell almost by surprise upon Shermans left flank, capturing several batteries and taking several lines of intrenchments. It was the first victory and the last that Gen. Hood won.

Six days later Gen. Hood attacked Shermans right flank, but without material results. Both Gens. Hardee and Stewart pocketed their feelings, spurned pouting and dashed in the forefront of their brave followers as if they themselves had been the favorites of the Richmond Government. Like Henry of Navarre, their white plumes shone in the thickest of the fight and under the inspiration of a high chivalry and an exalted patriotism these men shared the mortification of defeat under the brave and dashing Gen. Hood as if the defeat had been their own.

Soon after the war Gen. Stewart went to New Orleans, where with his brother, Charles S. Stewart of Amite, La., they opened a commission merchants office on Carondelet street, where he remained, I believe, until elected chancellor of the University of Mississippi. During Gen. Stewarts residence in New Orleans he, with his brother and myself, occupied the same room and ate at the same table. He was the same right-toned, refined gentleman in the business office, the dining room, the bedroom, the bivouac and the battle. Dignified, genial, somewhat reserved, but not retiring or exclusive, with the erect bearing of a soldier and the measured conduct of a military chieftain, he was, with his blonde hair, his close-cropped beard, but not shaven, his tender blue eye, his broad, high forehead, a personality at once commanding, friendly and winsome. His bearing created both respect and affection.

The event recorded above concerning the historic events attending the army of Tennessee at Atlanta are from his own lips, and the reader may be sure that they are strictly as stated.

He was commissioner for the Military Park at Chickamauga at its opening in 1894. I spent eight days on that battlefield, where tablets in red letters marked the Confederate line at every charge, and the Federal lines in white, as they received the fire of the Confederates. These tablets gave the losses on both sides. Gen. Stewart had his own house at Rossville, near the battle grounds. He was then 73 years old and as genial as he was thirty years before. I saw him for the last time on his visit to Dallas a few years later. A sweeter, braver, nobler man than Gen. Stewart I never knew. Like Stephen D. Lee, he was an atavistic reproduction of the knights errant of old. A cincture of honor encircled his brow as the sun went down on a beautiful life. His monument is already built in the hearts of the men who followed him to the fire-crested line of battle and over it. In his brave life and timely death his surviving comrades feel both a military pride and a personal bereavement. And in the hearts of all will be sung the requiem.

"Come back, there is a sorrowing breath
In music since ye went,
And the autumn flower scents wander by
With mournful memories blent.
The tones in every household word
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the great name, Stewart, wakes wish
To turn aside and weep"

--S. A. Hayden.

Thirty-First Mississippi. I was born Dec. 22, 1828, in Jefferson County, Alabama. When I was a small boy my father moved to Chickasaw County, Mississippi; lived there till the Civil War broke out. I enlisted in a cavalry company. I did not stay with it long till I went to the infantry, Company I, Thirty-First Mississippi Volunteers. I got one slight wound in the left eye at Jackson, Miss., after the fall of Vicksburg; had pneumonia and was sent to the hospital at Canton, Miss., and there carried before a board of physicians for a discharge. One was for discharging me and one was for hospital duty, and I went to Augusta, Ga., and remained until the surrender.

Came to Bosque County, Texas in 1878; stayed part of one year and went back to Mississippi and stayed there till 1890 and came back to Texas. If any of my company or regiment see this, write to me. I would like to hear from all of them. W. A. Graham, Loraine, Tex.

J. M. Pickens Celebrates 80th Birthday. On Sunday, Aug. 2, 1908, J. M. Pickens was 80 years old. On that day he ate dinner with his daughter, Mrs. O. T. Boyd, of Athens, who prepared a birthday dinner for him. During the day he had the accompanying photograph made. Few men are as active at 60 as Mr. Pickens is at 80. He is hale and hearty and bids fair to live many years yet. He is a landmark of Henderson County, having lived fifty-one years on the farm where he now

resides, and enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him intimately. He is a native of Tennessee, but has been in Texas fifty-eight years. He raised nine children, six of whom are still living. He has fourteen living grandchildren. He has been taking the Galveston-Dallas News for fifty-one years.

Born in Texas in 1859. My father and his uncle came to Texas in 1855. My mother came to Texas in 1855 from Arkansas with her father, Benjamin McDaniel, and all settled in Bell County. My father, George Peel, and mother, Jane McDaniel, were married in 1855. They moved to Tarrant County, I was born in 1859 in or near Grand Prairie, where he lived till 1866, when the soldiers were stationed at Fort Worth, which would make me an old-timer.

My father went to the army from Fort Worth, but I dont remember his regiment. He was wounded at the battle of Mansfield, La., and died t the hospital. We never got to see him any more. Mother married again in 1866 to James Glass, and we moved to Coleman County the same year. Grandpa had taken our cattle on out there. When we got there the Indians were so bad that we moved to Austin in 1869, and settled there long before the first railroad came to Austin. We settled on Barton Creek about fifteen miles from Austin, and furnished crossties to build the road with. Mothers health got so bad there we sold out and went to Uvalde in 1875 and lived there until 1879, then we moved to San Angelo. My stepfather, James Glass, lived at San Angelo after the flood in 1882. My mother died in El Paso in 1902. She was 61 years old. My grandfather, Benjamin McDaniel, died in Uvalde town at the age of 83. My mother had nine children, four boys and five girls.

I have been married twenty-six years. We have seven children living and three dead. I will soon be 50 years old. My wife is 45. Her maiden name was Sarah Bradley, the daughter of Daniel Bradley of Robertson County. His father came here in Austins colony. Daniel Bradley fought in the Mexican War, and was in the siege at the old church in San Antonio and was in the battle of San Jacinto when Santa Anna was captured. If any of our old friends or relatives see this we would like to hear from them.

I may write again and tell about some of our Indian troubles in Brown County. We take The News and couldnt do without it. G. T. Peel, Haskell, Tex.

Monday, September 21, 1908

Gen. A. P. Stewart. To The News. Mexia, Tex., Sept. 7 In last Sundays News S. A. Hayden in his tribute to Gen Stewart says: Soon after the war Gen. Stewart went to New Orleans, wherewith his brother, Charles S. Stewart of Amite, La., they opened a commission merchant office on Carodelet street, where he remained, I believe, until elected chancellor of the University of Mississippi.e

It was my good fortune to know Gen. Stewart reasonably well, and I think there was as little of the bombast or love of notoriety about him as any man I have ever known. And it was for this reason doubtless so few Texans knew he was ever a citizen of this State. In the summer of 1874 he was elected to the chair of mathematics in Trinity University, then located at Tehuacana, in this county, and he served in that capacity from early in September till some time in January, 1875, when he left Trinity to assume his duties as chancellor of the University of Mississippi.

Having been born and raised in South Carolina and having served as a boy private in the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia from the first of May till Sept. 29, 1864, when I was captured, I have always taken much interest in the war and in our leaders. So when Gen. Stewart came to Tehuacana, I soon became acquainted with him and sought every opportunity to talk with him of the war and the leaders on both sides. I saw many officers and men in Virginia during the stirring days of the summer and autumn of 1864; I remember well the appearance of such men as Gen. Wade Hampton, M. C. Butler, W. H. F. Lee and others. I saw many Federal officers from Gen. Butler down or up to Major Brady of Point Lookout, Md., but Gen. Stewart impressed me as possessing more of the soldiery bearing than any man I ever saw.

Gen Stewart was a zealous Christian and soon after he came to Tehuacana he was elected superintendent of the Sunday school and in that place he was ever active and earnest.

On his way to and from the college he passed the store where I stayed and he rarely spoke or turned his head, but always saluted as if he were an officer on duty. It was, however, at the private resident and in private conversation that Gen. Stewart was kind, gentle and communicative.

It was my pleasure to be with him something like two hours on Sunday evening before he left for Mississippi, and while he was pleasant and talkative, I thought before leaving him that he was a little blue. These were his last words to me: I feel some uncertainty as to the future; I have some misgivings as to the result of my work in Mississippi, and I sometimes feel as if I am ready to embark in another lost cause. -- W. E. Doyle.

Twenty-Seventh Arkansas. I was born in Union County, Georgia; moved to Arkansas when about 6 years old; stayed there till 1893 and moved to Oklahoma.

I volunteered in the Twenty-Seventh Arkansas Regiment. We went from North Arkansas across the Boston Mountains to Little Rock. The night before we got to Little Rock it rained until about midnight, and then began snowing. We went on to Little Rock and got on a boat and went to Pine Bluff. Next day we came back to Little Rock and there was a big snow on the ground. We went into the penitentiary, stayed there about a week; then we went about two miles and took up winter quarters. Then we marched from there to Delhi, La. There they used us for scouts and we captured about 200 negroes. We started back to Delhi and the gunboats threw some shells at us. Then we went back to Little Rock and guarded the post until the retreat. I was sick at the surrender of Little Rock and every wagon I would go to was overloaded. I just lay down and the cavalry formed a line and threw me in front of them. My Captain came to me and told me they would charge over me in a few minutes. I told them to just charge if they wanted to. The doctor ran in and took me in the ambulance. We went to Camp Bragg and took up winter quarters. Along about Christmas we got some liquor and had a lively Christmas. We rode the officers on rails. We left there and went to Mansfield and fought Gen. Banks and back to Saline River and fought Gen. Steel, and from there to Marshall, Tex., and stayed there till the surrender.

If any of my old comrades see this I would like to hear from them. I am 65 years old. Come again, W. H. Paddock of Longview, Tex., and tell who was your head man. You may be one of my company. I belonged to Shauers regiment and Company K.

Wishing The News and its many readers long life and success. M. Burch, Lone Wolf, Ok., R. F. D. No. 1.

Raised in Murray County, Georgia. I was raised in Munway County, Georgia. I have a sister in Texas I have not seen in thirty-five years. She was raised in Georgia. Her maiden name was Caroline Payne. She married J. W. Goss. H. H. Payne, Quinlan, Hunt County, Tex., R. F. D. No. 5.

Monday, October 5, 1908

First Arkansas. I am an old pioneer and an ex-Confederate soldier. Would be glad, yes, glad, to hear from any and all of my Arkansas regiment, especially from my company, Company G, First Arkansas Dismounted Rifles. My Captains name is Coke, Brig. Gen. D. H. Reynolds, dismounted at Greensboro, N.C.

I would be extra glad to hear from any of my company. A. J. Alphin, Kerens, Tex., Route 1.

In Cleburnes Division. I am an old soldier and belonged to Company A, Fifteenth Arkansas, Pat Cleburnes Division. Our first Captain was J. T. Harris, brother of ex-Gov. Ishom G. Harris of Tennessee. Our second Captain was Sam Black: our third Captain was Sam Wells. Our company was formed at the town of Clarendon on White River. We soldiered in Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee and camped one winter at Bowling Green, Ky. We were in the big Shiloh battle, Franklin, Tenn., and others too numerous to mention. If any of my company see this I would be glad to hear from them. C. W. Sparks, Paoli, Ok.

In John T. Morgans Regiment. Seeing J. W. Tindalls letter in the grand old News, will say I was born two miles west of Biddles Bridge, on the Talapoosa River, Randolph County, Ala.: joined the army in August, 1862, at Oxford, Ala., M.D. Johnsons Company, John T. Morgans Regiment: was attached to Wheelers Brigade at Lawrence, Tenn.: was in the battle of Murfreesboro and did regular service as a soldier until June 27, 1863, when I was captured at Shelbyville, Tenn., taken to Louisville, Ky., stayed there four days thence to Camp Chase, Ohio; stayed there ten days then to Fort Delaware, where I was kept until June 14, 1865, when I got transportation to Rome, Ga.; stayed at home in Talladega County, Ala., two years. I landed in Texas in December, 1867; have lived in several counties and like East Texas best, as we can raise anything here, even as fine peaches and tomatoes as grow anywhere, and are blessed with fine freestone water. I would like to correspond with old comrades and friends. W. J. Tanner, Frankston, Tex.

Ranger and Veteran. I was born in Granger County, Tennessee, in 1840. My father moved to Texas in 1855 and settled in Williamson County. In 1859 I enlisted in Capt. Dalrymples company of Rangers. Our headquarters were on the Little Wichita. We elected the first officers in Clay County. We were thrown into M. T. Johnsons battalion at Fort Belknap. I soon took sore eyes and was sent back to the Wichita camp, where I lost the use of one of my eyes. We were ordered back to Austin that fall and mustered out of service. In 1861 I joined Capt. Burroughs company in Williamson County. We were put in Steeles regiment, Sibleys brigade, better known as Tom Greens cavalry, commanded mostly by Hubbard. I was on the Neptune, that was sunk in the retaking o Galveston; was taken prisoner at New Iberia, La. At the time I was wearing a Federal officers dress coat and cap. You may guess I got abused. Well, to make a long story short, I saw the elephant. If any of either company sees this I would like to hear from them. T. W. Thomason, Moran, Tex.

Texas Pension Appropriation. I have been viewing the manner of our legislators in making laws for our benefit as indigent veterans of the Confederate cause, and it does appear to me that they have been quite delinquent in complying with their obligations to their constituents, whom we placed in power at Austin to supplement our needs in this life. They have said by their actions, We are not ready yet to serve your demands. The Confederate pension amendment allowing approved pensions of \$8 per month was totally disregarded in the appropriations, and it was corrected by a majority several years ago.

If the Constitutional amendments are disregarded by our lawmakers, what need is there for the people to vote on them when the amendments are not complied with in making our laws by which we live? Now we wish it thoroughly understood that we are not beggars in these blood-bought principles. We selected men whom we thought had principles according with us in this demand for Constitutional rights, but you see they have not complied with our demands at all, but let the law stand as it was, measuring out to us our scanty dole, while the number is increasing all the time on the pension rolls. I believe that there is a law on the statutes limiting Confederate appropriations to \$500,000, but we should remember that the Constitutional amendment supersedes that law. Therefore if the Constitution with its amendments is regarded to be the paramount principles and law of laws of the State of Texas; if the Legislature has the power to augment the Confederate appropriation, why did it not do its duty? -- Warren Davis, Confederate Veteran Ross, Ector and Grandburys Brigades of Texas Confederates.

Monday, October 19, 1908

An Interesting Experience. Have been a reader of The News only a short time and like it very much. I enjoy reading the old-timers letters. I was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1852. Was raised in the Seventh District, Mill Creek Valley, at Bakers Station. My father, Francis Edna Baker, served his apprenticeship cutting stone under my grandfather, James Johnson, on the State Capitol at Nashville, Tenn. You see, I was not old enough to be in the army, but know something of the hardships of the war. My father had a large family and worked at his trade cutting stone and laying brick. The Federals took six large wagon loads of corn and one of fodder from us that I worked and made when only 10 years old, and chickens and other things that we needed. We lived one mile from No. 2 Mill Creek bridge and there was stationed there during the war a company of Federal soldiers to guard the bridge. Some of them were nice gentlemen and some would steal anything they could get. The Ohio soldiers were the best and most neighborly ones that we had to contend with. They would exchange coffee, port and such things as they had for vegetables and chickens, eggs, etc., and at the close of the war we had it with the Confederates when Hood made his raid on Nashville. They came in our neighborhood one morning and so many of them wore blue that you could not tell whether they were Confederates or Federals, and they stationed themselves all along the railroad and a train came along with a regiment of Negro soldiers, and just as they passed our house going to Nashville the Confederates fired on the train and the soldiers did not climb off the train but jumped off and fell off and went to Mill Creek No. 2 block house, and they fought all day. Only one Confederate was killed and several Federals killed and wounded. The Confederates kept my mother cooking all day for them and made my father superintend laying track to move cars out in a field to transfer to the Decatur Railroad. Col. Bufords servant captured a Federal soldier when he went to the creek to water the Colonels horse. The soldiers kept me carrying food to them at my grandfathers old residence and on one trip the bullets whistled around us and one horse was shot in the leg when the soldiers were formed in a line of battle in an orchard. The cannon balls whistled around our place several times.

I was married June 4, 1874, to Miss Tennis Stanton, niece of Col. Sidney Stanton of Putnam County. The war is not over yet. We have to fight against the wars of the devil. May God be with us until we meet in heaven.

I joined the Missionary Baptist Church at Gethsemane Church on Mill Creek Valley pike when 14 years old. J. W. Baker, White Bluff, Tenn.

Wauls Texas Legion. I was at the fall of Vicksburg in 1863, on the Fourth of July. Thence we came back to Texas, thence to Mud Island, Timmons Regiment; thence to Louisiana, Alexander McMahan's Battery. Young Sam Houston was Lieutenant of the company. We stayed there around until the war was ended. Capt. Hogue died while we were in Mississippi, at Ft. Pemberton; then we had a Lieut. Waul from some other company put in command of Hogue's company. We had lost all of our commissioned officers. We got orders to elect a Captain. So we all like Lieut. Waul and he was elected Captain while we were encamped at Fort Pemberton, thence to Vicksburg, where we were captured. That was the last I ever heard from Capt. Waul. I hope to hear from some of my comrades.

I am so thankful we have such a fine paper as The News, that we can read so many good letters in. I think The News is a great educator.

I was born in Mississippi in 1844, came to Texas in 1857, stopped in Trinity County, Texas; thence to Walker County, thence to Harris County, twenty miles north from Houston; postoffice as Cypress, Harris County. I joined the army at Houston in 1862, on the 6th day of May.

May God bless all The News readers. Nathan L. Pittman, Private, Company B, Light Artillery, Route 1, Box 26, Bagwell, Tex.

Monday, October 26, 1908

An Old Soldier Writes. I was born in Clark County, Mississippi in 1843, and came to Texas in the latter part of the same year. Father settled in Montgomery County on Lake Creek and moved from there to Brazos County near old Boonesville. There we went to Blainborne Parish, Louisiana, and stayed there six or seven years and returned to Fayette County in 1852, settling on Mulberry Creek. I went to school at Grassy Creek, and my teachers names were Prof. Whiting, Stamps and Broils. I went one term on Mulberry Creek, near Steve Scallorus to Prof. Taylor, and moved to Black Jack Springs in Fayette County, near J. C. C. Smiths, Robinsons, Hales, Moores, and Middlebrooks. All had children who attended the

same school I did. I went two sessions there, to Prof. Robert Lamar Miller, and was going to school when the war came up. I enlisted in the spring of 1862 in the Confederate Army. Was a cavalryman nearly a year under Capt. Sanford, Col. Bates regiment, Thirteenth Texas Volunteers. Sanford resigned and we were dismounted and took charge of heavy artillery at the mouth of the Brazos River at Valasco. The artillery captain was William R. Jones, Company F, Thirteenth Texas Regulars. I had a very good time during the war, as we did not suffer as some of the other soldiers did. All of our regiment went to Louisiana during the last campaign, except two companies, our and Perrys.

I was sick with measles during the latter part of the war. There were eight of us brothers in the army, and all came home except one, who was killed at Yellow Bayou, Norwoods Plantation, Louisiana. The war being ended, I left Fayette County in January, 1868, and went to McLennan County, and there, Dec. 10, 1868, I was married to a McLennan County girl, Miss Lizzie Decker. Unto us were born seven boys and one girl, and all are married except our youngest, who is a boy. I have lived in Van Zandt and Coryell Counties, and while there the Indians were very troublesome. In 1876 I came to Comanche, thence to Callahan, and I now live in Nolan County. I am a Democrat, Missionary Baptist and Master Mason. I have been totally blind for seven years and would be glad to hear from any of my old comrades; also any of my old schoolmates, either men or women. I get very lonely at time, and I believe the Lord will bless the effort of all who try to brighten the life of anyone in my condition. I am ready to answer to the rollcall when the summons comes, and I hope to meet comrades, neighbors, friends and schoolmates in a better world than this.

I could tell many thrilling experiences, but as the kind Editor says be brief I will close by saying my Father took The News in the 50s. I have been a subscriber, and now my children all are subscribers, and think it a grand paper. I like very much to hear read all the nice letters from the old pioneers and soldiers. I will gladly answer all letters received. Alex S. Ford, Dora, Nolan County, Tex.

Sketch of a Pioneer. I have been a subscriber to The News the last ten years and many bits of knowledge have I gained by its perusal, I am familiar with the landmarks of Texas. My father was one of the earliest settlers of Texas, coming from Missouri to Dallas in 1844, when Col Neely Bryan occupied a small cedar cabin for a residence, where the city of Dallas now stands. My father homesteaded one mile west of Dallas, where he lived two years, moving from there up on Chambers Creek. Many are the thrilling incidents I have heard him relate of frontier life in Dallas and adjoining counties. The Indian, the buffalo, the bear and the wolf were all interesting topics of his declining days. He passed away little more than a year ago at the age of 80 years. I have no doubt but that it was he who made the chair that the old lady Bryan sat in at the Dallas Fair over two years ago, as he was a maker of chairs and spinning wheels while he lived in Dallas. He spent most of his life with the frontiersmen of Texas, and no doubt but what he can be recalled by some of the old-timers of Dallas. His name was William Hoggard. My mother is still living. She is 76 years old and is blind. She suffered with him in those days of old. She is with me now and able to tell of many hardships that she has undergone for the upbuliding of Texas. She has seven out of ten children left to her, but we are scattered to the four winds of the earth. My wife and I have eight children (all living). My wife at present is visiting in Texas, just myself and three little boys to keep house.

I have been watching your columns for the last three weeks for recipes on house drudgery. Will some of the sisters tell me how to cook mince pies? -- Bud Hoggard, Black Rock, Ok.

In the First Arkansas. As I am a subscriber to the best paper in the south, and am an old Reb thought I would write. I was in the First Arkansas Regiment. Our first Colonel was James Fagan. He resigned and we elected John Colquitt. Our first Captain was Charles Stark; he resigned, then we elected Alexander. My company was letter B. I served first year in Virginia; was transferred back to the Tennessee Army a few days before the Shiloh battle. Brown was our color bearer, a man that never buttoned his shirt collar, cold or hot. Now, if any of the First Arkansas Regiment sees this and wants to hear from Squad Smith, write to me and I will answer your letter. My postoffice is Pegram, Miss. I was in the service four years; got one bad wound at Spring Hill, Tenn., the day before the Franklin battle. If I live to see the 8th days of October will be 72 years old. I was with the army when he war closed, in North Carolina. There we were paid \$1.50 in silver for our four years service and we received it gladly. Then we set out for home, sweet home, the dearest place on Earth.

I will name some of the boys: John Spence, Will Black, Joe Pearce, and two brothers, Walter and Tom; Norris Smith, Wyatt Johnson, Will Goram, Jake Penington, George Carter, James and Eli McDaniels, Tom Lockwood, Sevier Marberry, and Murphy, the boy that ate the turkey at one meal. S. D. Smith, Pegram, Miss.

Forty-Sixth Tennessee Pioneers. I am a native of Carroll County, Tennessee. I joined Clarks Regiment (the Forty-Sixth), Hannahs Company H, Tennessee Troop. Bill Haynes, Bill Smith and myself were Capt. Hannahs Lieutenants. I have been in Texas since 1878. I am in a bad shape now, health gone and a cancer on my right eyelid. I lost my left eye while in prison on Johnson Island. If any of my old comrades will write to me I will be glad. J. B. Stewart, Arp, Smith Co., Tex.

Monday, November 2, 1908

Member of Seventeenth Texas Cavalry. I enlisted in the Confederate service early in 1862 in Company F, Seventeenth Texas Cavalry. When our regiment was organized we were ordered to Corinth, Miss., and when we got into Arkansas our orders were changed to Little Rock, to meet the advance of an invading army from Missouri. We had only one light skirmish, which was near Searcy. After this, we went through the Boston Mountains on what is known as the parched

corn scout. The only rations we started with were a few ears of parched corn. The third day at noon we stopped near a large planters and provisions were secured that lasted until we returned to what the old Seventeenth knows as Fly Blow Camp, because of the innumerable swarms of green flies. From this camp we went to a place on Bayou Meter, and there we were dismounted July 16. Then we went into a camp of infantry instruction at Crystal Hill, fifteen miles up the river from Little Rock. We went from there to Austin, Ark., and established Camp Nelson; about Dec. 1 we went to Arkansas Post and on Jan. 1, 1863, we fought the battle of this name. Our army surrendered late in the evening. There were nine Texas regiments in this battle, and enough men escaped after the surrender to make eight companies, and we were called together at Shreveport, La., and organized into a regiment called the Seventeenth Texas Consolidated. We did no more fighting in 1863, but in February, 1864, we fought a battle with gunboats at Harrisburg, La. March 10 we left this place and closed Red River at Alexandria, then down to LeCompt, where we began the retreat on what is known in history as The Red Ricer Expedition. We retreated to Mansfield, and on April 8 turned to meet Gen. Banks army, and defeated him, capturing prisoners, cannon, and wagons, and closing the battle at dark. Gen. Banks gave us battle at Pleasant Hill, but was routed again. May 16 we fought an artillery battle on Marksville Prairie, and on the 18th we fought our last battle at Yellow Bayou.

In the battle of Mansfield, Gen. Mouton, our division commander; James R. Haylor, our Colonel, and S. M. Noble, our Lieutenant Colonel, were killed.

I would be pleased to hear from any old comrades. I have passed my three score and ten, and soon will answer my final roll call. W. W. Jones, Henderson, Texas.

Tells Joke on Himself. I enlisted in Company G, Forty-Ninth Alabama Regiment, in January 1862. Jep Edwards of Duck Springs was our Captain. We were organized into a regiment at Nashville, Tenn., and attached to John C. Breckinridges Brigade after the fall of Fort Donelson. We fell back to Murfreesboro, Tenn., remained there a few days and then our command went to Corinth, Miss. I was then on the sick list, not able to march with the command, so I was placed on a freight train with several others of the regiment without orders where to go and no one in charge. After waiting for several hours, an engine hooked onto our train and pulled us to Stephenson, where we met Col. Hale, who was then our Captain, and he told us to go home and remain until we got well, which order we readily obeyed, and as the train that we had to go on to Larkinville was not due for three hours, some of the boys pulled out on foot. When the train came, we overtook them before they got to the first station.

I stayed at home till about Aug. 1 and started back via Decatur, landing there April 7. There were some of us from various places, bound for Corinth, and all waiting for the train, which was not on time, but about 9 or 10 oclock we saw a handcar coming from Huntsville with two men on it. They reported that the Federals 30,000 strong had taken Huntsville and every engine on the road and were coming on to Decatur. Now comes the funny part. Some Major trumped up and assumed command of the men there, which were about 500. A few of us had guns and to supply those who did not, he sent out over town to press guns, which was soon done. They consisted of old flint rifles and shotguns. All now being armed, the next thing was to moved about 500 bales of cotton across the river, near a slough bridge, and he had the cotton strung out at right angles from the railroad bales three deep. He gave orders for us to keep a lookout for the Federals, who would come on the train, but not to shoot till we saw the whites of their eyes. After we had waited about an hour, we saw an engine coming and we were watching closely. Some of the boys swore there were 10,000 on it, and when it got within 200 yards of us, we couldnt stand it any longer, so some of the boys started out through the bottoms as hard as they could go and the rest of us followed suit, Major and all. The engine ran on to the depot and the 10,000 Federals that we saw on it were reduced to two men, the fireman and engineer. The train consisted of the engine and tender, which had been sidetracked at some station on the road and was overlooked by the men on the handcar. After we got together out of the bottom, we found an engineer among our boys that took charge of the engine and pulled us on to Corinth.

I am now 63 years old. If the old soldiers feel disposed to write me, I would appreciate it very much. I never see nor hear of any of my old regiment. Will answer any letters I receive. T. L. Stigler, Chalk Mountain, Texas.

Death of a Pioneer. Mrs. Mary A. Blackburn was born in 1831 in Maury County, Tennessee, and was the daughter of George and Polly Chambers. In 1850 she married John G. Blackburn, and in 1853 she and her husband moved to Texas, locating near what is now known as Florence in Williamson County, where they lived one year and then moved to Bell County near Killeen. They have lived there ever since.

She was always willing to do her duty as a Christian. At the Nolan Camp Grounds she camped during fifty-two meetings. For several weeks it was her prayer that she might live to attend the meeting of 1908. She was permitted to do so, but while there she died, Aug. 17. On the following day she was laid away to rest in the family cemetery near the home where she had lived so long. She was the mother of eleven children, eight girls and three sons. Her husband, five daughters and one son survive her. J. G. Blackburn, Killeen, Tex.

Monday, November 9, 1908

Fought Indians in Early Days. I was born in Scott County, Arkansas, June 2, 1834. My father was Claiborne Arrington, and the family moved from Arkansas to Red River County in the spring of 1840, and to Cherokee County in 1842. Later

to Travis County, and from there to Hood County in 1855. At that time I was just 21 years of age, taking part in the development of the country and chasing away Indians from the settlements. I served with Major Formwait in the Western country and was always ready to do my part along this line. In March, 1862, I enlisted in the Confederate Army, Capt. Frizzells Company H, and was assigned to the Fifteenth Cavalry, Sweets Regiment. The regiment went to Little Rock, where they were dismounted, and I was one of those sent back with the horses. While absent, the regiment was captured, and the remnant was then consolidated with the Seventeenth Cavalry, serving in Louisiana the balance of the war and taking part in the Battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou and others. While seeing some hard service I escaped without any wounds.

At the close of the war I returned to Hood County, and in 1867 I was married to Mrs. Mary Nutt Wright, and to us were born nine children, eight of whom are still living.

I have always been a farmer and stockman, but am now too old to work. I draw from the State of Texas a small pension, which no taxpayer begrudges an old soldier. Even after the war, I continued to serve my country as a soldier, chasing the Indians, and in 1869 took part in what was known as the Points of Timbers fight, in which I know I shot one Indian, there being seven of them in the party, and all killed. Charles Thomas, Arrington.

A Mississippi Veteran. I have been a subscriber and reader of The News for several years, and think it one of the best papers that I have ever read. I am an Confederate veteran, 74 years of age. It will not be long until I shall have to answer to the last roll call, and before I go I would like to hear from any of my old comrades. I was a member of Company G, Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment, and left home June 2, 1861, with a company made up at Camden, Madison County, Mississippi. Our first Captain was Adam McWillie, who was killed in the first Battle of Manassas. Our last Captain was Joseph McAdams. Would like to hear from any one who was in the battle at Spotsylvania court house May 8, 1864, especially in the cut off that day, a day long to be remembered by those who were there. If Capt McAdams is living, I know he has not forgotten the next morning, for, after traveling all night, we got through our lines and at daybreak, being worn out, we lay down to take a nap. Some one stole his hat, which he had over his face. I would like to hear from the Captain as to whether the thief ever repented and asked his pardon for having robbed a poor soldier, knowing that we were just out of East Tennessee, where supplies did not grow on trees for Confederate soldiers.

I have many relatives in Texas that I havent heard from for several years. T. B. Blailock, Bolatusha, Miss.

Husband Was a Confederate. My husband, the late S. L. Anderson, served in the Confederate Army. He was a Lieutenant and aid to Gen. Gano in Gurleys brigade. I think he was chief drillmaster, perhaps. If there are any survivors of Gurleys Brigade, Ganos command, still living in Texas, I wish they would please write to The News. Mrs. M. C. Anderson, Alleene, Ark.

Pioneer from Denton County. I am an old soldier and was in Company I, Seventeenth Alabama, until after the battle of Shiloh; then I was transferred to the Second Georgia Sharpshooters, Company D, Jacksons Brigade, Walkers Division, Hardees company and Braggs army. I would be glad to hear from any of my old company. S. H. Smith, Aubrey, Denton County, Tex.

Monday, November 16, 1908

Two Old Pioneers. Grandpa and Grandma Gordon of Caddo, Stephens County, Texas, now reside with their daughter, Mrs. J. W. Robinson. Beverly W. Gordon was born in Todd County, Kentucky, Oct. 14, 1817, and married Miss Carolina C. Wood Jan. 21, 1845. Since the union of this couple they have resided in Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas, coming here in 1873. They first settled in Grayson County, where they stayed three years, then moved to Palo Pinto County, and were there three years, and then to Stephens County, where they have resided since. They have five daughters and four sons, all living except one son. They have fifty-five grandchildren, twenty-eight great-grandchildren, and eleven great-great-grandchildren.

Few people of their age have as clear minds and enjoy as good health as they do. Grandma is now 84 years old, has a clear memory. She kept house until two years ago, and says she has lived in four States and always found good neighbors. She is a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church and has been since she was 16 years old. Grandpa is remarkably strong for a man 91 years old, and his memory is clear. He tells many interesting incidents of his life on the frontier. He is perhaps one of the oldest Masons in the State. He joined the Masonic fraternity in 1854 in Kentucky. It is to be hoped they will enjoy many more years of life. D. Sutphen, San Marcos, Tex.

Lived in Texas Since 1849. As I see so many letters in The News from old settlers in Texas, I will write for I am an old Texan. I came to Texas in January, 1849, from Alabama. I came to Harrison County and lived there two years, then moved to Hopkins County. My fathers name was Daniel Bohannan. I was born in Marshall County, Ala., Aug. 30, 1846. I have lived in Texas since 1849 and have many friends and relatives I would like to hear from.

I have witnessed many of the hardships of the early days in Texas and have lived in several different parts of the State, but I like old Eastland County better than any part I have lived in. We have a good farming country, good society, and

can raise nearly anything that we can anywhere.

Success to the good old News and all of its readers. James O. Bohannon, Carbon, Tex.

Plainview Veteran. I was born in Shelby County, Tex., October, 1844, and enlisted in the Confederate army Jan. 16, 1862. I was in Company F, Fourteenth Texas Infantry. Would like to hear from some of my old comrades. We served through the war in Walkers Division, Dick Taylors army in Trans-Mississippi Department and was disbanded at the close of the war in April, 1865. W. C. Crawford, Plainview, Hale County, Tex.

Monday, November 30, 1908

Fought on Revolutionary Battlefields. We must be thankful to God that all is quiet on the Potomac, and we will not have to go on picket duty any more. Old soldiers, who wore the gray and the blue, lets all untie and write up our war history and give our dear old News lot of interesting work to do, for everybody seems to love war stories.

I was born in Wilcox County, Alabama, March 28, 1840. Mother died when I was 2 years old, and when I was 5 years old, father moved to Homes County, Mississippi, near the city of Durant. While in my early teens, father died; also my only sister and brother. I passed the door by a close call and tried hard to get able to go to school as I desired a good education above everything but the war came too soon for me to accomplish it. The year 1861 found me at Holly Springs, Marshall County, Mississippi. When the drum and fife began calling for volunteers, I joined the First Artillery Company, named Bradbors Flying Artillery, commanded by Col E. W. Upshaw. For some reason it soon disbanded and I then joined the Mott Guards. We went to Richmond, Va., and took our place as Company B, Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment, G. W. Martin, Captain, and C. H. Mott, Colonel commanding the Nineteenth Regiment. And 1861 passed off with but little fighting. We drilled and prepared ourselves for what might come, and early in 1862 we went to Yorktown, Va., and occupied the old line of breastworks our fathers made while fighting under George Washington during the Revolutionary War. I felt very serious when I saw where probably my great-grandfather had painted the ground with the blood from his frozen feet.

We had no fight at Yorktown, only slight shelling and some picket brushes, which we thought were horrible but we found out before the war was over that it was a very mild introduction. Our brigade, which at that time was known as Wilcox Brigade, Tenth Alabama and the Nineteenth Mississippi, got a genuine introduction of the horrors of war at Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862. I thank God yet that cannon could not get position to throw deadly shell, grape and canister among us, for it seemed like everything had turned to hungry minie balls. As this battle was our first hard-fought battle, we lost many dear comrades, but it was the beginning of misery, and we afterward learned that war was hell at its best. In this battle at Williamsburg, Va., we lost our dear Col. C. H. Mott, and the next day we started on our march again for Richmond. The Union troops did not crowd us any more, but rain and muddy roads caused us to suffer with fatigue and hunger. An ear of corn to parch would have been highly appreciated by any of us old Confederates, as there were no acorns nor persimmons that we could get.

When we left Holly Springs to go to Virginia, Mrs. Mott, the noble wife of our Col. Mott, told the colored servant, (Uncle Wash, as we called him) to take good care of his master and if he got killed in battle or died of sickness, to be sure to bring his body home to her. Uncle Wash promised her he would, if he possibly could get his body. While we were marching on our way to Richmond, this faithful colored man overtook us with his dead masters body laid across his horse in front of him, and he thanked God for helping to get Mars Kits body to take home to Mistress, as he promised her he would do. He rode to the head of our regiment and stopped on the roadside for us of the Nineteenth Mississippi to look at our brave Colonel for the last time in this life. It seems to me that I can see the face of poor old Uncle Wash now, as I saw it when we were looking at our Colonel. It was sad to us then; all wept and the ears rolled down the faithful darkys face while he was telling us how he found him on the battlefield at Williamsburg. He went ahead to Richmond and the kind Virginians helped him get his master all right for shipping, and he got home to Holly Springs and turned over the dead husband to the living wife, where hearts were kind and tears shed.

I was in all the fights around Richmond, Antietam, Md., and Gettysburg, Va., and a prisoner at war nine months at Point Lookout, Md., which ended my soldiering. - F. M. Sawyer, North McAlester, Ok.

Monday, December 14, 1908

Whole Army Got After Him. I am an old Confederate soldier, having been a member of the Rough and Readies, Company D, Hardcastles Battalion. Afterward it became Charlestons Regiment, Gen. Lowerys Brigade, and at last it was called the Third Mississippi Battalion, Pat Cleburnes Division, Hardys Corps, Braggss Army. Then it went to Joe E. Johnstons Army. I saw a great deal of hard service, having been in the Perryville battle, Battle of Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga and New Hope Church fights and Kennesaw Mountain, where I was captured and taken to Louisville, and then to Camp Douglass, Illinois, where I remained from July until January. I was paroled because I had scurvy so bad I had to walk on my knees and elbow. I lost one brother in Prairie battle near Clarendon, Ark.; another at Guntown and my other brother and mother died before my return to Mississippi.

I was among those picking up the dead and wounded after the Perryville battle, and as I was barefooted and a Union soldier with good boots lay near by with a coat thrown over him, I decided to take the boots; but the supposed dead soldier shouted, Leave my boots alone, and I did. While shooting from behind a tree at Perryville battle I was not aware that my company had retreated until they were several hundred yards away. I ran the whole Union army in this case for they all ran after my retreating form, but I reached my command in safety. I am past 74 years old, but still feel young, although I cant get about as rapidly as I once could, as I have had four strokes of paralysis. However, I expect to live twenty-five years yet. I thank the editor for giving us this page and hope to hear from old comrades. S. J. Harrod, Shawnee, Ok.

Was With Johnson and Hood. I was born and raised in Calhoun County, Alabama, and in March 1862 I enlisted in the army. We organized two regiments at Talledega the Thirty and Thirty-First Alabama and I belonged to Company D of the Thirty-First. We went to Knoxville, Tenn., where we joined the army, then we skirmished from there to Cumberland Gap and went from there into Kentucky. When we returned we marched across the country to Murfreesboro, and there we took the train to Vicksburg. After the siege we reorganized at Demopolis, Ala., and went to East Tennessee and joined Johnsons army. I was with old Joseph E. Johnstons all down through Georgia to Atlanta, where Gen. Hood took command. I went with Hood back to Nashville, Tenn.

During my time in the army we had lots of hard fighting and marching. I would like to hear from any old comrades. J. Britt, Fitzhugh, Ok.

Oldest Man in Delta County. The oldest man in Delta County is J. W. Cauley, who lives at Rattan. He was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, in January, 1804, making him 105 years old his next birthday. He came to America in 1831 and joined the Confederate Army the first year of the war. He served until the war closed, having enlisted at Corinth, Miss. He came to Texas in 1870 and settled in Fannin County not far from Bonham, and came to Delta County in 1895. He was married thirty-three years ago and his wife is still living. They had eleven children, six of whom are living. He is as active as most men are at 60, is a farmer and is still able to plow with a riding plow. He manages his own affairs, and has been disposing of some of the present years cotton crop. He is still able to read The News. S. D. Ross, Ben Franklin, Tex.

A Veteran of Two Wars. I am an old Mexican War soldier, and was in the last war also. I see a great many of my old comrades have written, but I can not remember any of their names. I would like to hear from some of them. Robert J. Vaughn, I was glad to see your picture and to know you had lived so long.

I was born in Tuscaloosa County, Alabama, in 1825, and am 83 years old. I went to Paris, Lamar County, Texas, in 1852, and from there I went to Dallas County in 1853, but I am now living in Donley County, Texas, now. Harry Newman, Headley, Tex.

Was In a Georgia Brigade. I have been a subscriber for several years, and like the paper very much. I dont see how I could get along without it. I believe it is the best paper that is published in the South or North, either. I belonged to Company D, Phillips Legion of the G. A. Hamans Brigade. Was in the army and was a prisoner for sixteen months at Fort Delaware and Point Lookout. I love to read the letters from the veterans. If any old comrades was in Fort Delaware, I guess he remembers Old Hack Out. -- J. W. Thomas, Mandeville, Ark.

Two Pioneers From Briggs, Texas. We came to Texas in 1850 and have lived in Williamson County the greater part of our time. We would be glad to hear from any of our many friends and relatives living in the State and out. We love our native State, but we are prouder of Texas, and take a great interest in The News, and think it one of the best papers published in the State. May it grow better still and grasp a wider circulation. Our ages are 83 and 76 respectively. Mr. and Mrs. James H. Montgomery, Briggs, Williamson Co., Tex.

From a Tennessee Veteran. I have been a reader of The News for twelve years and am an old Confederate veteran 74 years old. I have a good many comrades and friends in Texas and other States and would like to hear from them. I will answer all letters. -- W. E. Garrison, Elkton, Tenn.