

Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. } VOL. VII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1899.

No. 8. } (S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.)



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The above plate was loaned the *Dalton (Ga.) Citizen* by Capt. G. W. Orr, agent of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, of Dalton. Recently, while cleaning up the big freight warehouse, some old plates were found in a pile of *débris*, unmounted. The *Citizen* states that evidently they had been used by some one for counterfeiting Confederate government notes, or perhaps some official of it had secreted them during the war and lost sight of them afterwards. They are interesting relics.

Concerning this plate Mr. John W. Faxon, a banker of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes:

I am under the impression that no notes of the Confederate government were printed bearing the imprint of the notes you send. The pink note of five dollars had a similar back and the printed words, "Five Dollars." I think the fifty-dollar impression was intended for the back of a fifty-dollar note, and was in the hands of counterfeiters.

A great deal of counterfeit money was circulated

through the South by the Federal army, for the purpose of depreciating Confederate money, thereby preventing the people from selling their produce to the Confederate army. It worked to such an extent that the Confederate government in 1863 sent the writer as a detector of Confederate counterfeit money to Knoxville, Tenn., to report to Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, depository for the government at Knoxville.

A great deal of counterfeit money came through Cumberland Gap, and it was stated that it was printed at Richmond, Ky. In one lot of money (about \$10,000) brought in a coffee sack by a hotel keeper by the name of Patterson from Cumberland Gap the writer declared one-third of it to be counterfeit.

At some future time when I can do so I hope to be able to furnish you with some information as to the "manufacture" of Confederate money by the Confederate government. For about one year, while suffering from disability, I was employed in the Treasury Department at Richmond and at Knoxville.

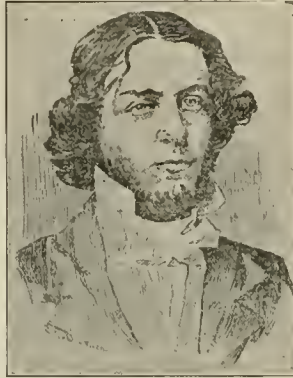
DABNEY CARR HARRISON.

BY CAPT. THOMAS D. JEFFRIES, CHASE CITY, VA.

While history crowns with laurels the victorious warrior, the Christian soldier is seldom extolled and given the plaudits of the world.

Attila, of the fifth, and the Duke of Alva, of the sixteenth centuries, are remembered in the chronicles of war for their devastations and cruelties, Napoleon for his brilliant campaigns, and Washington for unselfish patriotism. Havelock and Hedley, vicars of Crimean fame, asserted that the saying, "the worse the man the better the soldier," was an untruth.

In our civil war there were high types of Christian men on Northern and Southern sides. Dabney Carr Harrison, a Confederate, was a true model of a Christian soldier. He was a Virginian, born in Albemarle County in 1830, and son of Rev. Peyton Harrison. For more than two centuries his ancestors and their collateral kindred have been identified with whatever is most illustrious in the annals of Virginia history. Two



DABNEY C. HARRISON.

were signers of the Declaration of Independence. On his mother's side it was said by William Wirt that "Dabney Carr was considered by far the most formidable rival in forensic eloquence that Patrick Henry had to encounter."

Harrison was educated at Princeton, and afterwards studied law at the University of Virginia. He soon abandoned this profession, and entered upon the study of theology at Union Seminary. While in his twenty-seventh year he was chosen chaplain of the University of Virginia. He afterwards removed to other fields of usefulness, when his peaceful labors were disturbed by our national troubles in 1861. His cousins, Maj. Carter H. Harrison, Holmes and Tucker Conrad, and his brother, Peyton Randolph Harrison, had been killed on the plains of Manassas. The Conrads were shot at the same moment, and, falling side by side, lay as in the sleep of children almost in each other's arms. The noble death of these young men stirred the soul of Dabney C. Harrison to its depth.

From the beginning of the war he had long desired to share the hardships and dangers of his compatriots. Nothing but his sacred office—that of a Presbyterian pastor—had held him back. Now he hesitated no longer. "I must take my brother's place," and nothing could deter him from his resolution.

By vigilant personal exertions he raised a company of infantry, of which he was chosen captain. They entered the service of the Confederacy, and were assigned to the Fifty-Sixth Virginia Regiment. The writer commanded a company in the same regiment, and well remembers when Capt. Harrison marched with it into the camp to be mustered into the service at Richmond. His pleasing address, classic features, serene and contemplative countenance, frank and cordial nature soon attracted attention and endeared him to all the officers.

He sought to be an example to his men and that his

Christian spirit should radiate among them and those around him. He endured the discomforts of camp life so cheerfully that the most despondent and incorrigible could hardly fail to catch some quickening ray and desire for emulation from his sunny spirit. While his discipline was firm, his sorrow that his men should need it was so manifest that they tried to do right for his sake. The views of Havelock and Hedley that the Christian was the truest soldier he tried to impress on their minds. His example for good permeated the entire regiment.

In the winter of 1862 the regiment was sent to Bowling Green, Ky., and attached to Floyd's Brigade, which was subsequently sent to Fort Donelson, Tenn. It arrived while preparations for battle were being made. That week at Donelson was one of exposure, peril, exhausting trials, and almost unbroken sleeplessness. The weather was very cold, February 12-16. Rain fell in torrents, and driving snow and sleet followed. Those who experienced it will never forget it. [This is well stated.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

These trials Capt. Harrison endured with the rest of his comrades. Breastworks were hastily prepared, despite the disagreeable elements.

"You ought to be braver than the rest of us," said some of his brother officers to Capt. Harrison one day, after witnessing some exhibitions of his serene fearlessness in danger.

"Why so?" said he pleasantly.

"Because," said they, "you have everything settled for eternity. You have nothing to fear after death."

"Well, gentlemen," said he solemnly, after a moment's pause, "everything is settled with me for eternity, and I have nothing to fear."

He was inspired by the sentiment:

"That the brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and unnatural;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues
And bravely dares the dangers nature shrinks from."

It was his invariable custom to assemble his men for prayer. One of these services occurred on the morning of one of the days at Donelson, before it was



CAPT. THOMAS D. JEFFRIES.

light enough to read. It was the last day of fighting. Capt. Harrison called up his men for worship. They came, and others near joined the solemn scene. My company was next to his in line. He repeated Psalm xxvii., and led in prayer with great fervor and power. As the light of the morning appeared faintly above the eastern hills this sublime strain of the ancient Hebrew warrior fell on their ears: "The Lord is my light and

my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

As the skirmish line of the enemy was seen coming in the distance this outburst of courage and faith aroused the souls of the listless like the sound of a clarion: "Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

In the transporting strain which follows, although thirty-seven years have elapsed, I still see his earnest eyes lifted to the clear heavens, while faith looks far beyond them: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."

His desire was near its fruition. He was standing near the threshold, and the hand of God was about to draw aside the separating veil.

And how inspiring to men about to enter battle this exhortation, which closes the Psalm: "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord!"

As the sun rose on the morning of that bloody day it saw him enter the conflict. With dauntless heart and drawn sword he cheered on his men. His words were: "Follow me." At length he fell, and the fierce tide of battle swept on, and the frozen earth trembled amid the roar of cannon beneath his prostrate form. His hat was pierced by four balls. One marred that splendid brow. A more deadly aim drove a ball through his right lung. His face was to the foe, and his step onward, even when from loss of blood and exhaustion he sunk upon the frozen ground.

There he lay suffering from his wounds an hour or more before being removed. No complaint was uttered by him. After all the assistance that could be rendered by his company and men of his regiment, he was placed on a stretcher and carried to Nashville, Tenn., on a steamer, where he breathed his last as the boat was landing. He gave expression of his great desire to sleep in Virginia soil; but, amid the confusion and excitement incident to the retreat of the army, where his body was interred will never be known until the morning of the resurrection.

His last words were for his country—for the Confederacy, whose liberty, honor, and righteousness were inexpressibly dear to him, for which he wept and made supplication in secret, for which he cheerfully endured hardships and perils as a Christian soldier, and for which he was content to die.

Had he lived, the lines of Dryden could be repeated of him:

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpowered with arms, deserts his cause;
Unshamed, though foiled, he does the best he can,
Foes may subdue, but honor is of man.

LAST CHARGE AT APPOMATTOX.

William Kaigler, Dawson, Ga., writes again:

I find in the February VETERAN replies to my article which appeared in the November issue of last year, in regard to the last fighting done at Appomattox by the Army of Northern Virginia. It was not my intention in writing the article to get up a controversy on the subject, but to give the facts, which are admitted by many who were present. Both Capt. Metts and Mr. McLaurin admit that they were neither present nor in the fight on the morning of the surrender. One was at the headquarters of Gen. Grimes, in the rear; the other riding in a different direction from the fight, looking for his command. The only evidence offered by them in support of what they claim is from hearsay, and from what they could gather from others long after the occurrence; therefore their statements cannot

be wholly relied on as facts. The statement of Gen. Cox is only from recollection, after thirty years have elapsed. He is liable to be mistaken, as it is not probable that he would remember every incident of the memorable day. The proof I offered in support of my statement, as to who did the last fighting on the morning of the surrender of Gen. Lee was from Gen. Longstreet's "History of the Civil War" (this author was in a position to know every movement of the army and all orders for the disposition of troops), Cook's "History of the Life of Gen. Lee," and Derry's "History." Other historians bear me out in my statements. The letter of Gen. Evans is more to be relied on than the statement of Gen. Cox, as on that day he commanded Gen. Gordon's old division, which was in front of the army (his old brigade in advance), and made the attack selected by Gen. Gordon to cut through the enemy's lines on the Lynchburg road. Said letter was written only a few years after the surrender, when everything was fresh in his memory. From the testimony offered by different writers in reply to my article, it is evident that the few remaining of that gallant band of sharpshooters of Gen. Gordon's old division "burned the last grain of powder and directed the last bullet from the noble army of Gen. Lee."

Comrade T. M. Bigbee, Cameron, Tex., writes:

In the October VETERAN an article on "Pickett's Brigade at Gaines's Mill," by J. Cooper, concludes:

"I have seen it stated that Gen. Hood's troops carried those fortifications, but that is a mistake. Just as the left of Pickett's Brigade had captured those twelve guns Hood's troops entered the field, marching in column. The writer saw and asked an officer what command it was, and was told that it was Hood's."

This statement is absolutely wrong, for not only did Hood's Brigade carry the fortifications referred to, but captured the very guns attributed by the writer to Pickett's Brigade. Moreover, an entire regiment of Federal troops from the State of New Jersey surrendered to Maj. J. C. Rogers, then in command of the Fifth Texas Regiment. There are many now living in Texas who will testify to these facts, among them W. A. Nabours, who served throughout the war along with myself in the Fifth Texas. He states: "Hood's Brigade was sent from Richmond to join Jackson in the Valley, which it did, returning with him around McClellan's right flank. Late in the evening of June 26 Jackson fired the signal gun that he was in position. Gen. Hill at once attacked the enemy at Mechanicsville, and the battle lasted until night, the Confederates being victorious. Next day (June 27) the battle of Gaines's Mill was fought. The engagement had continued for several hours before our command arrived on the scene. We were marched by flank, into the pine woods, and formed in line of battle. En route, we passed troops in a disordered condition, coming out, who said: "Don't go there; you will be killed."

Up to this time the enemy's line had not been broken. Soon after forming for battle we were ordered to fire. We continued firing for a few minutes, when Gov. Lubbock came along our line and told us to fix bayonets, for we were soon to charge. We drove the enemy from all of their works, clearing the field, and firing soon ceased for the day. This comrade could not have seen Hood's Brigade marching in