tion of his book, and was nursed by his devoted sister, Mrs. Dandridge, of Winchester, one of the most intellectual and attractive women who ever presided over the elegant hospitality of the President's house. In her were blended the best traits of the gentlewoman of Virginia and Louisiana.

CHAPTER XIX

Last Day of Service for the Confederacy — Beginning the Journey Home — Hospitalities on the Way — Condition of the South after the War — Arrival at Richmond — General Lee's Opinion of the Oath of Allegiance — His Manner of administering a Rebuke — Other Aspects of his Character illustrated — Death of Mr. Mason

TO resume my narrative, the final day of our service for the Confederacy was one of the deepest gloom to us. The little army of Mobile had held steadfastly together with the dignity of men who had risked all from a high motive, and we stood by each other to the last. My own deep sadness was cheered by the sympathy of the noble men who had been my comrades. Gibson's Louisiana brigade had been especially active and enduring in the defence of Spanish Fort; Ector's Texans, the Alabamians, and North Carolinians, and Massenbury's Georgians made up that steadfast little garrison. They were all around me now, and the Louisiana band, the only one left in the army, came to my encampment that evening and gave me their farewell serenade. The officers of the Louisiana regiments which had served with me longest came to my tent in a body and bade me an affectionate good by. The Federal major who relieved my quartermaster of his public property declined to receive my headquarters ambulance and team, and graciously urged that I should keep it for myself. This I declined to do; but when I

found that it would be of great value to my destitute staff-officers, I approved of their accepting it, and Flowerree, Dick Holland, and John Mason drove off in it to seek their fortunes.

On the evening of May 14th, our surrender was complete. A train loaded with paroled prisoners of war from Lee's army was going up the road that evening as far as West Point, and a crate car was added to it for me and my horse, all the property I then possessed. The conductor told me it would not go further that night than West Point, and that I would find hospitable entertainment for the night in the house of a leading gentleman of the town — Squire Collins. So just at sunset, when our destination was reached, I left Roy with the orderly who had faithfully remained with me thus far to take care of the horse and to help me, and set out to seek some shelter for the night.

I readily found the house, quite a handsome one, and on the veranda were several young gentlemen and a very handsome young lady in full conversation as I approached the gate. I was ashamed to ask for shelter, and had passed on, going some eight or ten paces further, when I heard the gate latch rattle and a familiar voice call out, "General!" and I wheeled around to meet a fine-looking young fellow, Captain Collins of Armstead's brigade. With hands extended, and hearty words of comfort and welcome, he claimed me as their guest for the night, introduced me to his very handsome sister (now Mrs. Dr. Curry of New York City), and made me at home at once; and never was generous hospitality more welcome. There was a sumptuous supper with all the belongings of a well-appointed table, an elegant bedroom, and a breakfast appropriate to such an establishment, and, above all, the sympathetic care of those charming people. It was the one green spot in all of that desolate time.

With many warm feelings we parted next morning, and I got again into my crate with Roy, and in an hour had reached Okolona, where I found one of our servants awaiting to conduct me to Mr. Clarke's residence, that kind friend having already sent for my family to stay with him until arrangements might be made for our future. As I mounted Roy, I raised my hat to the Confederates of Lee's army who filled the train, and they silently returned my farewell, showing deep sympathy and respect as I turned away. Our stay with Mr. Clarke lasted about two weeks. He was goodness itself. He sold Roy for $200 in greenbacks, the first I had ever seen. Roy was a noble chestnut sorrel of great power; he had cost $700 in gold, and was a present to me from an old friend, General Cabell. Mr. Clarke said: "Now, General Maury, I have no money at all, but there's near a thousand bales of cotton in my gin-house, and you just say how many you will accept to take you home and keep you till you find something to do; for you ain't going to be kept down long, and I will give you a certificate to my Mobile correspondent that you have that many bales in my hands and he will give you the money on it."

Of course our objective point was our home in Virginia. My father-in-law's home had escaped the general ruin and desolation, thanks to Burnside's kind heart, and all of his children and grandchildren were soon together there. My parole carried us meanwhile to New Orleans, where my good friend, Major Charles L. C. Dupuy, of my staff, met us, and also my kinsman, Mr. Rutson Maury, at whose house we were entertained. He had received instructions from his uncle, Mr. Rutson

Maury, of New York, to supply us with everything we might require. Commodore Maury, who was in London, had already sent me a generous check, when a noble-hearted Southern woman came to me and put into my hand ten gold eagles, but I would not take her little store, being already amply provided for by so many kind friends. Ten old friends and comrades offered me money. Some of these were personal strangers to me, but remembered some little kindness shown them in the days of my power. General Dick Taylor was one of these, and with him came Mr. Payne, the close friend of Mr. Davis. Mr. Richard Owen, of Mobile, insisted that my wife should share a little store of gold he had saved for an emergency, and the family of Vasser, of Aberdeen, who were much attached to her, contributed each a bale of cotton apiece, nine bales in all, worth then eighty cents a pound, and sent it to their commission-merchant to be sold for us; but we had already sailed, well supplied, and it was not until five or six years afterwards that I heard of this generous act.

Thank God, I can never arraign mankind for want of generosity, and it is with pride and gratitude that I record the hospitality and kindness which met me and mine on every hand throughout the war and at its close. It was not my personality which called it forth, but it was the spontaneous outcome of the spirit which pervaded the whole South in all that sorrowful time, and which distinguishes it even unto this day. Not even the cruel vicissitudes of that bitter conflict could chill the sympathetic hearts and close the beneficent hands of our dear Southern people. Brave men and tender women are these who in the past have nobly borne their part, and whose names will be written with the saints, for of them it may be truly said "that they loved their fellow-men."

I learned that the steamship *Constitution* would sail from New Orleans in a few days, and the quartermaster ordered transportation for us as far as New York upon her. There were a number of Federal officers who were passengers on her as well, and Captain Mehaffy, of the First United States Infantry, was the commander of the guard and of all on board. He showed marked consideration and courtesy to all of us who were his prisoners; insisted that I and my family should have first choice of seats at the table and also of the staterooms, and when he overheard a Federal chaplain on board talking unpleasantly about the war to one of my staff-officers, he cautioned him that if he again transgressed propriety in that way he would lock him up in his stateroom. The old captain of the ship imbibed Mehaffy's generous spirit and, finding that we were all Virginians, he took the responsibility of changing the ship's destination to Old Point Comfort, and landed us there instead of at New York. On parting, I formally thanked him and Captain Mehaffy for their considerate kindness in behalf of myself and my officers. Several times afterwards I met the latter gentleman and introduced him to friends in New Orleans, who were desirous of showing him courtesies. Mehaffy told me he had lived in Norfolk before the war, where his father owned a large foundry, and where he had learned to like Virginians.

On arriving at Richmond, I called to pay my respects to General Lee, then living in the house in Franklin Street, in which we afterwards established the Westmoreland Club. Captain William Lewis Maury, commander of the Confederate cruiser *Georgia*, went with me. I gave the general a written statement of my defence of Mobile, he having written to me with regard to it, and I felt it was proper to make my last report to him. At

the same time I told him that a few days before leaving New Orleans, whither thousands of young Confederate soldiers had flocked, seeking employment, a Federal major on a street-car had said to me: "I understand that these young men won't take the oath of allegiance to the United States. They can't find employment very easily until they do, and may get into trouble. I think their generals should set them an example and encourage them at once to take the oath and go to work." He had no idea that he was talking to a Confederate, for I had laid away all evidence of my recent rank and calling. When the major left the car, I continued in it until I reached General Beauregard, to whom, as also to General Taylor, I repeated the remark. They both earnestly agreed with his view, and told me they would at once set an example to their people. When I had finished, General Lee said: "I am very glad you did that. It is what we must all do, and what I have already done." I said, "I will follow your example."

General Lee had a quiet way of giving admonition peculiarly his own. It was very effective sometimes, although he rarely censured any one. One day he had established his headquarters in the large country residence of a gentleman who had placed it at his service. A distinguished commander arrived with his corps and, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, reported to General Lee, who told him to bring the latter with him to the house, and to direct the rest of the staff to encamp on the lawn with his own staff. Soon after, dinner was served, consisting of bacon, and greens, and corn-bread, to which was added a slice of fine roast beef sent to General Lee by a good lady of the neighborhood, on which the general hoped to mend his fare. The three sat

down to dinner, and General Lee inquired of his guest, "General, what may I offer you?" "Some of the bacon and greens, thank you." Then came the aid's turn. "Captain Smith, what will you have?" "Beef, if you please, General." General Lee suavely transferred the slice of beef to the young man, who calmly ate it up.

More than a year afterward General Lee arrived at the headquarters of the commander who had been his guest upon this occasion. When dinner was served, there happened to be a fine roast upon the table, and the aforementioned young beef-eater was present. When his host inquired of General Lee what he would have, the latter looked at the unfortunate aide-de-camp, and smiling kindly replied, "I will thank you for a piece of that beef, if Captain Smith does not want all of it." He never showed temper in his rebukes, but they were all the more effective. On this occasion, he was as tender to the lad as if admonishing a son.

When General Lee did express displeasure, his method of administering a rebuke was usually salutary. During the fighting around Richmond, one of his officers, who had been placed in charge of certain lines, was frequently conspicuous by his absence. This was especially noticeable whenever there was heavy firing about his post of duty. His staff were much mortified and disgusted by the conduct of their chief, especially as they were aroused night after night just after they had fallen asleep, worn out with the hard service of the day, to receive couriers from their superior, comfortably housed in the city, demanding reports of the day's events. They had no idea that General Lee had observed all this, and were therefore surprised and delighted when one morning, as the recreant appeared, General Lee accosted him with intense sarcasm. "Good morning,

General Blank. Are you not afraid to trust yourself so far from the city, and to come where all this firing and danger is?" "Oh! General, I am somewhere upon the lines every day." "Indeed? I am very glad to learn it, sir. Good morning, General Blank!" And he turned from him with a scorn as withering as his words.

When one of his commanders, from want of promptness, permitted a corps to escape, General Lee was very indignant, and said to him: "General, I have sometimes to admonish General Stuart or General Gordon against being too fast. I shall never have occasion to find that fault with you."

A warm friendship existed between General Lee and a very gallant and handsome young officer, who was married to a lovely Virginia girl on the very night of the conflagration of Richmond. He did not see his old commander for some years after the war. When they did meet, General Lee greeted him with warm affection, and said, "How many children have you?" "Just four. —"Are they girls or boys?" "All girls."—"Well," said the general, "I love and revere and admire women, as you know, but do you go home and tell your wife she has done enough for the female line. I hope she will now go on and have four boys to fight for their restored country in the next war." The gallant young colonel and his dutiful wife faithfully executed their general's commands, and now four lovely daughters and four sturdy sons solace the evening of their days.

Lee was very averse to office work. Colonel Walter Taylor, who was his adjutant throughout his great career, found it difficult to secure his attention to the accumulating reports of the army. One day he took the general a bundle of documents, reports, etc., for his examination. After going over a few of them, Lee, with an

expression of impatience, tossed the rest aside, whereupon Taylor, whose own patience was exhausted, gathered them up and was about to retire, when General Lee said, in a gentle, repentant tone, "Stop, Colonel! When I lose my temper, I do not think you should let that make you angry," and forthwith addressed himself to the task before him, which he completed thoroughly and carefully.

On one occasion his opinion upon Sherman's raid through Georgia was invited. "I have never understood," he said, "why General Sherman has been so much commended for that march, when the only question before him to decide was whether he could feed his army by consuming all the people had to eat."

General Lee was very fond of Stuart, who was also a great favorite with the young ladies of the valley. Shortly before the battle of Brandy Station, Lee reviewed his cavalry corps. The young ladies of Culpepper had decorated Stuart's horse with flowers, placing a wreath around his charger's neck. When he had saluted, and rode up to take his place beside General Lee, the latter remarked: "Take care, General Stuart! That is the way General Pope's horse was adorned when he went to the battle of Manassas."

Lee rarely drank any liquor. One day General John G. Walker, a very able officer, reported to him with regard to some service he had performed. He was very tired, and could not refrain from glancing toward a very inviting looking bottle which was very suggestive of something comforting. The general observed it, and said: "You look fatigued. Take a drink. It will do you good." Walker cheerfully acquiesced, and taking a bottle, poured out a tumbler of cold buttermilk, the general smilingly enjoying his little sell the while.

The remarkable proclamation of amnesty promulgated

by President Johnson required us to respond to fifteen separate disqualifications for citizenship and trustworthiness. My application was to the effect that in begging for pardon I confessed that I was a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, and a captain in the adjutant-general's department of the United States Army; and finally I was to state whether I was the possessor of $20,000! After informing His Excellency of my guilt in regard to the first two clauses, I stated, in order to thoroughly clear my skirts of the third, that I was the possessor of nothing save the ragged Confederate uniform in which I stood. I never heard from President Johnson.

About this time I received a letter from Admiral Buchanan, telling me he had not yet asked pardon because he could not bring himself to express regret for anything he had done. I showed the letter to General Joe Johnston, who said, in his terse way: "You don't have to express any regret. I have asked pardon and have expressed no regret. Oh, yes, I did, too. I requested that His Excellency would grant me a pardon, and expressed regret that I could offer him no reason why he should."

After this I set out to follow my family, who had preceded me to Mr. Mason's home. The railroad ran only as far as Hamilton's Crossing, the track having been torn up beyond that point, and not yet replaced. The whole country had been wasted by war, and the condition of the people was fearful. The poverty-stricken Confederate soldiers returning to their ruined homes found Federal garrisons in every county seat, sometimes white and sometimes negroes. All of our good men were destitute, and there were but few who were not cast down in heart and spirit.

A stage-coach awaited the passengers for Fredericksburg at Hamilton's Crossing, and into it I climbed with a Federal major and his wife, on the arrival of the train from Richmond. It had been raining, and the roads were very heavy. After a while the stage-agent came to the door, followed by a respectable looking negro woman, and said, hesitatingly, "Can't this woman have a seat in there? It's a long and very muddy walk to town." "No, indeed," said Mrs. Major. "No nigger-woman shall sit by me." "I will be d—d if she shall sit by me," said the manly major. "Come and sit in here by me, old woman," said I. "I've been riding by such as you for nearly forty years, and it is too late for me to put on airs now." And this little difference being amicably adjusted, we proceeded on our way.

I went at once to Mr. Mason's home, where I found all the family assembled. Many of the negroes had left, but a number of the field-hands remained and were at work, making and gathering the crops of wheat and corn. One day, while Mr. Mason was busy superintending the working of his wheat machine, his arm was caught and drawn into the machinery and dreadfully crushed. He realized his own condition from the first, and said: "I have been faithful to my wife and faithful to my friends. Whether I have been faithful to my God, a few hours must now determine." He asked me to read Gray's "Elegy" to him, which I did. It was a trying task. All of us children and grandchildren gathered about him until his death, which took place thirty-six hours after the accident. His presence and example were sorely missed, not only by those of his own household, but also by the large circle of friends and associates to whom he was ever an exponent of much that most adorns a man.

CHAPTER XX

The Classical and Mathematical Academy of Fredericksburg established — Accepts a Business Offer in New Orleans — Engages in the Manufacture of Resin and Turpentine — Disastrous Results of this Enterprise — Preventing a Duel — Preservation of Southern War Records — Organization of the National Guard — Recollections of Senator M. C. Butler

IT was decided by my friends and by me that, as there was no school of standing in that war-swept region, it was fitting I should establish one. It was known that I was an A. B. of the University of Virginia, and a graduate of West Point, where I had also been for four years an instructor. Encouraged by the recollection of these past achievements in the field of knowledge, I determined to establish in Fredericksburg a Classical and Mathematical Academy of a high grade. As soon as the announcement was made, pupils came to secure admission, not because they knew anything about my attainments, but because I was a Confederate general, and they had the utmost confidence in my qualifications.

As the engagements multiplied and the time for opening the academy approached, my own misgivings as to these qualifications greatly increased. In fact, I felt that I was working under false pretences, and I determined to practise my abilities as teacher and guide of youth upon my daughter, modesty limiting my course of instruction to the elements of arithmetic. My

efforts were distinguished by such signal failure and lack of intelligence on my own part, and by such sorrow upon hers, as convinced me that I must have a partner in the conduct of the Classical and Mathematical Academy.

There was a very clever teacher, named Buckner, who had managed the Fredericksburg Academy before the war with that ability and success to be expected of me. I sought Mr. Buckner and told him that I found it wiser to have a partner in this important enterprise, in case I should be sick or wounded; that I already had forty-five pupils engaged at $50 each per scholastic year; that I had heard of his capacity as a teacher, and thought it prudent we should work together; that I was willing to entrust to him the older and more advanced boys, who were learning the Latin and Greek and higher mathematics, while I would undertake the instruction and flagellation of the little a.b. abs. Buckner was a gentleman and a scholar, and a fine Confederate soldier as well, and joined at once as junior professor of the Fredericksburg Classical and Mathematical Academy.

One of the deciding causes of this arrangement of mine and Buckner's was the arrival at Cleveland of five boys sent to me from Alabama to be "plebs" of my school. My blood ran cold when I saw them, but I found an elegant gentlewoman bereft of her comfortable fortune by the war, who was willing to receive them into her family on very reasonable terms and to look after them, which she did for several years very kindly.

At this crisis I received a very lucrative offer of business in New Orleans. So I transferred to Mr. Buckner my responsibilities in our mutual institution of learning, and went to New Orleans to be an express-agent. Having been the quartermaster in the United States

Corps of Cadets, it was presumed I had peculiar fitness for all matters appertaining to transportation, etc., so I retired and Buckner managed the academy until his death, and a more faithful and accomplished principal it could never have had. For, since the days of Mr. Thomas Hanson, no man had won the confidence and love of pupils and parents, or deserved them more than he.

I always felt satisfied as to my connection with that excellent institution, for I was strictly honest in it all. I knew I had been in school from the time I was four years old until I was twenty-four, and ought to be competent to teach, but when the five boys arrived from Mobile, entrusted by confiding friends to my tutelage, I felt the gravity of the responsibilities, and instituted a rigid course of self-examination. It was true that for eight or nine years I had nothing to do but study Latin and Greek, but a careful private investigation showed that I had not for many years been able to tell one Greek character from another, and could not translate a line of a Latin author without a dictionary. As for mathematics, I had forgotten the algebraic signs, and after a while I began to doubt if I could even keep up with the a.b. abs.

I must have been a success as an express-agent, for soon after entering upon this business, the company raised my wages to $200 per month, and I sent for my family to join me in New Orleans. Not many months elapsed before I ascertained that the company was about to sell out to an older and richer one, and I was advised to consider the business of the manufacture of resin and turpentine. Naval stores were ruling at enormous prices, many times their ante-war rate, and the whole manufacture in America had ceased. I took

counsel of as many friends having knowledge of such things as I could reach, and they unanimously advised me to go into the business. Pine lands were cheap, the process was simple, negroes were less averse to that than any other sort of labor. One generous-hearted gentleman of Mobile said, "General, I don't think you can fail, and if you will find a suitable place for the business, I will buy it for you." This was Colonel Jack Ingersoll.

Another, Captain John Gillespie, was in charge of an enormous fire and marine insurance business. He had never in his life made so much money, and he went on famously, making commissions of many thousands of dollars per month for some time. One brilliant stroke of his electrified his New York company, for he put a whole shipload of cotton into that company. The managers posted to Mobile in intense anxiety, but the ship arrived safely in Liverpool, and they made a fine premium. However, they begged Gillespie in future not to monopolize such a risk for them. Gillespie said: "General, you can't fail in this turpentine business. Go on with it, and draw on me for your expenses. You took care of me for four years; I'll take care of you as long as I have a dollar." And he did. He is now an eminent lawyer in Kansas City, Missouri, — Judge John Gillespie, as able as he is honest, and brave, and generous.

Another true and noble friend was my adjutant-general, D. W. Flowerree. He had attracted my attention by his manly and soldierly bearing at Elkhorn. On inquiry, I learned that he was a Virginian, and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. As soon as I was promoted to a brigadier, I selected him for my Adjutant-General, and he stayed with me until the end of the war, and was my dear friend the last day of his life.

I bought of Mr. Ben Turner, of Alabama, a place he owned and had profitably worked in Louisiana, in St. Tammany Parish. There was a comfortable residence upon it, and all of the apparatus necessary for the distilling of turpentine, and it was surrounded by great forests of the best sort of pine. By close attention I managed to have 70,000 boxes out by the opening of the season, which there opens two weeks earlier and closes two weeks later than in regions further north. Adjacent to my land lay a fine body of timber upon public land, which Mr. Turner had boxed and worked one season, so that in all I had 140,000 boxes, half of which would yield a fine white resin, then selling at fabulous prices.

The prices had tumbled before mine got to market, but I received $15 per barrel for a small lot, and turpentine also brought enormous values, selling at several dollars a gallon. I saw a certain fortune before me, and when an overture was made to me of the presidency of a railroad, with a salary of $10,000, I declined it, because I could not afford to accept it at the cost of giving up such business prospects. All went well with me for a little while. Every stilling gave nearly one hundred gallons of spirits and from fifteen to eighteen barrels of white resin, and I was in a fair way to reimburse Ingersoll and Gillespie their advances, when the latter, who had been over-generous to his friends, came to grief, and I had no capital to pay my hands or carry on my work.

For the rest of that year things went very badly with me; we were far from all human sympathy, surrounded by a very low order of people. The war had developed the fact that the worst class of our population was to be found in the vast region of piney woods that sweep

along our seaboard from Carolina to the Sabine. They are also in the mountains of East Tennessee; the same so graphically described by Miss Murfree, and who have until now manifested the most vicious and cruel natures of any North American. Jones County, Mississippi, is in this piney woods belt, between Meridian and the lower Pearl River. Toward the close of the war, it was reported to me that the people of that county had declared their independence of the Southern Confederacy. It was said that a Confederate wagon-train passing through that section had been captured, and the officer in charge paroled as any other prisoner of war might have been. So I forthwith ordered the Fifteenth Confederate Cavalry to invade this *imperium in imperio* and reduce these secessionists to order. Colonel Maury, who was in command of the expedition, did his work very actively, broke up the cover of these malcontents, put several families into mourning, and scattered the military powers into the neighboring swamps and fastnesses, where his horsemen were unable to follow up the fugitives. Colonel Lowry, since governor, of the Third Mississippi, was sent to support Maury, and completed the work of the mounted men so thoroughly that the malcontents left the county in great numbers, and moved down toward the Delta or Pearl River.

It was into this community, where my name, as I afterwards found too late, was the red flag to the bull, that I, unwitting of my neighbors, came to seek my fortune. Threats were soon made against me, and one rascal was insolent enough to threaten me in my own house. I invited him out, escorted him through my gate, and warned him never again to set foot upon my property. On the next Sunday, about midday, I returned from New Orleans to find my greatest body of pine

in a general conflagration. Seventy thousand boxes were burned out, and with difficulty the fences and buildings were saved. After that I never left my house unarmed.

It was, therefore, with a special relief that I welcomed the arrival of my kinsman, Jack Maury, from Fort Delaware. He had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal government and, with a few other Confederate officers, was detained in prison until the late summer, when the United States refused to keep them any longer and bade them, as Dogberry did, to "go in God's name." About this time my wife fell ill, and we were very desolate, no human being ever coming near us; till one day there was a step upon the veranda, a tap at the door, and there stood that grand old gentleman, Dr. Louis Minor, late fleet-surgeon of the Confederate Navy, as gentle as he was brave, the Colonel Newcome of our time. He had heard in New Orleans of my wife's condition, had boarded a sloop on Lake Pontchartrain, and after a rough experience of forty-eight hours, reached us. He came like a minister of mercy, and was with us many days, and his patient was convalescent before he returned to his own comfortable home in New Orleans.

It became evident that our whole enterprise in St. Tammany Parish was a failure. The sum of $10 was the total balance in hand, and I took $5 and went to New Orleans to seek my fortune. At the Rigolettes I boarded a sloop bound across the lake. Her captain and crew of two men were negroes, and the passenger accommodation appropriate. My passage money was $2.50, and on the second day when we landed I walked into the city with $2.50 in my pocket and went to the office of an old friend, General Simon Buckner. He told me the office of secretary of the Southern Hospital

Association had been created the previous night with a salary of $125 per month, and said, "Will you accept it?" "Accept it? Of course I will. That's $125 a month more than my present income." In a short time it was raised to $200, and I was able to be reunited with my family.

One bright Sunday morning in the winter of 1871, as we were returning from church, my friend Colonel M—— joined us, and after chatting awhile on various topics, touched my arm and turned away. I followed him, and he told me that the night before, while drunk, he had slapped the face of his old friend, Captain L——, and that he had been awakened on Sunday morning by Mr. Essling and Captain Adams, bearing a peremptory challenge; that Colonel Jack Wharton had agreed to act as his second, provided I would serve with him. Remembering that the challenger had a wife and children, and believing that I could prevent the duel, I consented to serve. The challenge was peremptory, and we accepted it, Wharton and I agreeing to fix a "long day," that time might be gained for the intervention of friends, and a peaceful solution reached. We fixed the following Wednesday as the date, Bay St. Louis as the place, and duelling pistols as the weapons. We then reported to our principal, to whom Wharton remarked, "Now you will have time to brush up your pistol practice." Raising his head proudly, Colonel M—— replied, "No, sir, I will not touch a pistol until I take my place upon the field next Wednesday." I said, "I am glad to hear you say so. It is just what I expected of you."

In that day, and especially in New Orleans, no man could refuse to fight a duel under such circumstances as these, and preserve his self-respect or the confidence

of the community. The principals in this affair were both Kentuckians and soldiers of high courage. After accepting the challenge we set ourselves to find some mutual friend who could act as mediator. By this time the whole rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel was filled by the curious and anxious friends of the principals, who had discovered that a duel was in prospect. Late in the evening, General Tom Taylor, a friend of both parties, came to me — may God bless him for it! — and said, "General, these men ought not to fight." I replied, "I know it, but the challenge was peremptory, and no opportunity for apology was offered." He disappeared, and, as I expected, soon returned, saying the seconds on the other side desired to see us. As we entered the room, Essling said, "General, I am surprised that you seem so anxious for a fight." I said: "No other alternative is left us by the challenge. I am exceedingly anxious for a peaceable solution of the matter, if possible." "Well," said Essling, "if the challenge were withdrawn, do you think we could reach a solution?" "Yes," I said; "in that case we might." "Well, General, we will suspend the challenge with the understanding that if we can't satisfactorily adjust matters, they shall proceed as before arranged." I retired, outwardly grave and serious, but with a heart lightened of its deep anxiety, into a private room, where Wharton and I wrote an ample apology for the deadly affront offered Captain L—— by Colonel M——; and since that day I have had nothing to do with duels save to prevent them, although — to anticipate my narrative a little — the reckless opponents of Mr. Cleveland have censured him for appointing me United States Minister to Colombia, because I have "shot several men in duels."

On the last occasion of this mendacity, I wrote to

Mr. Cleveland, telling him that for myself I did not care; that my own people knew my character and history so well they had elected me a member of the Anti-Duelling Society of South Carolina. But, as the slander was published to injure him, I would take any measures to expose and punish its libellous authors he might advise. He replied with characteristic kindness, saying, "No one believes what that paper publishes, and unless it is reiterated I would not notice it." An eminent lawyer informed me I could successfully prosecute for such slander, but I decided to await further developments, which never came. Thank heaven, duelling among gentlemen has become almost unknown. The men who fought in the great war between the States have no need of such encounters to prove their courage or protect their honor.

To return to my story, whence the recollection of this threatened duel led me to wander, in New Orleans, in 1868, I determined to set on foot a plan for the systematic collection and preservation of the Southern archives relating to the war. General Dick Taylor cordially encouraged me, and in May of that year I called a meeting by quiet personal requests of nine or ten gentlemen in the office of Hewitt and Norton. After conversational discussion, it was agreed to meet at the same place in one week from that date. Meantime, each of us agreed to canvass among his friends and bring them in to help. Next week forty of us assembled, and the noble and able Presbyterian divine, Dr. B. M. Palmer, was elected president, and our work went on for several years, though without important result.

In 1873, a convention was called at White Sulphur Springs. It was attended by many able Southern gentle-

men, who evinced the most earnest interest in our work. President Davis, Admiral Semmes, Governor Letcher, and General Beauregard took leading parts. The domicile of the society was moved to Richmond. Colonel Wythe Mumford was appointed secretary and I chairman of the Executive Committee. We occupied an office in the capitol of Virginia, made acknowledgments in the newspapers for documents received, and arrangements for their publication.

The Executive Committee included the Honorable R. M. T. Hunter and several other gentlemen of high character and ability, and so soon as we began to publish our records, our membership rapidly increased; so that the Secretary of War at length sought to procure access to and the use of our archives. We replied, "Open yours to us, and ours will be open to you." This ended the negotiations. The next Secretary asked access to our papers with the same result. Then Mr. Hayes obtained the Presidency, and announced a conciliatory policy towards the South. He appointed General Marcus Wright, who had already collected by his own exertions many of our war papers, to the charge of that business, and sent him to me to accomplish a free interchange of documents between the War Records Office and the Southern Historical Society. To this I cordially assented, and opened our office with all of its great collection of papers to the free access of the office in Washington. Since then the interchange has continued, until now the War Records Office can publish the authentic facts of both contestants in the struggle.

Satisfied and proud of our prowess, so wonderfully exhibited in the war, and with all our interest concentrated upon the South's financial prosperity, it was no wonder that for a long time little thought was given to

the development of the military power of the Southern States. The contest of Tilden and Hayes for the Presidency caused some of us to apprehend civil war. During that political struggle and soon after the great labor riots in Baltimore and Pittsburgh, etc., I called a meeting in Richmond to consider how we might improve the militia of the State. We invited the co-operation of all the States in measures promotive of our military efficiency, and the matter was promptly taken up in New York and followed by the first convention and organization of the National Guard Association of America.

We succeeded in procuring from Congress a small increase in the annual appropriation for arming the militia, but, better than that, we aroused in every State such interest in this vital subject as has placed on foot the most efficient national militia in the world. Only a short time has passed since the great State of Pennsylvania called out her militia, and in twenty-four hours an army as large as that with which Scott conquered Mexico was thrown into a remote part of the State, where it arrested and crushed out the most dangerous and powerful organization ever yet in arms against the government. In setting this movement on foot, I had the active help and co-operation of Captain Chamberlayne, Colonel Cutshaw, Colonel Purcell, and other gentlemen of Richmond.

Before bringing my narrative to its end with an account of my experience and adventures in Colombia, I wish to pay a tribute to my old friend, Senator M. C. Butler, of South Carolina. Senator Butler is a descendant of the best families of the Southern and the Northern States. The famous Commodores Perry of New England were his uncles. On his father's side he was of the Butler families of Virginia and South Carolina. That

noble Senator Butler, Andrew Pickens Butler, compeer of Calhoun, was his uncle. None who ever enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance here forgot how high a privilege that was. Judge Butler, R. M. T. Hunter, and James M. Mason were for years the great triumvirate of the United States Senate. They lived in the same house, ate at the same table, and were close friends, warmly attached and associated in their personal intercourse, and staunch allies in debate and influence in the Senate in those days when the true dignity and influence of a Southern senator were at their highest.

It was once my delightful privilege to pass the Christmas holidays with Judge Butler and a company of bright ladies and gentlemen, old and young, in Hazelwood, that old Virginian home of the Taylors of Carolina. Young as I was, Judge Butler and I became close friends at once. We had a dinner party every day, and every night had its delightful close in a dance at Gaymont, Port Royal, or Hazelwood. The house, big as it was, had no vacant beds or empty places at the table, and we young people greatly enjoyed the old people. I remember a dinner of twenty or more sets, when we young men and maidens listened with delight to the witty and wise conversation sustained by Judge Butler, William P. Taylor of Hayfield, and John Bernard of Gaymont. We young folks ceased our merry chat and listened with rapt attention to the wisdom and wit and charming narratives and wise discussions of this cultured trio of refined gentlemen of the old school. In a long experience I can recall nothing so elegant as was that Christmas week.

Senator M. C. Butler is worthy of his high lineage. He entered the Confederate Army at the outset of the war between the States before he was twenty, and continually grew in his influence and his distinction. He had every quality of a great soldier, and far higher, a nobleness of nature which has made him till now admired and loved by all sorts of people, by the highest the most. He has been a senator of the old-time standard of his gallant little State, and a leader in all that has been important in the councils of his country. For more than fifteen years he has been in his high office, and well will it be for all our people if he will continue in it. It was not merely by his energy and daring soldiership that Butler won the confidence and admiration of all good men, but he has given an example of self-sacrifice which for all time will be held up for the emulation of future generations.

Butler bore an active part in the famous cavalry battle of Brandy Station, in which he was seriously wounded and maimed for life. In the early morning of that fierce fight, in which more than twenty thousand horsemen contested the field from dawn till dark of a long day in June, Butler and young Captain Farley had just come out of action and were laughing together over some amusing incident they had both noticed. Side by side in the road, they were facing in opposite directions, when a cannon-ball from an unobserved battery came bounding at them. It struck Butler's leg above the ankle, tore through his horse, and cut off Farley's leg above the knee. Down they all went. Butler began to staunch the blood with his handkerchief, and advised Farley how to do the same. Captain John Chestnutt, Lieutenant Rhett, and other officers came running up to Butler's help, but at that moment he observed that Farley's dying horse was struggling and seemed likely to crush him. So he told the officers who had come to his help to "go at once to Farley. He needs you more than I do."

This they did, placing Farley in a litter. He asked them to bring his leg by him in it, and said: "Now, gentlemen, you have done all for me possible. I shall be dead in an hour. God bless you for your kindness. I bid you all an affectionate farewell. Go at once to Butler." That evening about five o'clock Butler's leg was dressed in the field hospital, just as poor Farley breathed his last. Butler had never seen Captain Farley before that morning, when Stuart sent orders by him to Butler. Henceforth we shall not need to go to Sir Philip Sidney for an example of noble self-sacrifice.

Butler is full of genial humor and ready wit, as of more sterling qualities of manhood. On one occasion, he was at a reception in a Western city. A coarse, vulgar doctor was introduced to him, whose graceful salutation was, "So you are the fellow that killed all of them niggers in South Carolina." With an infinitely humorous expression, in his mellowest tones, Butler said, "Doctor, I have no doubt you have killed more men than I have." The retort carried the audience, who despised the doctor, and enjoyed his discomfiture as he slunk away.

This foolish invention of an Edgefield massacre, published by politicians, who used to ride over us and try to keep us down, gave Butler another opportunity to show his mettle. A leading senator, who had announced that he was an advocate of settling personal difficulties by the "Code of Honor," had pressed this charge against Butler with especial virulence, and led in the effort made to exclude him from his seat in the Senate. After all the charges had been thoroughly disproved, and all honest men were satisfied that Butler had successfully striven to prevent bloodshed and violence in that business, this senator failed to acknowledge in any way

that he had done injustice, but soon gave an occasion for Butler to bring him down from his perch, and received at the Carolinian's hands such a castigation as he had never before been subjected to.

Butler married Maria Pickens, the second daughter of Governor Francis W. Pickens, the first war governor of South Carolina. In a recent letter Butler says: "No sketch of my life would be complete which did not mention the good woman, my wife, who has so much to do with shaping my career. If I have had any success in life, it is due more to her and my venerated mother than all else."

Beside General Butler's name should be written that of another South Carolina soldier, Colonel Haskell, whose arm was so terribly shattered that amputation at the shoulder was necessary. The surgeon was about to administer chloroform when Haskell said: "Stop, Doctor! You have very little chloroform since the enemy has declared it contraband of war. Is it not so?" "Yes, Colonel." "Then keep it for some poor soldier who needs it. *I* can do without it."