



THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA
School of Communication

JOURNALISM DEPARTMENT

February 22, 1988

Dear Nan,

I'm pleased to inform you that your paper "Constantine Rea: An Antebellum Editor" has been accepted for presentation at the 1988 AEJMC Southeast Regional Colloquium. Congratulations!

I've enclosed comments from the readers, which you might wish to consider in putting together a final version for presentation.

The colloquium is scheduled for March 24-26 here at the University of Alabama. Enclosed is registration information. I'll send you a copy of the schedule for the colloquium as soon as details are complete.

As you prepare for the colloquium, we ask you to note the following points:

1) Your paper will be included in a session with two other papers. Because of time limits for each session, plan your oral presentation so that it is no more than fifteen (15) minutes long.

2) Please send me a one-page abstract of the paper by March 1. We are planning to put together a package of abstracts for every person attending the colloquium.

3) You also will need to bring twenty-five copies of the paper with you to the conference to be made available to interested readers.

We look forward to seeing you here. In the meantime, don't hesitate to let me know if I may answer any questions or provide any information.

Thank you for submitting your paper to the colloquium. I believe it will make an outstanding contribution to the program.

Sincerely,

David Sloan

Lauderdale County Department
of Archives and History, Inc.
Court House Annex Building
P. O. Box 5511
Meridian, MS 39302

Nan -
See me
about this

AEJMC Southeast Regional Colloquium

sponsored by the
History, Law, and
Newspaper Divisions

Tuscaloosa, Alabama
March 24, 25, 26, 1988

The University of Alabama's School of Communication will host the spring 1988 Southeast Regional Colloquium of the AEJMC History, Law, and Newspaper divisions. The colloquium will be held at the Sheraton Capstone Inn on the University of Alabama campus.

This year's program includes some 30 paper presentations, as well as panels on ethics, book publishing and the teaching of writing. Dr. Harold Davis, who is retiring from Georgia State University this year, will deliver the keynote address at Friday's luncheon. In addition, awards will be given to the best paper presented in each division, the best student paper, and the best paper on Southern press history. The activities will begin Thursday evening with a reception.

Registration: Early registration is \$55 per person; student registration fee is \$45. After March 22, registration is \$60 per person. Checks and registration forms should be made out to the University of Alabama

and mailed to the Communication Research and Service Center, Box 1482, University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35487.

Transportation and travel: Tuscaloosa is located on Interstate 59-20, about 55 miles southwest of Birmingham. Its airport is served by Atlantic Southeast Airlines, which has daily flights to Atlanta and Memphis. Birmingham is served by most major airlines, and a shuttle service is available from the Birmingham airport to the Sheraton Capstone Inn, the colloquium site, for \$25 per person one way and \$35 round trip. More detailed information about the location of the the University of Alabama campus and the Sheraton Capstone Inn will be sent to registrants.

Enjoy a great program
and the warmth of springtime in the South.

Don't wait -- register today!

CONSTANTINE REA: AN ANTEBELLUM EDITOR

Con (Constantine) Rea wore many hats during his life as an antebellum lawyer and active politician in Mississippi. But perhaps his most colorful role was that of a Southern country editor. Rea's interest in promoting the county he served as a politician and booster extended to the editorial pages of The Lauderdale Republican, one of the earliest newspapers published in East Central Mississippi. By examining the life and times of Captain Con Rea, a profile emerges that sheds light on 19th Century journalism in the antebellum South. It also seems to reflect common traits Southern editors shared with boom town editors in the Rocky Mountain West, as both overcame harsh conditions in their attempt to give birth to and nourish weeklies under less than ideal conditions.

Based on other works focusing on 19th Century weekly editors, most notably Thomas Clark's work on the Southern press (1) and David Halaas' study of Western editors (2), Mississippi editor Rea fit into a profile

descriptive of other weekly editors of his time. That pattern includes several common characteristics such as:

- * Strong political involvement
- * Extensive promotion of communities, including civic and economic causes
- * Colorful personality traits, such as fiery tempers and flowery language
- * Common problems in printing weeklies in relatively unsettled areas, such as paper shortages and inferior equipment
- * Highly personalized styles of journalism reflected in both news and editorial content, a characteristic trait of weeklies published in the South after 1830 until the Civil War

Rea worked in a frontier of sorts in the village of Marion.

Incorporated in 1838, Marion was one of the first towns to develop in Lauderdale County, which was organized in 1833. Marion, as the county seat, grew quickly, with merchants, doctors, and lawyers headquartered around the

courthouse square. The pace of settlement was frantic, and Rea worked hard to bring some order and civilization to the chaos.

Despite Rea's best efforts to promote the village as an editor, politician and civic leader, Marion eventually succumbed to the grim reaper of time and disappeared forever. Ironically, the death of the town was a result of the arrival of the very railroad Rea had vigorously promoted in his editorials -- the Mobile and Ohio -- and the subsequent loss of the town's county seat status to Marion Station several miles to the east. The final act that sealed Marion's doom was yet another cause Rea inadvertently promoted through his political actions and editorial comments during the 1850s -- the Civil War. When General William T. Sherman's troops came through Marion on their Meridian Expedition, the Union forces completed the destruction of Old Marion, which had virtually lost all of its residents to Marion Station by that time.

During Rea's tenure as one of Marion's biggest boosters, the village was in its hey-day as the largest antebellum town in Lauderdale County and a center of business, social, and political activity in a predominately rural area. The town was located in an essentially rural area, as this section of Mississippi was far removed from the plantation-based centers along the Mississippi River. It would be up to men like Rea to bring

culture, literature, and a sense of community to this relatively undeveloped region of the Piney Woods. He attempted to do just that on several fronts.

Copies of The Lauderdale Republican, covering the years 1854 to 1856, represent one of the few surviving artifacts of Marion. Through those pages, much about the weekly newspaper's editor can be determined. As Thomas Clark, author of several studies on the Southern press, pointed out, "Every Southern paper reflected the personality of its editor....Here the editor was the paper." (3) Rea, who assumed proprietorship of The Lauderdale Republican with a partner, Charles Wesley Henderson, in January 1854 was listed as editor by February 1854 having taken over the post from C.G. Chandler. Later that year in October, he became the sole owner after Henderson left to devote his time to political pursuits.

During the time Rea served as editor, he remained an active lawyer and Democratic leader. Indeed, he was diversified, accepting a leadership role in promoting the civic, business, and political causes he deemed important. The attitudes, actions, and commentary found in Rea's editorial comments reflect his political involvement, his support for and promotion of his community, his fiery temper, and his colorful language.

Examination of Rea's role as an antebellum editor, as revealed through his editorials published in The Lauderdale Republican from 1854 through 1856, provides valuable insights and interesting comparisons worthy of note. Rea and his newspaper reflect significant cultural and historical information about the man and the area he served.

To look closer at Rea's role as an editor of a country weekly in the antebellum South, several different aspects of his work will be covered. Those areas will include the content of his paper, a look at some of the problems he encountered as an editor, and his relationship with his subscribers. Rea's role in the community of Marion, his political involvement and how that affected his work as an editor will also be summarized. A look at these aspects of Rea's life may provide a portrait of a typical 19th Century weekly editor in the antebellum South.

What was Con Rea the man like, and how did he compare with his contemporaries? Rea seemed to fit the picture offered by Clark in his analysis of Southern country editors, men he described as "...strong-willed, determined, and full of the courage of his convictions...an active influence in the social and political affairs of his home community." (4)

The Republican, under Rea's tenure, was dominated by political news, spiced with economic reports on the cotton market and the railroads.

Advertising included both items from local merchants and from Marion's largest trade connection, Mobile, Alabama. The logo of the country paper was "The South and the Friends of the South."

Most of the front-page and inside coverage featured news items picked up from other newspapers printed in Mobile, New York, Washington, and other Mississippi towns. This dependence on outside news sources can be seen in Rea's comment on July 4, 1854: "We are under obligations to Dr. Wilson for late Mobile papers. Col. Sanderford also receives our thanks for New York papers." (5)

However, Rea gave equal play to items of local interest in his editorials. For instance, he observed in a May 24, 1854, editorial, "There is a tree growing in this county, on the land of Mr. Charles Hitt, near Alamucha, which measures 37 feet in circumference. It is hollow and the cavity is sufficiently large for a small bedroom. We forgot to inquire whether its acorns grew as large as pumpkins, but suppose they OUGHT to do so from the gigantic size of the tree." (6) He also printed often lengthy items written by local correspondents covering topics ranging from agriculture to romance. He was not immune to the problems associated with handling the influx of local news as he noted on September 26, 1854, "...let

writers for the press remember the publishers' prayer: Lord save us from a wordy correspondent." (7)

The primary key to insights concerning Rea and his weekly were his editorial pages produced from 1854 to 1856. The editorial page contained many items of local interest, along with Rea's personal comments on a wide range of national issues such as slavery. His political inclinations also received heavy emphasis. Generally, Rea's editorials reflected a highly personal journalism typical of pre-Civil War newspapers in the South.

In the course of his career as an editor, Rea would come face to face with specific problems faced by other editors of the 19th Century, namely overcoming the obstacles of inadequate printing facilities, difficulties with vital mail service, paper shortages and scrambling to hold onto subscribers. After Rea assumed control of the editorial page, he spelled out some of the difficulties he faced, noting in a February, 1854, editorial that the permanent establishment of a newspaper in Marion had come to be considered "one of the impossibilities." (8) Commenting on those difficulties, he said that rapid changes in the ownership of the paper might explain "...why its support has been limited to eight hundred or a thousand subscribers..." (9)

Regardless of the obstacles in his way, Rea vowed to "...establish in the county of Lauderdale a Journal that will not be inferior to any in the South. The facilities we here now have, and are to have, which are necessary for the accomplishments of these designs, are not surpassed by any other in the state." (10) Expounding on his reasons for optimism, Rea suggested that the promised arrival of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad tracks from the south would mean improvement of mail services "...to such an extent that we can present our readers weekly, with the latest intelligence, not only from every quarter of the U.S., but also, from beyond the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans." (11) He pledged "...the exertion of our every energy, both mentally and physically" to the survival of the paper. (12) In the following week's edition, on February 14, 1854, the new editor seemed to be aware of the monumental task he was undertaking as he noted, "We assume the task with diffidence, being well aware of the great responsibilities attending the exercise of that vocation." (13)

Like other editors of his day, maintaining and increasing the number of subscribers was a primary concern for Rea. In a September 19, 1854, editorial, Rea wrote: "We return our sincere thanks for the seventy-five subscribers, who kindly extended to us their patronage within the last two weeks. We are still continuing to receive subscribers and can now promise

our readers that we will enlarge our paper by the first of January next." He noted that the Republican required fifteen hundred subscribers to pursue its goal of publishing "...as good a paper as any other in the state." To accomplish his lofty goal, Rea pointed out that he needed to improve the printing facilities and asked his readers to unite "individually and collectively" in the effort to enlist readers. "Our materials," he stated, "are unfortunately old, and our paper has generally, hitherto, exhibited a bad appearance; but we intend to supply our deficiencies by the purchase of new materials and rely upon a generous public for the increase of patronage such an out-lay must demand." (14)

Rea often commented on the problems he encountered with the mail system that delivered the dispatches from other newspapers so vital to his publication. He wrote in a December 25, 1855, editorial, "We frequently get our southern papers from the north, our northern papers from the south, and they pour in upon us from all points of the compass, except the right one...." (15) Similarly, in an earlier editorial, he wrote, "In consequence of mail failure, we have no news from Congress, our readers must bite their fingers and wait with patience, till another mail." (16)

Rea faced another common problem for editors of the time -- paper shortages. In fact, such a nationwide shortage forced him to print The

Republican on a half-sheet in November of 1854. Commenting on the situation, Rea stated he was fortunate to obtain even enough paper for the half-sheet as paper was scarce across the land. He pointed out, "Several of our exchanges have temporarily suspended publication, for the want of paper, others are issued in half sheets, like ours." (17)

In addition to all of the problems associated with printing and keeping his subscribers, Rea, as a lawyer and political leader, faced other demands on his time. This fact can be seen in his statement on August 29, 1854, that, "Our readers must excuse the briefness of editorial this week. Our Circuit Court coming on, renders it impossible to devote our time, as usual, to our editorial duties. We might offer further apology, but deem it unnecessary knowing that the public are already sufficiently bored by apologize already." (18)

Politically, what can be ascertained about Rea's involvement shows he was elected state representative from Lauderdale County in 1855. In 1856, he was a delegate to the state Democratic convention in Jackson and later represented the county at the Democratic National Convention held in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1856. One of Rea's goals as an editor was to support his political party, a characteristic found in other pre-Civil War editors. Political considerations were extremely important to the editors who ran

weekly newspapers, particularly prior to the War Between the States. A review of The Lauderdale Republican shows Rea's newspaper fit into this pattern. He eventually changed his newspaper's logo from "The South and the Friends of the South" to "Union, Democracy and State Sovereignty." (19)

In outlining his goals for the newspaper, Rea wrote, "The politics of the paper will be purely democratic. We expect to advocate the Jeffersonian doctrine in toto, and forever to give our feeble support for the defence of State Rights doctrine." Rea further pledged that his paper would "...support the Administration of Franklin Pierce, and endeavor to promote the memory of the democratic party throughout the union." (20)

In addition to his own political career, Rea may have possibly been motivated by his desire to land lucrative, politically controlled printing. In an editorial comment on April 8, 1856, Rea complained of lack of patronage at his print shop writing, "No paper can be sustained without the county printing. We have dragged out a precarious existance here for the last two years," and asked the Democratic party for support. (21)

In addition to Rea's pledge of support for the Democratic Party and his pleas for their financial backing, Rea also expressed his political views in other ways. He constantly attacked members of the Know-Nothing movement, which he described in one editorial as "a secret political

association." (22) On September 26, 1854, he told his readers, "Riots occur almost daily in some of the principal cities of the United States. The Know-Nothing Movement seems to have something to do with this order of things." (23)

Because of his intense involvement and high profile in the community, Rea stood willing to defend his words with a pistol. According to an eyewitness account of Frank Durr, a former slave whose remembrances of life in Marion from 1836 to 1863 were printed in a 1909 edition of The Evening Star of Meridian, Rea participated in a duel in 1857. Durr's account shows that Rea was a fiery editor willing to stand up for his words. In this case, an editorial caused a dispute that ended up on the dueling field. Since the Mississippi Legislature had passed a law that there would be no duels fought in the state, Rea and his opponent went across the state line into Alabama to a place known as Ross's Ridge. Durr's vivid description of the editor's duel is as follows:

"Mr. Bill Evans and Lawyer Rea were the men engaged. ...Each fired three shots at the word given. I remember the circumstances very distinctly. Mr. Buck Hancock loaded Mr. Bill Evans' gun; Mr. Bill Moody loaded Mr. Rea's gun....Mr. Rea carried Dr. Knot to wait on him if wounded, while Mr. Evans carried Dr. Ford to wait on him. They made all the people sit down and moved the horses and

things out of the way; any man that raised a disturbance had it to pay for. Black and white witnessed the fight. They stepped off the sixty yards and laid a plank across the road to show the distance, the men turned their backs toward each other, the count was one, two three then wheel and fire. Mr. Con Rea did not miss Mr. Bill Evans either shot; but did not cut him down. At the third shot Mr. Evans hit Mr. Rea in the knee." (24)

The duel left both participants alive and satisfied as Durr stated, "The duelists made friends that day on the grounds." (25)

Rea's running editorial arguments with rival editors, most particularly Col. A.G. Horne, publisher of The Quitman Intelligencer in nearby Clarke County, reflects yet another similarity with other editors of his day. One such dispute prompted him to write in a June 20, 1854, editorial:

"The Quitman Intelligencer has exalted its horn and pitched into our constitutional article, like a billy goat, rampant. As red flannel appears to excite in the greatest degree the ire of this animal, so our remarks on succession, appear to excite the belligerent disposition of the Intelligencer. Our friend (Col. Horne) has heretofore taken no notice of our Democratic scribblings, but as soon as the word succession is mentioned, he pitches into us, in manner aforesaid, to the extent of about a column." (26)

Though tamer than his political comments, Rea also used his editorials to promote civic, business, transportation, and social improvements in Marion and Lauderdale County. Once again, he fits into the pattern of other antebellum editors who often avidly promoted their respective communities. For instance, he was clearly boosting his village when he wrote in a May 16, 1854, editorial, "Never since its first settlement has Marion presented

a more flourishing condition than it does at the time. Several new buildings are being put up, and others intended to be commenced shortly." He continued, "...as a spirit of enterprise seems to be pervading our village, we see no reason why it will not, in a short time, be one of the most important towns in East Mississippi." (27)

The economy of Marion was a constant subject of Rea's enthusiasm. In a February 21, 1854 edition of The Lauderdale Republican, for example, Rea wrote, "The spirit of improvement of late manifest by our citizens, has created a considerable demand for brick,...A good brick maker would find business profitable in the vicinity of Marion." (28)

Rea constantly urged the development of schools and other institutions in his editorial columns. For example, he asked in a June 6, 1854, editorial, "Why is it that we are without a sufficient jail. Is it because it is better to keep our prisoners at Decatur, than at Marion? Will the Board of Police (the county's governing body) answer." (29)

One of the projects Rea took on in his newspaper was promoting the arrival and benefits of the Mobile and Ohio railroad tracks. On May 2, 1854, for instance, he wrote of the coming of the tracks saying, "In a short time the great enterprise will be completed -- the Iron Horse will appear among us to the great astonishment of old Fogies -- marking a new era in the history of East Mississippi." (30) Rea's news selections also reflected his support for the railroads as he often chose to reprint such items as a Mobile Evening News story headlined "Two Steamboats Burned." In contrast, The Republican featured glowing reports on the progress the "Iron Horse" promised. In one editorial, Rea wrote that he was looking forward to the day "...when we can reach the city of Mobile by railroad, and be no longer skinned by swindling steamboats." (31)

Indeed, as Rea predicted, the arrival of the Mobile and Ohio tracks did mark "a new era in East Mississippi." But, ironically, the change meant death instead of prosperity for Marion. When the tracks bypassed the town, residents and businesses began to shift eastward, and the town eventually even lost its status as county seat to Marion Station. It was a death like other antebellum editors in Mississippi witnessed, despite their best

efforts to promote their communities. Forces such as a shift closer to railroad tracks and the move of county seats for political or other reasons, often meant extinction for such towns as Marion. Rea had initially scoffed at the idea of Marion Station taking over Marion's status, writing of the station, "Some are already predicting that the Court House will be removed thither -- and that the glory of our little town will soon forever set, and that everything will pass over to Marion Depot: GOOD GRACIOUS!" (32) Eventually, Rea would resort to such tactics as cautioning Marion residents not to remove to the tracks because of yellow fever or equally as dreadful consequences.

It seems clear that Rea was similar to other 19th Century editors who worked in young towns that were born on the ever-expanding frontiers of that century. Many played vital roles in maintaining and promoting their respective communities, whether in the Old Southwest or later in new lands opened for settlement beyond the Mississippi River. Rea, and other such weekly editors, were clearly different from their eastern contemporaries who worked in more stable environments. Despite the hardships, Rea's antebellum newspaper surely had an impact, particularly because "...the average country paper in Mississippi wielded more influence within its community per copy distributed than anywhere else because there was less competition from the outside daily papers and periodicals..." (33) even after the end of the Civil War.

Yet, Rea's whole-hearted efforts to build and improve Marion through his editorial observations did fail to protect the town from the winds of change. As no editions of The Lauderdale Republican past the end of 1856 are available, it is assumed that the newspaper died along with Marion. Certainly, the death of Marion and the disruption of the Civil War in the early 1860s must have been a hard blow for country editor Rea, as it clearly marked the end of one era and the beginning of another. According to his last will and testament, Rea died in 1864, the same year Marion's courthouse was removed to Marion Station.

While no visible signs of "Old" Marion survive today, Rea did leave a lasting reminder of his legacy as he, like other Southern country editors,

recorded the events of the antebellum-era activity in his community. His efforts as a newspaper clearly spurred growth and improvement in Lauderdale County.

In conclusion, a look at the role of Con Rea as a Southern weekly editor provides insights on the tasks faced by editors in the rough-and-ready days of the settlement and development of some 19th Century towns and villages. Rea was a politically involved community booster who faced common problems in printing and producing weekly chronicles. Perhaps most importantly, both Rea and his contemporaries, left some of the sole survivors of now-extinct villages and towns.

Ancestor Chart

Name of Compiler Louette R. Russell
 Address 6422 Griggs Way
 City, State West Palm Beach, FL 33415
 Date 10 July, 1990

Person No. 1 on this chart is the same person as No. _____ on chart No. _____

Chart No. _____

b. Date of Birth
 p.b. Place of Birth
 m. Date of Marriage
 d. Date of Death
 p.d. Place of Death

4 REA CONSTANTINE (CON.)

(Father of No. 2)
 b. 1825
 p.b. TENNESSEE - MAURY Co. (? GILES)
 m. 10 JAN., 1843
 d. 14 SEPT., 1864
 p.d. LAUDERDALE Co., MISSISSIPPI (MARION)

2 REA RICHARD NATHAN

(Father of No. 1)
 b. 19 NOV., 1845
 p.b. CHOCTAW Co., ALABAMA
 m. 20 JAN., 1895
 d. 14 APRIL, 1925
 p.d. LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA. (E. CARROLL PARISH)

5 BRAGG, MARGARET

(Mother of No. 2)
 b. ~~1825~~ 1824
 p.b. GREENE Co., ALABAMA
 d. 1878
 p.d. MERIDIAN, LAUDERDALE Co., Miss.

1 REA LUCY

b. 10 JULY, 1896
 p.b. LAKE PROVIDENCE, E. CARROLL PARISH, LA.
 m. 23 OCT., 1919 - VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI
 d. 26 OCT. 1986 - DAVENTPORT, FLORIDA
 p.d.

8 BELDEN ALBERT GOODRICH

(Father of No. 3)
 b. 9 MAY, 1843
 p.b. OHIO (?)
 m. 19 JULY, 1864 - LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.
 d. 9 MARCH, 1886
 p.d. LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

3 BELDEN PALLIE KEMP

(Mother of No. 1)
 b. 17 MARCH, 1868
 p.b. FLOYD, LA. - CARROLL PARISH
 d. 19 MARCH, 1947
 p.d. LAKE VILLAGE, ARK. - CHICOT Co.

7 HOLLAND LUCY JANE

(Mother of No. 3)
 b. 25 NOV., 1838
 p.b. HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.
 d. 26 APRIL, 1939
 p.d. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

RALPH JAMES LAWRENCE

(Spouse of No. 1)
 b. 9 JULY, 1890
 p.b. GRAND LAKE ARKANSAS
 CHICOT COUNTY
 d. 8 MARCH, 1949
 p.d. EUDORA, ARKANSAS
 CHICOT Co.

8 REA NATHAN

(Father of No. 4)
 b. KENTUCKY
 p.b. 1790/1800
 m. 13 AUG., 1823 - MAURY Co., TENN.
 d. 1840/43
 p.d. MOBILE Co., ALABAMA

9 MOODY FRANCES

(Mother of No. 4)
 b. LATE 1790's or early 1800's.
 p.b. MECKLENBURG Co., VA.
 d. BEFORE 1840
 p.d. MOBILE Co., ALABAMA

10 BRAGG RICHARD

(Father of No. 5)
 b. ca 1789
 p.b. LUNENBURG Co., VA
 m. 8 OCT., 1816 - MAURY Co., TN.
 d. 6 OCT., 1824
 p.d. GREENE Co., ALABAMA

11 MOODY MARY M. (POLLY)

(Mother of No. 5)
 b. ab. 1800
 p.b. MECKLENBURG Co., VA.
 d. 1847/
 p.d. ALABAMA (WASHINGTON Co?)

12

(Father of No. 6)
 b.
 p.b.
 m.
 d.
 p.d.

13

(Mother of No. 6)
 b.
 p.b.
 d.
 p.d.

14 HOLLAND NEWTON

(Father of No. 7)
 b. 6 JUNE, 1813
 p.b. WILLIAMSON Co., TN.
 m. 4 FEB., 1836 - MAURY Co., TN.
 d.
 p.d. LOUISIANA - CARROLL PARISH

15 BITTLEMAN ROSINA JEMIMA (ROSA)

(Mother of No. 7)
 b. ab. 1815/16
 p.b. COLUMBIA, MAURY Co., TENN.
 d. ab. 1875 -
 p.d. FLOYD, CARROLL PARISH, LA.

16
 b. (Father of No. 8, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 m.
 d.

17
 b. (Mother of No. 8, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 d.

18 MOODY FRANCIS
 b. ab. 1769/70 - CHESTER Co., VA.
 (Father of No. 9, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 m. SEPT., 1788 - MECKLENBURG Co., VA.
 d. 1821/22 - TUSCALOOSA Co., ALA.

19 VAUGHAN MARTHA (PATSY-PATTY)
 b. 1771/73
 d. ca. 1805 - MECKLENBURG Co., VA.
 (Mother of No. 9, Cont. on chart No. _____)

20 BRAGG THOMAS
 b. (Father of No. 10, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 m. LUNENBURG Co., VA. - ca. 1785
 d.

21 KNOTT HANNAH
 b. (Mother of No. 10, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 d.

22 MOODY FRANCIS
 b. ab. 1769/70 - CHESTER Co., VA.
 (Father of No. 11, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 m. SEPT. 1789 - MECKLENBURG Co., VA.
 d. 1821/22 - TUSCALOOSA Co., ALABAMA

23 VAUGHAN MARTHA (PATSY)
 b. 1771/73
 d. ca. 1805 - VIRGINIA (MECKLENG)
 (Mother of No. 11, Cont. on chart No. _____)

24
 b. (Father of No. 12, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 m.
 d.

25
 b. (Mother of No. 12, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 d.

26
 b. (Father of No. 13, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 m.
 d.

27
 b. (Mother of No. 13, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 d.

28 HOLLAND KEMP
 b. 2 SEPT. 1768
 (Father of No. 14, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 m. 1804 - DAVIDSON Co., TN.
 d. 6 AUG. 1824 -

29 MURRAY JANE
 b. 12 MAY 1771
 d. 28 DEC. 1933 (BITTLEMAN)
 (Mother of No. 14, Cont. on chart No. _____)

30 BITTLEMAN JOHN
 b. (Father of No. 15, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 m.
 d. COLUMBIA, MAURY Co., TENN. - 19:
 31 SANDERSON LUCY
 b. VIRGINIA
 d. 24 NOV., 1839 - HOLLY SPRINGS, FL
 (Mother of No. 15, Cont. on chart No. _____)

95
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FAMILY GROUP NO.

Husband's Full Name **REA, NATHAN**

This Information Obtained From:

FAMILY RECORDS -

Husband's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth						KENTUCKY	
Chr'd							
Mar.	13	AUG	1823		MAURY Co., TENNESSEE		
Death				MOBILE	MOBILE Co., ALABAMA		
Burial							

CENSUS RECORDS

COURT RECORDS

Places of Residence			
Occupation	Church Affiliation	Military Rec.	
Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.			
His Father		Mother's Maiden Name	

Wife's Full Maiden Name **MOODY, FRANCES**

Wife's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth					MECKLENBURG Co., VA.		
Chr'd							
Death	13	June	1840				
Burial							

Compiler

Places of Residence			
Occupation if other than housewife	Church Affiliation		
Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.			

Address

City, State

Date

Her Father **MOODY, FRANCIS** Mother's Maiden Name **VAUGHAN, MARTHA (PAT)**

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Sex	Children's Name in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
	1 REA, CONSTANTINE Full Name of Spouse* BRAGG, MARGARET	Birth	ca		1825			TENN.	
		Mar.	11	JAN.	1843	WASHINGTON (MOBILE) Co.		ALA.	
		Death	14	SEPT	1864	"AT HOME" - (MARION?)	LAUDERDALE Co.	MISS.	
		Burial				MARION -	LAUDERDALE Co.	MISS	
	2 REA, ELIZA J. Full Name of Spouse* BRAGG, THOMAS	Birth							
		Mar.	10	FEB	1842		WASHINGTON Co. -	ALA.	
		Death					CHOCTAW Co.	ALA.	
		Burial					CHOCTAW Co.	ALA.	
	3 REA, ALFRED FRANKLIN Full Name of Spouse* BOOKMAN, CHARLOTTE	Birth	13	JUNE	1831	COLUMBUS	LOWNDES Co.	MISS.	
		Mar.	14	NOV.	1860	REDTOP (PRAIRIE PLAINS)	GRIMES Co.	TEXAS	
		Death	3	JUNE	1918	SHIRO	GRIMES Co	TEXAS	
		Burial							
	4 REA, MARTHA Full Name of Spouse* PRICE, BENJAMIN D	Birth							
		Mar.	7	AUG.	1852		LAUDERDALE Co.	MISS.	
		Death					MERIDIAN LAUDERDALE Co.	MISS	
		Burial							
	5	Birth							
		Mar.							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Death							
		Burial							
	6	Birth							
		Mar.							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Death							
		Burial							
	7	Birth							
		Mar.							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Death							
		Burial							
	8	Birth							
		Mar.							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Death							
		Burial							
	9	Birth							
		Mar.							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Death							
		Burial							
	10	Birth							
		Mar.							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Death							
		Burial							

*If married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

Family Group Sheet

Husband's Full Name **REA, CONSTANTINE (CON.)**

Chart No.

Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth			1825		MAURY (OR GILES) COUNTY	TENNESSEE	
Chr'nd							
Marr.	10 JAN.		1843		WASHINGTON COUNTY	ALABAMA	
Death	14 SEPT.		1864	MORTALLY WOUNDED JULY 9, 1864, NEAR CHATAHOOCHEE RIVER - DEFENDING ATLANTA			
Burial	MARION CEMETERY - MARION - LAUDERDALE COUNTY MISSISSIPPI						
Places of Residence MAURY (?) + GILES Co. TN; COLUMBUS, MS.; MOBILE, AL.; WASHINGTON Co. AL.; MARION, MS.							
Occupation		LAWYER - PUBLISHER / EDITOR		Church Affiliation		PRESBYTERIAN	
				Military Rec.		COL, Co. F, 46 MISS. REGT VOLS (CON REA WARRIORS) C.S.A	
Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.							
His Father				REA, NATHAN			
Mother's Maiden Name				MOODY, FRANCES			

Wife's Full Maiden Name **BRAGG, MARGARET**

Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth	14	NOV.	1845		GREENE COUNTY	ALABAMA	
Chr'nd							
Death	aft. 1870 before		23 DEC. 1873	MERIDIAN - LAUDERDALE COUNTY -		MISSISSIPPI	
Burial	MARION CEMETERY LAUDERDALE COUNTY MISSISSIPPI						
Places of Residence GREENE Co. AL.; WASHINGTON Co., AL.; LAUDERDALE COUNTY MISSISSIPPI							
Occupation				Church Affiliation		Military Rec.	
Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.							
Her Father				BRAGG, RICHARD			
Mother's Maiden Name				MOODY, MARY M.			

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arranged in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info on Children
	1	REA, RICHARD NATHAN	19	NOV.	1845	(WASHINGTON)	CHOCTAW COUNTY	ALABAMA	
		Full Name of Spouse							
		BELEDEN, FALIE KEMP	20	JAN	1895	PROVIDENCE	E. CARROLL PARISH,	LOUISIANA	
		Death	14	APRIL	1925	LAKE PROVIDENCE - E. CARROLL PARISH, LA.			
		Burial	15	APRIL	1925	PROVIDENCE CEMETERY			
	2	REA, WILLIAM THOMAS			1847	ALABAMA OR MISSISSIPPI			
		Full Name of Spouse							
		Death	prob. after 1875						
		Burial							
	3	REA, ELIZA (JENNIE)			1850	LAUDERDALE Co.	MISSISSIPPI		LIVED IN WILLOWOOD GAINESVILLE
		Full Name of Spouse							
		GOODLOE, THOMAS	Aug or Sept.		1898	GAINESVILLE	SUMPTER Co.	ALABAMA	SUMPTER Co. ALABAMA
		Death							
		Burial							
	4	REA, ELMIRA (ELLA)			1858	LAUDERDALE COUNTY	MISSISSIPPI		LIVED IN GAINESVILLE ALABAMA
		Full Name of Spouse							
		McMAHON, JOHN						ALABAMA	ALABAMA
		Death							
		Burial							
	5								
		Full Name of Spouse							
		Death							
		Burial							
	6								
		Full Name of Spouse							
		Death							
		Burial							
	7								
		Full Name of Spouse							
		Death							
		Burial							
	8								
		Full Name of Spouse							
		Death							
		Burial							

Compiler	Notes:
Address	
City, State, Zip	
Date	

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Husband's Full Name

3rd marriage -

Family Group Sheet

Husband's Full Name **REA, RICHARD NATHAN**

Chart No.

Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband	
Birth	19	NOV.	1845	WASHINGTON Co. (later CHOCTAW COUNTY)		ALABAMA		
Chr'nd								
Marr.	20	JAN.	1895	PROVIDENCE - E. CARROLL PARISH		LOUISIANA		
Death	14	APRIL	1925	LAKE PROVIDENCE - E. CARROLL PARISH		LOUISIANA		
Burial	15	APRIL	1925	PROVIDENCE CEMETERY				
Places of Residence CHOCTAW Co., AL.; LAUDERDALE Co., MS.; E. CARROLL PARISH, LA.								
Occupation	PLANTER			Church Affiliation	PRESBYTERIAN			Military Rec. CAPT., Co. F. 46 MISS REG'T VOL. C.S.A
Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar. (1) BOYD, SARAH JANE - (2) CHAPLINE, ANNA THOMAS								
His Father REA, CONSTANTINE				Mother's Maiden Name BRAGG, MARGARET				

Wife's Full Maiden Name **BELOEN, PALLIE KEMP**

Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife	
Birth	17	MARCH	1868	FLOYD, CARROLL PARISH		LOUISIANA		
Chr'nd	CONFIRMED COMMUNICANT BY 1900.			GRACE CHURCH - LAKE PROVIDENCE		LOUISIANA		
Death	19	MARCH	1947	LAKE VILLAGE, CHICOT COUNTY		ARKANSAS		
Burial				PROVIDENCE CEMETERY, LAKE PROVIDENCE - E. CARROLL PARISH - LA.				
Places of Residence FLOYD, LA.; PROVIDENCE, LA.; E. CARROLL PARISH, LA.; EUDORA, CHICOT Co., ARK.								
Occupation				Church Affiliation	EPISCOPAL			Military Rec.
Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.								
Her Father BELOEN, ALBERT GOODRICH				Mother's Maiden Name HOLLAND, LUCY				

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arranged in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info on Children
	1 LUCY REA	Birth	10	JULY	1896	EAST CARROLL PARISH		LOUISIANA	
	RALPH, JAMES LAWRENCE	Marr.	23	OCT.	1919	VICKSBURG	WARREN Co.	MISSISSIPPI	
		Death	26	OCT	1986	DAVENPORT		FLORIDA	
		Burial				WEST PALM BEACH		FLORIDA	
		Full Name of Spouse							
	2	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	Full Name of Spouse								
	3	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	Full Name of Spouse								
	4	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	Full Name of Spouse								
	5	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	Full Name of Spouse								
	6	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	Full Name of Spouse								
	7	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	Full Name of Spouse								
	8	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	Full Name of Spouse								

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42

Husband's Full Name

Family Group Sheet

Husband's Full Name **REA, RICHARD NATHAN**

Chart No.

Husband's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	19 NOV. 1845	WASHINGTON Co. - later CHOCTAW COUNTY		ALABAMA	
Chr'nd					
Marr.	19 APRIL 1883	ROBERTDALE PLANTATION - E. CARROLL PARISH		LOUISIANA	
Death	15 APRIL 1925	LAKE PROVIDENCE	E. CARROLL PARISH	LOUISIANA	
Burial					

Places of Residence

Occupation	PLANTER	Church Affiliation	PRESBYTERIAN	Military Rec.	CAPT. Co. F-46 MISS REGT U.S. C.S.A
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Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.

His Father **REA, CONSTANTINE** Mother's Maiden Name **BRAGG, MARGARET**

Wife's Full Maiden Name **CHAPLINE, ANNA THOMAS**

Wife's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth	19 JAN 1855		SAUK COUNTY	WISCONSIN	
Chr'nd					
Death					
Burial					

Places of Residence

Occupation		Church Affiliation		Military Rec.	
------------	--	--------------------	--	---------------	--

Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.

Her Father **CHAPLINE, MOSES** Mother's Maiden Name **THOMAS, MARGARET S.**

Sex	Children's Names In Full (Arranged in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info on Children
	1	Birth					
		Marr.					
		Death					
	Full Name of Spouse	Burial					
		2	Birth				
			Marr.				
	Death						
	Full Name of Spouse	Burial					
		3	Birth				
			Marr.				
	Death						
	Full Name of Spouse	Burial					
		4	Birth				
			Marr.				
	Death						
	Full Name of Spouse	Burial					
		5	Birth				
			Marr.				
	Death						
	Full Name of Spouse	Burial					
		6	Birth				
			Marr.				
	Death						
	Full Name of Spouse	Burial					
		7	Birth				
			Marr.				
	Death						
	Full Name of Spouse	Burial					
		8	Birth				
			Marr.				
	Death						
	Full Name of Spouse	Burial					

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Husband's Full Name

Family Group Sheet

Husband's Full Name **REA, RICHARD NATHAN**

Chart No.

Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	19	Nov.	1845		CHOCTAW COUNTY	ALABAMA	
Chr'nd							
Marr.	aft. war end			MERIDIAN	LAUDERDALE COUNTY	MISSISSIPPI	
Death	15	APRIL	1925	LAKE PROVIDENCE	E. CARROLL PARISH	LOUISIANA	
Burial							

Places of Residence

Occupation **PLANTER** Church Affiliation **PRESBYTERIAN** Military Rec. **CAPT, Co. F. 46 MISS REGT. USAS C.S.A.**

Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.

His Father **REA, CONSTANTINE**

Mother's Maiden Name **BRACE, MARGARET**

Wife's Full Maiden Name **BOYO, SARA JANE**

Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth						ALABAMA	
Chr'nd							
Death	ca.		1871	MERIDIAN	LAUDERDALE COUNTY	MISSISSIPPI	
Burial							

Places of Residence

Occupation Church Affiliation Military Rec.

Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.

Her Father **BOYO, LEWIS MYERS**

Mother's Maiden Name **SNEDECOR, SARAH EMILY**

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arranged in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info on Children
	1 RUBY	Birth	ca.		1854			ALABAMA	
		Marr.	22	JAN	1871	MERIDIAN	LAUDERDALE Co.	MISS.	
		Death							
		Burial							
	2	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	3	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	4	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	5	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	6	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	7	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	8	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							

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40

Husband's Full Name

Family Group Sheet

Husband's Full Name **RALPH, JAMES LAWRENCE**

Chart No.

Husband's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	9 JULY 1890	GRAND LAKE	CHICOT COUNTY	ARKANSAS	
Chr'nd					
Marr.	23 OCT. 1919	VICKSBURG	WARREN COUNTY	MISSISSIPPI	
Death	8 MARCH 1949	EUDORA	CHICOT COUNTY	ARKANSAS	
Burial		MT. CARMEL CEMETERY -	EUDORA	ARKANSAS	
Places of Residence GRAND LAKE, ARK. (FAYETTEVILLE, ARK. + NEW ORLEANS, LA (school)) - EUDORA, ARK.					
Occupation PHARMACIST Church Affiliation PRESBYTERIAN Military Rec.					
Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.					
His Father RALPH, RICHARD S.			Mother's Maiden Name WILLIAMS, SARAH ELIZABETH		

Wife's Full Maiden Name **REA, LUCY**

Wife's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth	10 JULY 1896	EAST CARROLL PARISH - ALABAMA PLANTATION -		LOUISIANA	
Chr'nd					
Death	26 OCT. 1986	DAVENPORT		FLORIDA	
Burial			WEST PALM BEACH	FLORIDA	
Places of Residence LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.; LYNCHBURG, VA. (school); EUDORA, ARK.; WEST PALM BEACH, FL.; DAVENPORT					
Occupation Church Affiliation ESCOPAL Military Rec.					
Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.					
Her Father REA, RICHARD NATHAN			Mother's Maiden Name BELDEN, PAULIE KEMP		

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arranged in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info on Children
	1	IRENE LAURETTE	Birth	05 DEC. 1920	VICKSBURG	WARREN CO. MISS.	
		Full Name of Spouse	Marr.	13 FEB. 1943	SANTA ANA ARMY AIR BASE -	CALIFORNIA	
		RUSSELL, JOSEPH EUGENE	Death				
			Burial				
	2	JAMES LAWRENCE, JR	Birth	31 JAN. 1923	EUDORA	CHICOT Co. ARKANSAS	
		Full Name of Spouse	Marr.	1951	LAKE VILLAGE	CHICOT Co. ARKANSAS	
		GIBBS, EDNA	Death				
			Burial				
	3		Birth				
		Full Name of Spouse	Marr.				
			Death				
			Burial				
	4		Birth				
		Full Name of Spouse	Marr.				
			Death				
			Burial				
	5		Birth				
		Full Name of Spouse	Marr.				
			Death				
			Burial				
	6		Birth				
		Full Name of Spouse	Marr.				
			Death				
			Burial				
	7		Birth				
		Full Name of Spouse	Marr.				
			Death				
			Burial				
	8		Birth				
		Full Name of Spouse	Marr.				
			Death				
			Burial				

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Husband's Full Name

39

Ancestor Chart

Name of Compiler _____
 Address _____
 City, State _____
 Date _____

Person No. 1 on this chart is the same person as No. _____ on chart No. _____.

Chart No. _____

b. Date of Birth
 p.b. Place of Birth
 m. Date of Marriage
 d. Date of Death
 p.d. Place of Death

4 BRAGG, THOMAS

(Father of No. 2)

b.ab. 1760
 p.b.
 m. 1785-1788 - LUNENBURG Co., VA
 d.ca 1842 (1836-1841?)
 p.d. WASHINGTON COUNTY, ALABAMA

2 BRAGG, RICHARD

(Father of No. 1)

b.ab. 1789
 p.b. LUNENBURG COUNTY, VIRGINIA
 m. ^{8 Oct} 1816 - MAURY Co., TENN.
 d. ab. 1822
 p.d. GREENE COUNTY, ALABAMA

5 KNOTT, HANNAH

(Mother of No. 2)

b.
 p.b. VIRGINIA (LUNENBURG Co. NORTH CAROLINA) (SHELBY)
 d. AFTER 1845 (1842-1844?)
 p.d. WASHINGTON COUNTY, ALA

1 BRAGG, MARGARET

b. 1824
 p.b. GREENE COUNTY, ALABAMA
 m. 11 JAN., 1843
 d. 1873 (before 23 Dec.). Probably June.
 p.d. LAUDERDALE COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI

8 MOODY, FRANCIS

(Father of No. 3)

b.ab 1769-70
 p.b. MECKLINBURG COUNTY, VIRGINIA
 m. 1789. MECKLINBURG Co.
 d. 1820/22
 p.d. TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA

3 MOODY, MARY M.

(Mother of No. 1)

b.
 p.b. MECKLINBURG Co., VIRGINIA
 d.
 p.d. GREENE Co., ALABAMA

7 VAUGHAN, MARTHA (PATSY)

(Mother of No. 3)

b. 1771
 p.b. VIRGINIA
 d. 1805
 p.d.

REA, CONSTANTINE

(Spouse of No. 1)

b. 1825
 p.b. TENN. (MAURY Co.)
 d. 14 SEPT., 1864
 p.d. LAUDERDALE Co, MISS.

8 BRAGG, WILLIAM SR.

(Father of No. 4)

b. PRIOR TO 1735
 p.b. LUNENBURG COUNTY, VIRGINIA
 m. 1785/1789. LUNENBURG Co., VA
 d. WILL. 1808 - RECORDED 13 JUNE, 1911
 p.d. LUNENBURG COUNTY, VIRGINIA

MARGARET
 (Mother of No. 4)

b.
 p.b.
 d. 1820
 p.d. LUNENBURG COUNTY, VIRGINIA (MIDDLE MEHERRIN RIVER AREA)

10 KNOTT, RICHARD SR. (II)

(Father of No. 5)

b. ca 1756
 p.b.
 m.
 d. 1820 - WILL DATED 16 JUNE - RECORDED 18 AUG. 1821
 p.d. LUNENBURG Co., VIRGINIA

MARGARET (NANCY)

(Mother of No. 5)

b.
 p.b.
 d. BEFORE 1810
 p.d. LUNENBURG Co., VIRGINIA

12 MOODY, HENRY JR. (II)

(Father of No. 6)

b. LATE 1730'S. EARLY 1740'S
 p.b.
 m. 1766/67
 d. 1791/92
 p.d. MECKLINBURG Co., VA

13 MARSHALL, ELIZABETH

(Mother of No. 6)

b.
 p.b.
 d.
 p.d.

14 VAUGHAN, REUBEN

(Father of No. 7)

b. Oct, 1732
 p.b.
 m. 1752
 d. VIRGINIA - MECKLINBURG Co
 p.d. 5 Aug, 1817

15 INGRAM, ELIZABETH

(Mother of No. 7)

b. 1734
 p.b.
 d. 1820
 p.d. VIRGINIA

16

b. (Father of No. 8, Cont. on chart No. _____)

m.

d.

17

b. (Mother of No. 8, Cont. on chart No. _____)

d.

18

b. (Father of No. 9, Cont. on chart No. _____)

m.

d.

19

b. (Mother of No. 9, Cont. on chart No. _____)

d.

20

b. (Father of No. 10, Cont. on chart No. _____)

m.

d.

21

b. (Mother of No. 10, Cont. on chart No. _____)

d.

22

b. (Father of No. 11, Cont. on chart No. _____)

m.

d.

23

b. (Mother of No. 11, Cont. on chart No. _____)

d.

24

b. (Father of No. 12, Cont. on chart No. _____)

m.

d.

25

b. (Mother of No. 12, Cont. on chart No. _____)

d.

26

b. (Father of No. 13, Cont. on chart No. _____)

m.

d.

27

b. (Mother of No. 13, Cont. on chart No. _____)

d.

28

b. (Father of No. 14, Cont. on chart No. _____)

m.

d.

29

b. (Mother of No. 14, Cont. on chart No. _____)

d.

30

b. (Father of No. 15, Cont. on chart No. _____)

m.

d.

31

b. (Mother of No. 15, Cont. on chart No. _____)

d.

Family Group Sheet

Husband's Full Name **BRAGG, RICHARD**

Chart No.

Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	26		1789		LUNenburg COUNTY	VIRGINIA	
Chr'nd							
Marr.	8	OCT	1816		MAURY COUNTY	TENNESSEE	
Death	6(?)	OCT	1824		GREENE COUNTY	ALABAMA	
Burial							

Places of Residence **LUNenburg + CHARLOTTE COUNTIES, VA.; MAURY CO., TN; GREENE CO., AL. BRAGG BLUFF ON BIGON RIVER.**

Occupation **RETAIL MERCHANT - ALABAMA** Church Affiliation Military Rec.

Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.

His Father **BRAGG, THOMAS**

Mother's Maiden Name **KNOTT, HANNAH**

Wife's Full Maiden Name **MOODY, MARY M.**

Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth					MECKLINBURG COUNTY	VIRGINIA	
Chr'nd							
Death			1847 (3)		GREENE COUNTY	ALABAMA	
Burial							

Places of Residence

Occupation Church Affiliation Military Rec.

Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.

Her Father **MOODY, FRANCIS**

Mother's Maiden Name **VAUGHAN, MARTHA (PAISY)**

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arranged in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info on Children
	1 LIEUTENCY (LUTINSA) Full Name of Spouse	Birth	17	AUG.	1817/18			ALABAMA	
		Marr.			7 DEC. 1833		GREENE Co.	ALABAMA	
		Death			FEB 1878		TYLER Co.	TEXAS	
		Burial				STEELE'S GROVE - " "	" "	" "	
	2 WILLIAM THOMAS Full Name of Spouse	Birth			1820/23				
		Marr.			10 FEB 1842				
		Death			1847			SUMPTER Co., ALA.	
		Burial							
	3 MARGARET Full Name of Spouse	Birth			1824/25			GREENE Co. ALA.	
		Marr.			11 JAN., 1843			WASHINGTON Co. ALA.	
		Death			JUNE, 1873			LAUDERDALE Co. MISS.	
		Burial				MARION CEM. - " "	" "	" "	
	4 Full Name of Spouse	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	5 Full Name of Spouse	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	6 Full Name of Spouse	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	7 Full Name of Spouse	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	8 Full Name of Spouse	Birth							
		Marr.							
		Death							
		Burial							

Compiler

Notes:

Address

City, State, Zip

Date

PARTNER with brother WILLIAM

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Husband's Full Name

Family Group Sheet

Husband's Full Name MOODY, FRANCIS

Chart No.

Husband's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	ca. 1769/70		CHESTERFIELD COUNTY	VIRGINIA	
Chr'nd					
Marr.	ca 14 SEPT 1789				
Death	apt. 21 Nov. 1821		TUSCALOOSA COUNTY	ALABAMA	
Burial					
Places of Residence CHESTERFIELD Co., VA; MECKLENBURG Co., VA; MAURY Co., TENN; TUSCALOOSA Co., ALA					
Occupation		Church Affiliation		Military Rec.	
<small>Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.</small>					
His Father MOODY, HENRY - (II)			Mother's Maiden Name		

Wife's Full Maiden Name VAUGHAN, MARTHA (PATSY)

Wife's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth					
Chr'nd					
Death	1805		MECKLENBURG Co.	VIRGINIA	
Burial					
Places of Residence					
Occupation		Church Affiliation		Military Rec.	
<small>Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.</small>					
Her Father VAUGHAN, REUBEN			Mother's Maiden Name MARSHALL, ELIZABETH		

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arranged in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info on Children
	1 ELIZABETH I	Birth	ca 1790		MECKLENBURG Co.	VA	
		Marr.			LUNENBURG-MECKLENBURG Co		
	Full Name of Spouse	Death	BEFORE 1839		MAURY COUNTY	TENN	
	KNOTT, WILLIAM	Burial					
	31 July, 1793						
	2 MARY M	Birth					
		Marr.	8 OCT 1816		MAURY Co.	TENN.	
	Full Name of Spouse	Death					
	(1) BRAGG, RICHARD	Burial					
	(2) JAMES, ENOCH - 9 Nov. 1824						
	3 MARTHA W.	Birth					
		Marr.	23 DEC 1820		MAURY Co	TENN.	
	Full Name of Spouse	Death	FEB 1876 (w/rel)		MT. PLEASANT - MAURY Co.	TENN.	
	(1) RUTLEDGE, W.H. - (3)	Burial					
	(2) THOMAS, ISAAC J. KENNEDY, JAMES						
	4 CAROLINE	Birth	1800-1810				
		Marr.	apt. 3 FEB. 1825		MAURY Co.	TENN	
	Full Name of Spouse	Death	Age 1871				
	KENNEDY, ROBERT G.	Burial					
	5 FRANCES (FANNY)	Birth	LATE 1790's or early 1800's		MECKLENBURG Co.	VA	Lived Giles Co
		Marr.	13 AUG. 1823		MAURY Co.	TENN.	Lowndes Co, MS
	Full Name of Spouse	Death					died JUNE 1831
	REA, NATHAN	Burial					
	d. MOBILE Co, Ala.						
	apt 1840. bef. 1843						
	6 EVELINE	Birth					
		Marr.	Bef. 6 Oct 1824				
	Full Name of Spouse	Death	Age 1871				
	(1) SPENCER, JOHN - d. bef. 12 June 1832	Burial					
	(2) GIBSON, HENRY - m. 12 JUNE 1832						
	7 FRANCIS T.	Birth	ca 1803			VIRGINIA	Mary was
		Marr.					mother of these
	Full Name of Spouse	Death					children
	(1) WORTHAM, MARY	Burial					Farmer
	(2) GRIFFIN, ANN W. (MRS.)						
	8	Birth					
		Marr.					
	Full Name of Spouse	Death					
		Burial					
Compiler				Notes:			
Address							
City, State, Zip							
Date							

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Husband's Full Name

7-----A MISSISSIPPI SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY

crossed the Mississippi and went to their homes, and I am told that they later served in the army west of the Mississippi River, known as the "Trans-Mississippi Department."

There were some important changes in our company now transpiring. Our first lieutenant was killed in the siege, and our third lieutenant was found incompetent and had failed to pass an examination before the brigade examining board. The second lieutenant had been ordered before the board for promotion to captain and had failed. In the meantime my father had been promoted to major of the regiment, and I had been elected first lieutenant. This was the only time in my life that I was ever a candidate for an office. In a few days I was ordered before the board and passed. A general brigade order assigning me to duty as first lieutenant in company F was read on dress parade, and I substituted a sword for a gun. I was now the commander of my father's old company, and I was as proud as Lucifer. I was also in direct line for promotion to captain, and I might just as well have taken the position then as later, but I listened to the pleadings of my second lieutenant and, out of sympathy, I signed his petition addressed to the board for a reexamination, thinking he would fail again, but alas! he passed and my captainship slipped through my fingers for a time. In due time we were exchanged and were ordered to Demopolis and from there to Resaca, Ga. We spent some time in Northern Georgia, and went thence to Mobile for a short time. While there our brigade commander, Gen. William E. Baldwin, was accidentally killed, and our Colonel (C. W. Sears) was promoted to brigadier general, and in the future commanded the brigade until he lost his leg upon the battle field of Nashville. This promotion advanced my father to lieutenant colonel of the regiment. We were ordered to Selma by steamboat via the Alabama River, where we remained until the opening of the Georgia campaign. We received hurried orders to march overland to Rome, Ga., and made forty miles per day until we reached our destination. At that North Georgia town we found three rail-way trains awaiting our arrival, which we boarded and, without a moment lost, reached Kingston, Ga., marched out in front of Sherman's army, and got right into the fight and the great Georgia campaign in earnest. This campaign began at the town of Dalton, twenty miles from Kingston. From that moment our command was in all of the fighting to Atlanta, and it was almost a continual battle, night and day, for a period of ninety days, and I was absent a single day. When we reached Atlanta Sear's brigade was assigned to a position at the end of Peachtree Street, and upon what was known at that time as the Henderson Farm. After Johnston was removed and General Hood succeeded to the command of the army, it was perhaps fifteen days later before General Sherman (after bringing up his entire army and failing to take the city by assault) began his famous movement by way of Jonesboro. He was a sly old fox. The enemy in front became inactive and withdrew.

One moonlight night, about 1 A. M. as I lay upon my back looking at the blue sky and thinking of the loved ones at home I was aroused by some one asking for me. An officer approached me, who proved to be Capt. Sam Harris, of General Sears' staff, and said to me: "The General wishes to see you at his headquarters." I found the general busily writing by the light of an old tallow candle. He said to me in his old West Point pronunciation: "Take the seat, Lieutenant Rea. I have been ordered by General French to select the best officer in my brigade to go to the Chattahoochee River, at the railroad bridge crossing, and ascertain what is going on in our front. Either Sherman is retreating, or he is making a flank movement to get possession of Atlanta. You are to start at once, and you have an indefinite leave; you are allowed twenty-five men of your own selection." He then gave me the countersign, and shook me by the hand very warmly.

SOURCE: A Mississippi Soldier of The Confederacy, by Capt. R. N. Rea, Lake Providence, La. ---The Confederate Veteran, XX 262 FF, (July, 1922)
/Member of Co. A, 13 Miss. Inf.; 7 Miss. Batt.; Co F 46 Miss. Regt.]
Siege of Vicksburg

It was not long before I was off. I stepped over the breastworks into the public highway and marched rapidly to the picket line and was very soon between the lines of the two great western armies. I continued marching right down the road until near daylight, and, feeling that I was not far from the enemy's picket line, I thought it prudent to get into the woods, and when daylight came, I saw that I did not make this move any too soon. I was on a hill, and a small stream was at its base running bright and clear. On the opposite hill many small smokes began to ascend heavenward, and I noticed a narrow, well-used pathway running to the branch, and in a few moments a string of Yankees came down that path with their camp kettles for their ration of water; and they kept this up during the entire day. It was not my business to capture or shoot soldiers; what I wanted was information. If it had been otherwise, I could have done some business then and there. I now had my business and directions well fixed in my mind. When night came, we recrossed the road in single file, using the utmost care. Halting my men at a point which I could recognize in the distance, I selected one man to go with me, instructing the others to remain in that exact spot until I returned; and if I did not return by the following night they were to return to our army and report to General Sears.

I slipped right through the picket line and very soon was on the bank of the Chattahoochee River, not more than a quarter of a mile above the railroad bridge, the point of my destination. On either bank of the river there was plenty of cane stubble, and I soon sought its protection. While resting in this, I saw a very large force repairing the railroad bridge; no soldiers of any consequence on the Atlanta side of the river and not many on the other side. I had now what I was sent out to secure, and immediately bade adieu to the old Chattahoochee and returned to my men without accident. I was tired, and we lay down to sleep, but by daylight we began our return to Atlanta. After moving slowly and cautiously through the woods, we came to an opening of about fifty acres, where all at once, we heard laughing and talking between men and women. I ordered my men to lie down while I reconnoitered. Upon moving up to the edge of the field, I saw a double log house in the center of the field. On the south side a white woman was washing Yankee uniforms, while, under a cherry tree on the north side, I saw four women entertaining fifteen Yankee soldiers, one of whom had a little girl in his lap, playing with a silver watch. To complete the picture, their arms and cartridges boxes were leaning against the log house. I reported this scene to my men, and that I intended to capture the whole lot. I then marched them to the south side of the field and directed them in a whisper to deploy as skirmishers and to lie down. The following instructions were impressed upon each man, that upon my waving my hand they were to begin crawling up to the house, to preserve their alignment, and to keep this movement up until I waved to them to charge. On reaching the house, I wanted half of them to go to the right and half to the left. I then drew my side arms and we began our long crawl, reaching the corner of the small yard without detection. I was watching the old woman, but she was too busy with her soapsuds to see me. Giving the signal, we bounded forward and around the house, and, before our friends in blue could move from their seats, we had fourteen of them prisoners. One tall fellow, however, made a break for liberty, and, as he passed his stack of guns, he caught one and ran into the door of the house. I was right behind him with cocked pistol. As he reached the door, he brought his piece to his shoulder, aiming it right at Grantham of my company. In an instant, I fired and killed him then I jumped over him. We never stopped, but made an immediate rush for the friendly cover of the bushes, leaving their arms leaning against the old log cabin. We reached Atlanta about nine o'clock the following night, delivered our prisoners, and, at the same time, I made a verbal report to General Sears.

The next day General Hood began moving his army to the left, leaving our brigade before Atlanta and stretching out our line until the men were ten feet apart, and very soon the great battle of Jonesboro was fought. Every man in the army

was engaged in this battle. In the meantime our brigade, after leaving a few men in the entrenchments, was in the city destroying the government and railway property. At 2 A. M. our brigade left Atlanta at a rapid gait, and just as we were leaving the suburbs the explosion of the magazines shook the city from center to circumference. As we marched along the streets, it seemed that every woman and child in Atlanta was standing in the doors or yards with sad faces and in tears. About four o'clock next evening we succeeded in swinging clear around the army and took our position at Lovejoy, on the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, and very soon all of the Confederate troops that had been engaged in Jonesboro took their position in line with us. The campaign was at an end, and Sherman and his army took possession of Atlanta. In a few days an armistice of ten days was agreed upon by our commanders, and Sherman began to depopulate the city, the women and children being sent out on every train, loaded on flat cars and box cars— one of the saddest scenes that I saw during the war. The world knows what followed.

I had been detailed as adjutant, and was acting in that capacity, but our captain having been captured in the battle I was promoted to captain and assigned to that duty. At the expiration of ten days, hostilities were resumed, and Hood's Tennessee campaign was now inaugurated. We left Lovejoy Station without an incident, the Federal army in our front making no effort to attack us. After a day's journey, we were halted by the roadside for review. Our regiment was on the extreme right of the army, and, on account of the narrow space in our front, I had a perfect view very close to those who were to make the inspection. We knew that the President would be present, and I was very anxious to see him. I had seen him upon the plains of Manassas in 1861. Very soon General Hood and the President came riding slowly, side by side, with a large staff in the rear. Upon looking at the President, I was surprised. Time had made a great change in his appearance. I now saw a man whose face was very sad, his countenance old, and his body thin and weak, yet he sat on his steed with grace and ease, making a fine figure. I never saw him after this.

In the campaign we passed over the same ground that we had fought over, and I never saw a living thing, scarcely a house, no fences or anything that would indicate that the country had been inhabited; but I saw in their stead beautiful fields of waving grass. The desolation was complete in all details. When we reached Allatoona Pass, our division was selected to attack the fort, which was commanded by General Corse. In less than five minutes after our entrance into this battle, every field officer in the regiment lay upon the field dead, together with two hundred and fifty others. We fell back under the protection of a hill and fired upon the fort all day. While this battle was being fought, General Sherman, with his signal corps, was on the top of Kenesaw Mountain, and he signalled to General Corse: "Hold the fort, for I am coming." This is the origin of the beautiful song of that name. We retreated about sundown, leaving our dead upon the field of battle and a surgeon to care for our wounded.

I shall pass over the long, fatiguing march to Columbia and its incidents. We crossed Duck River ten miles above Columbia, and the other two commands crossed the river in front of the town, with Schofield's army before them and pressing them with energy. Before Hardee and Chatham's Corps could get across Duck River, our corps, commanded by Stewart, was over and very near Spring Hill, where we halted in line of battle and remained near the Spring Hill and Columbia Pike all night long, sleeping upon our arms. General Schofield's army passed on to Franklin just before day, with our army in full pursuit. It was said by our company wag that they stopped with us to light their pipes. We actually pushed them so close that they shot the teams in their army wagons, and finally they abandoned everything in order to reach Franklin. We reached the renowned little capital

of Williamson County nearly as soon as the Federal army, and General Hood made immediate preparations for attacking them. It took some time for all the army to come up and take the positions assigned to them, and, as I remember it, the battle began about 3 P. M. on November 30, 1864. The army was massed into columns of brigades. This formation brought the army in close touch, and I was in a position to see everything of importance that was transpiring, prior to the battle. It was a clear, pleasant day and the men were in finer spirits than I had seen them for a long time. All of the generals in the army, their staffs, and every field officer, sat upon their horses near us and in their proper places. Such an inspiring scene was good to look upon.

We had seen that the assault was to be made in columns of brigades. In an instant every band in the army began playing "Dixie" and our heavy skirmish line advanced and captured the exterior works in front of Franklin. This success acted like a charm upon the men. On they went into the very jaws of death, with Hood's army at their heels, and in a few seconds your humble servant found himself in a living hell. I tried hard to keep a level head, but scarcely knew what to do. I was close up to the breastworks when the thought occurred to me that there was more danger in returning, so I continued until I fell into the big long ditch outside the breastworks. I then got close up to the works so that the Yankees could not bring their pieces to bear upon me. It was now dark, or nearly so, and I stuck hard and fast to my position. The ditch was now full of men, dead, living, and wounded. If I ever prayed earnestly in my life it was then. It seemed to me that the Federals had concluded to kill every man in that ditch. They began enfilading us and to shoot us in every way they could, and I really believe that they killed seven-eighths of us. I am unable to tell you how I escaped, but it was the happiest time of my life when I was finally able to get out from under that pile of dead and wounded men.

It was about 1 A. M., and a fierce gale was blowing, and it was freezing cold. I was stiff and could hardly walk. Looking over the breastworks, I saw an old ginhouse and a dead Confederate general just in front of me. Of course, the Federals had retreated. I was a little dazed and began looking about. It seemed to be dark, very dark. Soon I began to see lights appear, and the battle field began to show signs of life; little fires were started here and there, a few lanterns began to shine, and a few people began to move around. Finally there were many persons visible, and very soon thereafter the citizens of Franklin, including the women and children, were on the battle field, seeking relatives who had fallen. I myself sought a friendly fire, and by the time I was somewhat restored to a little comfort, it was daylight and I saw before my eyes at least one-fourth of the army of Tennessee lying dead and wounded. Such a sight I never before beheld, and I know that I shall never see another. In sadness and regret, I will only say that during the day after this great battle we collected all of those dead heroes and buried them, eight deep, in long trenches on either side of the Franklin and Columbia Pikes. All of our field officers, the generals and their staffs, rode into this battle on horseback, and six generals were killed there, more general officers than in any battle of the war, not excepting Gettysburg.

It was extremely cold, and when we left Franklin we made fast time to Nashville. We formed our lines and fortified ourselves, and it began snowing until the whole country was deep in snow. General Schofield's army was now heavily reinforced by Gen. George Thomas, and soon after this the Union army advanced on us from Nashville. After two days of fighting and maneuvering, they carried our thin line of gray by assault, and quickly our army was in full retreat and making the best defense it could. But there were too many for us to turn the tide. We could only sting them, and we stung them hard and often; and many times they were only too glad to get and often; and many times they were only too glad to get away from the Johnnie Rebs of old.

II-----A MISSISSIPPI SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY

I passed near my old Colonel (then general) Sears, who was looking sterner than I ever saw him. An ambulance was near him, and he was sitting on his old roan horse, Billy, with his field glasses to his eyes, looking directly at the Federals; in an instant a shell took off his leg and at the same time killed the old horse that he had ridden during the entire war. Will you believe me when I tell you that that gallant old man stood upon one leg and said, "Poor Billy," with tears running rapidly down his cheeks. We placed him in the ambulance standing near the scene, and I told him good-by and hurried on to the rear. I never expected to see him again, and you can scarcely realize my surprise when I received an affectionate letter from him, in which he said that he was living in Oxford, and was then professor of mathematics in the University of Mississippi.

On our arrival at Franklin, my shoes had fallen from my feet, and I was now barefooted in the deep snow, with a hostile army pressing. I do not think now that I regarded it with any degree of great misfortune at that time, but I did not get a pair of shoes until we reached Tupelo, Miss., having marched all the way from Franklin, Tenn., to that place in my bare feet, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. I certainly came near freezing to death. I had no blanket, nothing but my sword and pistol. This part of my life as a soldier is so sad that I do not care to describe the retreat of the army from Nashville to Tupelo. General Hood succeeded in taking his army across the rivers of Harpeth, Duck, Shoals Creek, and Tennessee, which latter we crossed just above Florence, Ala. Three gunboats were shelling us as we crossed on our pontoon bridge to the Tusculum side of the river. They might as well have shot popguns at us, as we got over without a single casualty.

On our arrival at Tupelo, General Hood, at his own request, was relieved and his entire army was furloughed for ten days. Having secured transportation for my men and myself, we got on the top of a box car (on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad) and, after having ridden one hundred and thirty miles in very cold weather, disembarked at Marion, where we were at home once more.

It was now January, 1865. Our little "leave of absence" had soon expired, and every man of my small company reported to my regiment at Mobile, Ala. We belonged to the division of Gen. S. G. French, made up of Sears's Mississippi Brigade, which was composed of the 4th Mississippi, Col. Adair commanding; 35th Regiment, William S. Barry, colonel commanding; 7th Mississippi Battalion, Lieut. Col. Jones commanding; 39th Mississippi and 46th Mississippi Regiment, William H. Clark, colonel, killed at Allatoona, (Ga.); Coddrell's Missouri Brigade, and Ector's Texas Brigade. I am proud to have been a member of this division; there was none better.

We were now in camp four miles from the city of Mobile, and very near the beautiful shell road leading down to the bay, and we were having a most delightful time. We were also a part of the "Army of the Gulf," with Maj. Gen. Dabney H. Maury in command. In the following March, Gen. Canby began his operations against Mobile with a large force, and our pleasant surroundings and associations were broken up forever. We were ordered across the bay to Blakely, and in our arrival our regiment, the 45th Mississippi, was ordered on picket duty four miles from the army, where we remained until the first day of April. Captain Winston, a son of ex-Governor Winston, of Alabama, supported us with his fine cavalry company. He and I became warm personal friends. General Canby's cavalry drove in our pickets on April 1, 1865, and immediately our regiment was in line. However, we retreated across a field planted in oats, tearing down the fence and making good strong vidette pens, with Captain Winston's cavalry on our left. These dispositions took

a little while to complete, and in the meantime, all was silent. Captain Hart, who was in command of the regiment, suggested that I go out in front and see what the Federals were doing. Taking a gun out of the hands of one of my men, I proceeded to comply with his request. I had gone parallel to the public road, but was in the woods and perhaps a quarter of a mile in front of my regiment. I finally came to a small, high hill, which I cautiously ascended. Looking intently down at the base of the hill, there sat a Federal cavalrman, with his right leg thrown across the pommel of his saddle. In some way his leg had gotten mixed up with the bridle reins and, in his excitement, he was endeavoring to right it and to bring his piece to bear on me, but I was too quick for him. I gave him the contents of my gun and immediately disappeared over the hill. He never did fire his piece, and it is very probable that I killed him. I was back to my regiment and in line none too soon, for in a few minutes a heavy line of skirmishers advanced from the cover of the woods, and we were at our old trade once more. We had the advantage, because they had to cross an open field, and soon we repulsed them. But they came again in greater numbers. I was wounded in the right hand and left leg, and my friend, Captain Winston, sent me a horse, and in the midst of the fighting my men put me in the saddle. Just after I was mounted, a large body of cavalry, with drawn swords, came down the road, riding in squadrons of fours at full speed. My horse knew his business, and I thought he was flying. It was the first time I had ridden horseback during the entire war. Captain Winston's little negro boy, Jim, was a good second, right behind me. I was in a good deal of pain and realized that I was in a tight place. I unbuckled my sword belt and let it fall across the back of my saddle, and the weight of my pistol balanced my sword, both staying with me to the end. I then ran my hand and arm through the McClellan saddle and lay down flat on the horse and took the consequences. They kept on coming, shooting and yelling like a lot of demons, and amid all this excitement I could hear the little negro boy say: "Go it, massa! They are about to get us." I thought so too, but I could do nothing, as I was not able to stop my horse. On we went like a prairie fire and finally came to Cockrell's brigade, which had stacked arms parallel to the road, and the men were off a little distance eating dinner. The Federal cavalry did not pay the least attention to them, but kept right on after me and Jim. In a short time, we met a cavalry company square in the road, and they took to their heels and fled. The Yankee force pursued me with fury and determination, and did not quit until forced to return by our cannon at Blakely.

On my arrival inside our lines, I was sent directly to the division hospital, and the surgeon, Dr. Norman, took me into his own tent and dressed my wounds. Before giving me a dose of morphine, he asked if I did not want a furlough. I replied that I did. "Well," he said, "take this and you will go to sleep for several hours, and I will write out your leave, sign it, and, by the time you wake up, I will have it approved by the officers here and all ready for you. The boat will be in about that time, and you can go over to Mobile, get General Maury to approve, and you can then go home immediately." Dr. Norman accompanied me to the steamboat, and I never again saw or heard of him. The boat landed us in Mobile, and I went immediately to General Maury's headquarters, where his adjutant general signed my leave. I left for home at eight o'clock P. M. on wounded furlough. Shortly after, the Confederacy passed away. I was duly and regularly paroled by General Cahby, major general, U. S. A., at Meridian, Miss., on the 9th day of April, 1865, and my life as a Confederate soldier was at an end.

SOURCE: "A MISSISSIPPI SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY," By Capt. R. N. REA, Lake Providence, La. The Confederate Veteran XXX 287 FF. (Aug., 1922). Member of Co. A, 13 Miss. Inf.; 7 Miss. Batt.; Co. F, 46 Miss. Regt.

SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

BY CAPT. RICHARD N. REA, LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

In the year 1863, that famous old house burner, Gen. W. T. Sherman, began his destructive campaign from Vicksburg to the line of Eastern Mississippi, destroying everything of value in the front of his army. He made this line of battle as farreaching and destructive as his later Georgia campaign, at which time the women, old men, and ministers of Atlanta got upon their knees and prayed him to spare their homes and city. With the same spirit as then manifested, he now waged his war of flame and destruction. The depopulation of the country soon followed, every freight and flat car being filled with people leaving to take up their residence among strangers. In his march to East Mississippi not a thing of value was left to the women and children. Desolation and want hovered over the land, the citizens of the State suffering almost starvation.

When this heroic army of a proud nation reached Brandon, sixteen or eighteen miles from Jackson, they found a beautiful fire-proof courthouse of great value. Sherman planned to destroy it, and every wagon team was put to hauling logs, pine knots, and every kind of combustible materials, and his large force soon had piled about the courthouse a solid mass of timber, saturated with oil, and, after it was set on fire, Sherman's heroic army moved on to other similar conquests.

Strange as it may seem, the courthouse did not burn, though there was left on each side of the building a big pile of ashes.

Brandon was the home of some of Mississippi's greatest men, among them Col. Robert Lowry, Governor McLaurin, Maj. Pat Henry, Col. W. K. Easterling, Hon. Edmund Richardson, Hon. Joseph M. Jayne, and the editor of the *Brandon Republican*, the Hon. A. J. Frantz. Col. W. H. Clark, who was killed at the battle of Altoona with the regimental flag in his hands, was also one of its honored citizens. All of them have passed away except Maj. Pat Henry, of the 5th Mississippi Regiment. He was and is a fine specimen of the old school Southern gentleman.

From Brandon, Sherman moved rapidly east, with Meridian as his objective. His well-organized army, by forced marches, soon reached the flourishing little town and destroyed it with the torch, its citizens suffering all kinds of misfortune. Here most of the Federal army went into camp, and soon a perfect system of foraging was inaugurated, and the county of Lauderdale was reduced to a starving condition.

The rest of Sherman's heroes were ordered to Marion, a town some five miles from Meridian. The commander of this detachment made diligent inquiry for my father's place of residence, my father and his two sons being at that time in camp at Resaca, Ga., and consequently far away from these interesting events at their home as planned by the Federals. My brave mother made every effort to protect her home, and buried all things of value the night before the arrival of the Federal troops in our town.

Many years before the war my mother had been initiated into the side degrees of Masonry, similar to the Eastern Star of the present day, little thinking of the help it might be to her in later life. We had quite a quantity of silver and three thousand dollars in gold, which she packed in a box and buried under a beautiful water oak tree at a late hour in the night. All the valuables of our home having been also secreted, my poor mother, as a solitary sentinel, guarded these family treasures while my two little sisters slept in peace, no doubt dreaming of daddy and brothers far away in Georgia.

Shortly after the sun was up, the enemy entered our town with a regiment of Wisconsin troops in the lead, and a company of cavalry, without invitation, hitched their horses to the huge swinging branches of our beautiful oak tree. Just at this time my mother, Mrs. Margaret Rea, made her appearance with her two little girls. She was ready for the early callers, and very soon the skirmishing began. However, a vicious horse, hitched directly over our treasure box, uncovered it and the silver and gold flew in every direction. With great bravery, the Yankees charged our sole fortune, and were making fine progress in their heroic attack. At this critical moment, my mother made the Masonic sign of distress, and at once the Wisconsin captain and others drew their swords and pistols and surrounded the robbers.

This brave officer succeeded in getting every piece of silver and gold, and returned our treasure box intact to my mother. He then placed a guard around our home, and slept upon the gallery himself as long as the Federal army occupied our once pretty village, which was the county seat of Lauderdale County. My mother told this Wisconsin captain she would pray for his return to his home in safety, and that she never would forget his kindness. In three or four days, the Federal troops folded their tents and made a hasty retreat to Vicksburg.

As to whether Masonry is a protection in the hour of danger, I know it is from actual experience.

The Federals had used the ground floor of the courthouse, in which part of the building the court sessions were held, for a stable to protect their horses from the inclement weather. As was their custom with such public buildings, when ready to leave they set fire to the courthouse, with all the public records in the second story. My mother and my two little sisters succeeded in putting out the fire after a hard fight, and this saved the fine old building and the public records of the county; yet, after the lapse of fifty-nine years, I have never seen a single reference in print to this heroic deed of a Southern woman. The town was burned, not a single business house being left.

My father was Lieut. Col. Constantine Rea, who died from wounds received in the Georgia campaign, after suffering the second amputation of his right leg. He is buried in the old Marion Cemetery by the side of his brave wife. He was lieutenant colonel of a battallion of sharpshooters for a long time, and no officer in the army had a better individual record or was held in higher esteem by his brother officers of the Army of Tennessee. He was a brave and accomplished officer, a loving husband, and a devoted father. Dear father, your boy is now eighty years of age, and feels that in the near future he will meet you among those gallant soldiers who have gone on before us.

When these exciting scenes were taking place in Marion, a large force of cavalry was busy in the effort to wrong or kill the old men remaining at home. Among these extreme sufferers was an old man, Mr. Feaster Foy, who was at home with his wife when a large force of Federal cavalry came up and demanded his money, which they had learned he had buried. On his declining to turn it over, they, in the presence of his wife, produced a rope, placed it around his neck, and, throwing the end over a limb of a near-by tree, proceeded to execute their threat. Very soon they let him down to the ground, asking him if he were willing to give up the money he had buried on his plantation. The victim again answered: "No." They drew him up the second time, and then the third time, when after his life was nearly gone, a large detachment of Confederate cavalry suddenly appeared on the scene and the Federals disappeared.

... friend of the long ago was a wealthy planter and a
 citizen. The "Feaster Foy Grays," commanded by Capt.
 W. Andrews, was uniformed and equipped by this patriotic
 citizen. Though he never fully recovered from this trying
 experience, he lived to an honored old age.

DIXIE

I sat one night in a theater
 And watched the assembling crowd,
 Which came from various walks of life,
 From the poor to the rich and proud.

The empty seats were at last all filled
 And we waited the curtain's rise,
 While the orchestra played a medley of airs,
 Suggestive of Southern skies.

The audience listened with nonchalance
 To "Lay Down the Shovel and the Hoe,"
 To the plaintive notes of "Ole Virginie,"
 And the sad refrain of "Old Black Joe."

When, suddenly, up from the orchestra pit
 Came the gay, throbbing notes of a song
 That still has power to quicken the pulse
 And stir to emotion the throng.

'Twas "Dixie," of old, the South's battle hymn,
 And its hearers seemed held in a thrall,
 For several moments dead silence prevailed,
 While one might have heard a pin fall.

Then, as if all were released from a spell,
 Came a burst of unstinted applause
 That swept o'er the house from the pit to the roof,
 With a warmth that the coldest heart thaws.

While from aloft came a wild, piercing scream,
 Ear-splitting, defiant as well—
 Time was when its note caused the bravest to quail—
 'Twas the blood curdling "old rebel yell."

Then the orchestra switched to a different air,
 And the crowd became quiet and composed,
 As I puzzled my brain to determine the cause
 Of the sudden emotion disclosed.

The words of the song are childish and trite,
 While the music is merely a jingle,
 Why then, should its playing enthuse every crowd,
 Setting every one's nerves all a tingle?

'Twas strange, but at last I began to perceive
 That even the song as a whole
 Mattered not, but the spirit it stood for
 Was the thing that gripped the soul.

'Twas the symbol of a chivalric race,
 That everything dared and lost,
 But still fought on, and on, and on,
 Never stopping to count the cost.

Tho' fighting 'gainst odds and hunger and cold,
 High spirits and courage they kept,

Until their great leader surrendered his sword,
 And then, and then only, they wept.

This is the thought that moves the hearts
 Of those who hear the song,
 Which never will fail to awaken a thrill,
 Tho' the years be many and long.

And those who so proudly gave of their all,
 And more, for a cause they deemed just,
 E'en tho' defeated, shall ever retain
 Our eternal love and trust.

—C. A. Moreno, Missouri Division Commander, S. C. V.

THE SOUTHLAND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

In the following, Comrade S. O. Moodie, of the Dick
 Dowling Camp, U. C. V., of Houston, Tex., gives an account
 of the organization and purposes of the Southland Memorial
 Association, of which he writes:

"On the 5th of June, 1924, at our reunion in Memphis,
 I presented to the convention in the name of Dick Dowling
 Camp No. 197, U. C. V., a resolution looking to the establish-
 ment of a great Southland memorial to the women of the
 Confederacy, intending thereby to honor all those noble souls
 who for four long years suffered so many hardships, made so
 many sacrifices, and performed such noble service in behalf
 of the Confederacy. The resolution was adopted by unan-
 imous vote.

"The Texas Division, having initiated the movement,
 took it up again at the State reunion at Fort Worth, October
 3, and, after reindorsing the Memphis resolution, adopted
 articles of association and provided for a board of trustees,
 consisting of fourteen veterans, fourteen Sons of Veterans,
 and fourteen Daughters of the Confederacy, to serve for the
 first five years, after which the control of the Association
 property and franchise will pass solely to the Sons and
 Daughters in perpetuity. The purposes for which the As-
 sociation was organized are declared to be: To raise funds,
 purchase grounds, establish, maintain, and operate a first-
 class institution of learning, to embrace all departments of
 science, art, and literature, to be opened to all white students
 of the United States on like terms and conditions, and to be
 operated on a strictly nonpartisan, nonsectional, and non-
 sectarian basis; and, when ready for matriculation of students,
 to be dedicated to the memory of the women of the Confed-
 eracy.

The board of trustees met on the 21st of November, 1924,
 and elected Gen. J. M. Cockran as president, Mrs. Joe Rowe
 as secretary, and Lon A. Smith as treasurer. I was elected
 vice president for the Veterans; Judge R. H. Buck, of Austin,
 for the Sons; and Mrs. Ella Steven Watson, for the United
 Daughters of the Confederacy. I was made director for
 solicitors, and now have begun functioning on behalf of the
 Association, and hope soon to be able to send out a prospectus
 fully outlining the work undertaken. We hope to make this
 the crowning act of our lives, the pride of the South, the
 Mecca to which students can come in future years, and, while
 supping at the fount of knowledge, behold evidence of the
 noble part played in that great struggle by the women of the
 Confederacy.

"Membership fee, only \$1.00. Contributions at the pleasure
 of the donors."

daughter of James J. and Susan (Clark) Hudson, farming people who came originally from South Carolina. The other children in the Hudson family were: Mrs. Justice; Malinda, who died unmarried; Mary A., who married James Davis; Cynthia, who married Bunyan Burdeaux; Tabitha, the wife of William Barfield; and Newton Hudson. To Mr. and Mrs. Davis have been born the following children: Mary, now deceased, who was Mrs. J. W. Foster of Houston; H. Beeman, a merchant at Livingston, who married Edith Oldham; Callie, wife of W. W. Kenard, of Navasota; Jefferson, postmaster and merchant at Madisonville, who married Effie Panghouse; W. Claud, who married Esther Boatright, and who is a lawyer at Bryan and has served in the Texas legislature and is now district attorney of his district; Fannie, who married C. W. Fuqua, and lives in Shiro; Thomas B., engaged in the business of ice manufacturer at Hubbard City and who married Carrie Andrews; Wilburn, a merchant of Shiro; who married Daisy Calahan; G. C., who is associated with his father in business and who married Bessie Sandel, and Miss Sallie, the youngest.

Almost his first experience in life was as a soldier. In July, 1861, Mr. Davis joined Company A of the Seventeenth Alabama regiment, commanded by Captain Saddler and Colonel Holcomb, and the regiment was attached to Jackson's Brigade in General Marlow's Division of the army of Tennessee. He did duty in guarding the fortifications at Pensacola, Florida, until March, 1862, was then moved to Corinth, Mississippi, participated in the crucial struggle at Shiloh in April, 1862, was then moved to Mobile, Alabama, and after assisting to guard that city for eighteen months joined Johnston's army at Resaca, Georgia, and was in the great campaign leading up to Atlanta until at Marietta Mr. Davis was captured and taken to Indianapolis, spending eight months in prison at Camp Morton, thence removed to Richmond, Virginia, exchanged and sent home on a furlough which expired after Lee surrendered and the war ended. He went through the entire service without wounds, and as a Confederate veteran has attended the reunions and knows a great many of the Texas survivors of the war.

For many years his interests as a business man have been increasing, and besides his enterprise at Shiro Mr. Davis is a stockholder in the Hogan & Altnoch Dry Goods Company at Houston, in the Fidelity & Trust Company of Dallas, and in the First State Bank of Huntsville and in the Richards State Bank at Richards. He took stock in the Amicable Life Insurance Company of Waco at the time of its organization, and built and owned a gin and cotton warehouse at Shiro. He also owns a plantation in Walker county near Huntsville.

JUDGE ALFRED F. REA. One of the oldest and most respected citizens of Grimes county is Judge Alfred F. Rea, who has lived in the county since 1858. After service as a Confederate soldier during the war, he was in merchandising for many years, and since 1912 has had his home in the new town of Shiro. Judge Rea came to Texas from Lauderdale county, Mississippi, and his introduction to the state was under somewhat unfavorable auspices. He had only a quarter of a dollar on reaching Grimes county, having traveled from Shreveport by stage. His first regular employment was teaching a district school at old Redtop in Grimes county.

Judge Rea was born at Columbus, Mississippi, June 13, 1831, and in 1836 his father moved to Mobile, Alabama, where the boyhood of Judge Rea was passed. Nathan Rea, the father, was a native of Kentucky, died at Mobile, Alabama, and the maiden name of his wife was Miss Fannie Moody. Their children were: Con, who was killed as a Confederate soldier during the Atlanta campaign; Eliza, who married Thomas Bragg and died in Choctaw county, Alabama; Judge Alfred

F.; and Martha, who married Ben Price and died at Meridian, Mississippi.

The schooling of Judge Rea came to him chiefly after he was grown, and during his early career he taught in Itawamba county, Mississippi, and followed the same line for three years after reaching Texas. Soon after the beginning of the war he entered service in Captain Stephenson's company of Colonel Elmore's regiment of infantry. Nearly all his work as a soldier was around Galveston and on the Gulf coast, and he participated in the brilliant exploit by which the Confederates recaptured Galveston. He was in the war till its end and was discharged at Galveston, without wounds or capture and with but a single "scare."

On resuming civil life it was as a merchant at Redtop in Grimes county, and his long and steadily prospering career in that business continued for thirty-eight years until 1903. For the past ten years he has lived retired. Judge Rea and his wife after the war began with two children as their chief capital, and this resource added to a fund of industry gave them the working capital which has since provided them with abundance for all the comforts. Judge Rea credits much of his success to his faithful and diligent wife and companion. He has had little to do with politics, and has served his community chiefly as an honorable business man and good friend and neighbor.

On November 14, 1860, at old Redtop, a community later known as Prairie Plains, Judge Rea married Miss Charlotte Bookman, daughter of Daniel and Sallie (Derick) Bookman, who came to Texas from Lexington, South Carolina, in 1845. Mrs. Rea was the second of the Bookman children, all the others being: Isaiah, who lost his life in the battle of Chickamauga; Frank, also a Confederate soldier, who was killed in the battle of Franklin; Paul, who disappeared from family knowledge after the war; Angelina, who married Amasa Travis and died at Redtop, Texas; Judy, who died as Mrs. William Reynolds on Roan's Prairie; Mary J., who married Isaac Callahan of Shiro and died there; W. Cass, who had a family and died at Redtop. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Rea are: Sallie, who married Jefferson Spell and lives in Grimes county; C. Frank, of Shiro; Mattie, wife of Dr. John E. Wilson of Shiro; Clara, who married Thomas Foster, and of her twelve children there are four sets of twins.

JUDGE BEN H. DENTON. On walking down the streets of Paris, Texas, if one were to meet a man not much above the average height, yet with a bearing that made him appear taller than he really was, with a fringe of iron-gray hair showing beneath his hat, with a grave and deliberate bearing, one would say, that man is surely a member of the bench, and the surmise would be correct, for Judge Ben H. Denton surely looks the judge as he walks down the streets. He is one of the most popular members of the bench, and is now serving his fourth term as presiding judge of the sixth judicial district.

The grandfather of Judge Denton, George N. Denton, was an early settler in Texas. He was a native of Virginia, and came to Texas in 1867, spending his remaining years in Lamar county, where he settled. Several of his children spent their lives in this section of Texas, one of his daughters becoming the wife of S. B. Maxey, the well-known Confederate general and senator, a distinguished citizen of Paris. The father of Judge Denton was Isaac R. Denton, who was born in Kentucky, and lived his whole life on his farm in Clinton county, Kentucky. He did not care for political honors and gave his whole time to the working of his farm and the rearing and educating of his children. He had been brought up on the Kentucky plantation of his father and it was from the old home state that he took a wife. He married Elizabeth W. Harrison, a daughter of Benjamin Harrison of the Virginia family of that name. They became the parents of two children, Ben H. and Robbie. The latter

MORE ABOUT COL. CON-REA'S MISSISSIPPI SHARPSHOOTERS

Editor, Meridian Dispatch:

I have seen several articles from different comrades about Col. Rea's Mississippi sharpshooters, and they brought back to memory several happenings of that battalion of about 100 boys, with gallant officers to lead them. The last article was by Col. Rea's son, who gives an account of his father's life, which I have read. His son was a lieutenant in that battalion, and I will say just here, that after his father's death, he handled the boys with as much skill and gallantry as his father ever did, and he was only a youth, but a ways at his post. Ex-Mayor E. E. Spinks of Meridian was another lieutenant of the battalion, and was full of patriotism. We had good leaders, and that has a great deal to do with troops. There was a lull in the fighting, just after the fall of Atlanta. Hood's army was around Atlanta, and Sherman's army was out on the Chatahoochee river, a distance of six or eight miles, Gen. Sears being anxious to know whether Sherman had recrossed the river or not, requested Lieut. Rea to take a squad, and ascertain whether he had crossed or not. Four of us volunteered to make the trip, and started before daylight the next morning. Being familiar with the Turner Ferry road that crossed the Chatahoochee river, we trailed near the road, under cover of small undergrowth, as the territory between the two armies had scouting parties in them, and we had to be very cautious. We found that Sherman had not crossed the river, as we ran into a picket line half mile from the river. Turning north up the river, we found a large spring where the Yankees got water, and as their canteens were far superior to ours, we surrounded the spring, thinking we would get a lot of them, as their custom was to send one or two of his men after water, with a good many canteens. While waiting, we found the Yankees had discovered us and had us about surrounded. We had only one way of escape, and that was up a hollow covered with undergrowth in nearly the direction of their picket line. We made a dash leaving canteen and spring and ran (because we could not fly) crossing the road we had left, and down another hollow without being discovered, then checked our speed, and trailed up the river parallel with Yankee picket line, discovering a water mill just ahead of us, which was running. Some of the weather boarding being torn off, we saw Yankee caps there. We demanded surrender, but the roaring of the mill prevented them from hearing us. We then fired a shot or two, and that stopped the mill. They hollered, "Don't shoot." We found out it was only some boys and women who lived in the community, grinding some meal, and they had on those Yankee caps. There we rested a while, being about noon, and ate our snack. We learned from the women that we were about a mile from the picket line, and they being southern women, told us there was a picket post in a cotton house right at the foot of the hill that made into the Chatahoochee valley. Lieut. Rea called a council of war, and we decided to investigate that picket post, as the day's work was not complete. On arriving near the house we found the situation in our favor, as we had protection of a thick undergrowth, which concealed us until we reached the house. The fence was joined to each end of the cotton house, and the door was on the opposite side in the field. There were four Yankees, one on the outside on duty, the other three in the house, and they seemed to be fiddling and darning, as there were some women in there too. Their guns being out against a tree, we decided to take them in, so we made a dash for them, which they did not discover until we were crossing the fence. The one on duty attempted to shoot, but we killed him, and our shots attracted the attention of the pickets, about seventy-five yards on each side of us, and they opened fire on us. The three men in the house started to run out

for their guns, but Lieut. Rea, with a pistol in his hand without any ammunition, and A. B. Grantam arrested them. Henderson, and myself had the four guns, and had appropriated all the dead Yankee had in his pockets, which was a pocket book, and a cork screw (which I have yet). Lieut. Rea drew the watch, and I reckon Grantam got the dead Yankee, as I can't remember, as the firing was getting pretty hot, we scaled the fence, carrying the guns, and three Yankees, in double quick time through the bushes. The firing continued, as long as we were in reach of their guns. We soon struck an open field, it being about 2 o'clock in afternoon, and the hottest day I ever felt, and it seemed to me like we would never get out of that open field. I don't think a other rebel or Yankee spoke until we reached the timber on the opposite side, where we rested awhile, then made our way to our command by night, and turned our arms and prisoners over to the provost guard.

There are three of us still lying, Lieut. Rea at Lake Providence, La., and says he would like to take a hand in Mexican trouble, if it gets lively enough for him. A. B. Grantam at Fort Worth, Texas, preaching the Kingdom of God, as brave a man as ever wore the gray, always on the firing line with colors up, the brother belonged to Rea's sharpshooters, and was mortally wounded at a mining station, where Col. Rea got his death wound. He wanted to tell all the boys goodbye, so we put him on a litter and carried him to the command, he formerly belonged to before he went with the sharpshooters, and what took place there is indelibly im-

pressed on my mind 'till this day, as he sat on the litter, telling each comrade goodbye, urging them to die like men. Then life was fast ebbing away, (from a wound made by a minnie ball, which penetrated his stomach, passing nearly through him), telling each one comrade I am done. He died that night, and the cause for which he died was so sacred, he never mentioned his wife and children. I close this with a tribute to all my old comrades, some have crossed the river, and are resting under the shade of the tree, a few still lying, some with whom I corresponded, but a few years longer, and the "last roll" will be called, and the Confederate soldier will be no more.

January, 1864, report—Col. W. H. H. Tison commanding Thirty-second and Forty-fifth, in Lowrey's Brigade, encamped near Dalton, Ga. Col. Aaron B. Hardcastle was in command of the regiment in April and June, 1864; Major Nunn in July.

The regiment shared in the record of Lowrey's Brigade through the Atlanta campaign, beginning with Dug Gap, May 8, and Resaca, May 14-15, 1864. Hardcastle's Regiment was named by General Cleburne in his mention of the important action of the brigade at the battle of New Hope Church, May 27. "The fighting was very severe and lasted until night, Cleburne driving the enemy back in every attack. A night assault was also made on him, which he very successfully repulsed. This fighting was marked by great daring on the part of the enemy, some of them getting up as close as thirty feet to our lines. The slaughter among the Yankees was terrific, and his loss could not have been less than 5,000; 700 dead bodies were counted before Granbury's and Lowrey's Brigades. We captured some 200 prisoners and 1,200 or 1,500 stand of arms. Our loss a fraction over 500." (Journal of Adjutant-General Hampton, Hardee's Corps.)

The campaign along the Kennesaw hills followed in June, after which the army crossed the Chattahoochee to the vicinity of Atlanta. The Forty-fifth then, on account of its greatly lessened numbers, was reduced to the Third Battalion, under the command of Lieut.-Col. John D. Williams (which see).^{p. 540}

FORTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Colonel—Claudius W. Sears, promoted Brigadier-General March 1, 1864; William H. Clark, killed at Allatoona.

Lieutenant-Colonels—William K. Easterling, resigned December, 1863; William H. Clark.

Majors—William H. Clark, Constantine Rea, died in Georgia; T. D. Magee.

Surgeon—P. J. McCormick.

Assistant Surgeon—R. L. Dunn.

Quartermaster—W. R. Sheppard.

Adjutant—John Porter, killed at Vicksburg; John McRae.

Ensigns—R. H. Wilder, W. P. Chambers.

Sergeant-Majors—R. H. Wilder, S. S. Griffin.

The list of companies is given in the sketch of the Sixth Battalion.

The organization of this regiment from the Sixth Battalion is described in the sketch of that command. The original companies had been on duty at Vicksburg from May to December, 1862. The order designating the command as the Forty-sixth Regiment was received December 2, 1862. December 21 the regiment was reviewed by President Davis and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. On the 27th they were ordered to the scene of battle at Chickasaw Bayou, north of the city, where Gen-

eral Sherman was attempting to gain a position, from the river. Three companies, Hart's, Sublett's and Rea's, had been on picket duty along Chickasaw Bayou three weeks before the battle. The Forty-sixth was mentioned by General Pemberton as one of the commands entitled to the highest distinction in the defeat of Sherman by Gen. S. D. Lee's command at Chickasaw Bayou, December, 1862. Two companies under Capt. J. B. Hart, Company E, were with the Seventeenth Louisiana and Wofford's howitzer, in the successful skirmish at Lake's plantation. At Blake's levee, on the 28th, General Lee reported the demonstration of the enemy, in force, with artillery, was handsomely held in check by Colonel Withers, with the Forty-sixth Regiment and Johnston's section of artillery. Nine companies were in this fight, under Lieutenant-Colonel Easterling, and rendered service of great value. Casualties, 1 wounded. Along the levee Withers reported the Federal advance was held in check all day long by the Forty-sixth Mississippi, Lieutenant Johnston's section and Bowman's Battery. Paul Hamilton, Adjutant-General of the brigade, was killed on the 29th.

Col. C. W. Sears was assigned to command of the regiment, which never had a Colonel selected from its own Captains. He took command January 31, and retained it, though the men petitioned him to resign. About this time the regiment was about 400 effective. As a battalion the regiment had been a part of the command of Gen. M. L. Smith, commanding at Vicksburg. After the arrival of Gen. S. D. Lee it formed part of his brigade, with three Louisiana Regiments. February 20, 1863, Brig.-Gen. W. E. Baldwin was assigned to command of a brigade, including the Fourth and Forty-sixth Mississippi, Seventeenth and Thirty-first Louisiana, Wofford's and Drew's Batteries and Haynes' and Smythe's Companies. March 25 the regiment started to the lower Deer Creek region, in Issaquena County, and after some time at or near Haynes' landing on the Yazoo, returned to Vicksburg April 16. Company E, left on Deer Creek as scouts, did not rejoin the regiment until November, 1863, having meantime taken part in the battle of Jackson, Miss., and the campaign culminating in the battle of Chickamauga.

The regiment, with the brigade, marched over 100 miles April 29 to May 4, Vicksburg to Port Gibson and return, and was engaged in battle with the advance of Grant's army on the Rodney road, before Port Gibson, May 1. In this action the Forty-sixth was posted as a reserve and in support of a battery, at first, but later was put in position to make a charge when General Baldwin withdrew the order on account of the evident great strength of the enemy in front. Subsequently four companies reinforced the line of the Seventeenth Louisiana, the regiment of Baldwin's Brigade most seriously engaged. Casualties of brigade, 60 killed and wounded. Mention of Capt. S. D. Harris, Inspector-General; Lieut. P. Hamilton, Aide, and Capt. A. B. Watts, Volunteer Aide, who had three horses shot under him, and was wounded.

After the return to Vicksburg the brigade was posted at or near Hall's ferry, until May 15, when they moved to Mount Alban, and General Bald-

win was commander of the forces on the Big Black. On the 16th the Forty-sixth advanced to Bovina, and that night news came of the disaster at Baker's Creek, after which the brigade was advanced to the Big Black bridge, to cover the crossing of troops. Baldwin's Brigade brought up the rear on the march to Vicksburg, and on the 18th, occupied the outer line of works north of the city where they sustained and repulsed an assault, and then were withdrawn to the inner line to a position where the brigade right was near the Riddle house. Colonel Sears commanded the regiment through the siege "and merited," said Baldwin, "favorable notice." Lieutenant-Colonel Easterling and Major W. H. Clark were also honorably mentioned.

Of the surrender General Baldwin wrote: "My command marched over the trenches and stacked their arms with the greatest reluctance, conscious of their ability to hold the position assigned them for an indefinite period of time. During the whole siege the entire command had exhibited the highest degree of patience, fortitude and courage, bearing deprivations of sufficient food, constant duty in the trenches under a broiling sun by day and heavy fatigue and picket duty at night, without a murmur, willing to bear any hardships, confident in sustaining the brunt of any assault, in the hope of anticipated relief and ultimate triumph. The command was daily aroused and under arms at 3:30 A. M., to guard against surprise, and nightly our pickets were in advance of our defences and nearly contiguous to the sentinels of the enemy. The loss in killed and wounded was severe."

The order for march of the division from Vicksburg at 4 P. M., July 11, 1863, on the Baldwin's Ferry road, was as follows: 1, Baldwin's Brigade; 2, Shoup's Brigade; 3, Vaughn's Brigade; 3, Harris' State troops; the division under the command of Gen. Shoup, Gen. Smith remaining at Vicksburg to fulfill the capitulations. The regimental colors, originally the flag of the Gaines Invincibles, were brought out by Captain Sublett, wrapped around his body under his shirt. The paroled men were furnished for sixty days, to report at Enterprise.

October 24 the Fourth and Forty-sixth and General Peimberton and staff were announced exchanged.

Baldwin's Brigade, at Enterprise, November 20, included, exchanged and armed, 2,279, the regiments being the Fourth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth and Forty-sixth. General Johnston was ordered to send the brigade to reinforce Bragg at Missionary Ridge, November 2, but the brigade did not receive marching orders until the 21st. They arrived at Dalton, Ga., too late for the battle of November 25, and were ordered to Resaca, and Sugar Valley. They were listed as part of W. H. T. Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps. The brigade was returned to General Polk January 15-16, and sent to General Maury at Mobile. Maury sent them to Meridian February 7, and Polk sent them to aid Polk in meeting Sherman's raid to Meridian, but Polk immediately ordered them back to Mobile. The experience was discouraging to the men, and the regiment did not contain more than 146 men on its return to Maury. General

Baldwin was killed by accident February 19, and Colonel Sears was promoted Brigadier-General. This resulted in a disorganization of the brigade. It was reorganized to include the Fourth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-ninth and Forty-sixth Regiments and Seventh Battalion.

The brigade was moved to Pollard, Ala., in April to Solma, and early in May to Anniston, whence they moved to Adairsville, Ga., joining the army of General Johnston just after the battle of Resaca. With the smaller brigades of Cockrell's Missourians and Ector's Texans and North Carolinians, they were under the division command of Gen. S. G. French, a Mississippian, one of the four divisions of Lieut.-Gen. Leonidas Polk's Army of the Mississippi, after his death Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. From that time until September 6, they were every day but one under fire. In the early part of the Atlanta campaign the companies were commanded as follows: A, Capt. N. Pace; B, Lieut. J. S. Duckworth; C, Lieut. W. L. Stanford; D, Capt. James Boswick; E, Lieut. Smith; F, Capt. T. Wiggins; G, Capt. D. D. Heslip; H, Lieut. David Anderson; I, Capt. T. Burgess; K, Capt. D. C. Durham. D. C. Chamberlain was Acting Adjutant. The casualties of the regiment were: At Cassville, 4 wounded; at New Hope Church, 3 killed, 6 wounded, 1 missing; at Latimer House, 1 killed, 1 wounded, 1 missing; at Kenesaw Mountain, 9 killed, 26 wounded, 20 missing; at Smyrna, 5 wounded; at Chattahoochee, 2 killed, 4 wounded, 3 missing; in front of Atlanta, 7 killed, 25 wounded, 7 missing; at Lovejoy's Station, 1 killed, 2 wounded. Total, 7 killed, 21 wounded, 82 missing. The casualties named in front of Atlanta occurred August 4, when the Forty-sixth, under Colonel Clark, constituted the main picket line of the brigade, charged the enemy and drove him back, regaining our position against heavy force, and taking 21 prisoners. "The gallantry of the Forty-sixth was highly commended in this affair," wrote General Sears. Colonel Clark had occupied the ditches with his regiment and 120 of the dismounted cavalry, in all 420, the night of August 2, and his advanced vedettes were driven in August 4. In his charge Clark was supported by another Mississippi regiment. August 27 the regiment joined in the reconnaissance to the Chattahoochee River, and in the night of September 1 they marched out of Atlanta as the rear guard, the final fighting of the campaign being at Lovejoy's, September 2-6.

During this campaign Major Rea commanded the detail of sharpshooters until mortally wounded near the Chattahoochee River, July 9. He was acting Lieutenant-Colonel, Captain Magee Acting Major.

General Hood advanced the army northward of Atlanta late in September. Stewart's Corps moved to Lost Mountain, October 2, and tore up the railroad near Big Shanty, after which French's Division marched on the night of the 4th to fill the cut at Allatoona. This place was defended by three redoubts and a star fort on the ridge at opposite sides of the cut. French attacked and a bloody struggle followed for three or four hours. General French reported: "Among the killed from Sears' Brigade is Col. W. H. Clark, Forty-sixth Mississippi. He fell in the advance near the

enemy's works with the battle-flag in his hands. He was an excellent and gallant officer." Three officers of the regiment were killed, 1 wounded, 4 missing. Total of the regiment, 18 killed, 26 wounded, 56 missing.

After this, Stewart's Corps destroyed the railroad between Resaca and Dalton. French's Division captured the blockhouse at Tilton, October 13, and next was in battle at Decatur, Ala., October 26-29, moving thence to Tusculumbia.

They crossed the Tennessee River, November 20, marched against Schofield's Federal command at Columbia, and on November 29 moved with Stewart's Corps toward Spring Hill. Following the Federal troops to Franklin, on the Harpeth River, Stewart's Corps attacked about four in the evening, November 30, on the right of the Confederate line, French's Division on the left of the corps next to Cheatham's Corps. The first line was carried, but to reach the second line of works, Sears' Brigade was exposed to a destructive crossfire of artillery. Maj. T. D. Magee, commanding the Forty-sixth, was among the wounded before the works were reached. Some were able to reach the ditch in front of the works, where they remained until next morning, when the Federal troops were withdrawn. Among these "foremost of the forlorn hope," were the following of the Forty-sixth. Company A—Capt, Nicholas Pace, Privates C. L. Nichols, Isaac Whatley. Company B—Lieut. J. T. Duckworth. Company D—Lieut. W. H. Barnett, Sergt. J. W. Pennington, Privates W. Deavers, J. S. Hill, A. Phillips, J. C. Phillips, J. M. Ross, R. H. Sewell. Company E—Sergt. D. Hildebrand, Corporal A. Screws (wounded). Company F—Capt. T. P. Wiggins, Sergts. W. M. McElroy, W. W. Harvey (wounded severely at main ditch), Private J. W. Kittrell. Company G—Lieut. J. A. Epling, Corporals W. Warren, A. M. Anderson, J. M. Eakin, Privates J. Drummond (w), S. B. Windham (w). Company H—Private J. B. White. Company I—Capt. T. Burgess (wounded twice severely near main ditch). Company K—Private T. A. Florence. There were only five men of Company C left at the time of this battle, under Sergeant Blakeman. Corporal William Chew was killed and the Sergeant and James Cattle and William Hagan were wounded, leaving John Bowen for duty.

The casualties of Sears' Brigade were said to be 30 killed, 168 wounded, 35 missing. The remnant marched to Nashville. Some were detached with Bate's Division to support Forrest in the siege of Murfreesboro, and were in battle at Overall's Creek, December 4, and before Murfreesboro December 7. December 9 the brigade effective was 210 men. Marching back to Nashville over icy roads, many barefooted, they fought in Walthall's line, December 15-16. Walthall's remnants of two divisions were almost surrounded before they gave way.

"Brigadier-General Sears, late in the day, lost a leg, and subsequently fell into the enemy's hands." (Stewart). "A solid shot passed through his horse and struck him just below the knee; the lower part of his leg was amputated. It was found impracticable to bring him out, so he was left near Pulaski. Captain Henderson and Lieut. Harper were both very

badly wounded and left in the enemy's hands. I was slightly wounded in the foot by a shell." (E. T. Freeman, of French's staff). Walthall's command crossed the Tennessee River, December 26, and marched to Tupelo. "My shoes fell from my feet between Franklin and Columbia, and I was forced to march all the way down to Tupelo, a distance of about three hundred miles, barefooted, in a constant snowstorm and sleet the like of which I never saw before or since," writes Lieut. R. N. Rea.

Major Freeman wrote, January 10: "The whole army cannot muster 5,000 effective men. Great numbers are going home every day, many nevermore to return, I fear. Nine-tenths of the men and line officers are barefooted." W. P. Chalmers wrote, in his journal, January 15: "The regiment numbers about 150 men, about half of whom are barefooted. All are ragged and dirty and covered with vermin. There are, perhaps, twenty guns, but not a single cartridge box in the regiment. The men are jovial enough regarding their condition, but when one speaks of the prosecution of the war they are entirely despondent, being entirely convinced that the Confederacy is gone. Captain Heslip, of Company E, is in command of the regiment. Major Nelson, of the Fourth, commands the brigade, which is attached to Walthall's Division. I do not think there is a stand of colors in the brigade." January 19 Captain Hart assumed command of the regiment.

French's Division was ordered to report to General Maury at Mobile, February 1, 1865. The return of March 10 showed Sears' Brigade commanded by Col. Thomas N. Adair, the Forty-sixth Regiment commanded by Capt. J. A. Barwick. General Steele, commanding the Union expedition from Pensacola, reported that on April 1 an outpost four and a half miles in front of Blakely was carried by assault and the battle-flag of the Forty-sixth Mississippi and 74 prisoners taken. This was about half the regiment. When Fort Blakely was captured, April 9, 1865, another portion of the regiment became prisoners of war. They were taken to Ship Island and paroled in May. Another portion escaped and about twenty-five represented the regiment at Cuba Station, Ala., when informed of the capitulation of Lieut.-Gen. Richard Taylor, commanding the department, at Citronelle, Ala., May 4, 1865.

Authorities: Register of Officers, History of Regiment by W. P. Chambers, notes by Robert Bowman and R. N. Rea.

Sec Second Regiment Cavalry.

FORTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Colonel—John W. Balfour.
Included in "Official Records" list. No information.

FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

This is a great day for Louisiana, and Louisianians to see the beautiful monument erected to perpetuate the memory and honor of her gallant soldiers who defended this historic city during the seige of 1863. We feel that we are standing on sacred ground made holy by the blood of Louisiana's best and noble manhood.

It is a historic fact that the soldiers from Louisiana occupied the most important and dangerous positions on the Confederate line of defense, and it was near this monument that the federal army mined and blew up the breastworks which were occupied and defended by the grand old Third Louisiana Regiment, who stood gallantly by their guns and repulsed the Union Army, and who, by their superior bravery, saved this historic city from being captured. I, as a boy soldier, was an eye witness to this exciting scene and I remember my boyish admiration and enthusiasm for the Third Louisiana, and I felt certain that it was the bravest of the brave, and I am still of the same opinion after the elapse of more than 57 years. The louisianians convinced the Confederate Army by their valor, that they were invincible and I want to ask - Who is it that does not admire and respect a Louisiana Confederate soldier? Or who is it that does not remember Louisiana's distinguished and accomplished field officers, most of whom were West-pointers and trained military soldiers. I remember that these officers were General Herbert, Colonels Thomas, Winchester, Hall, Richardson, Patton, Markie, and Lt. Colonels Draugh, Rogers, Griffith, McNeil and McLaurin. Is there a Confederate soldier, let him be ever so humble, who does not remember the famous Trowbridge House, where he always could get a square meal, which could not be obtained at any other hotel in Vicksburg. Is there a soldier, it matters not whether he wore the blue uniform or the grey, whose heart does not swell with pride

and satisfaction when re remembers that he helped to make the history of this beautiful military park, which is one among the most important military parks on the American continent, and in time will be the most beautiful?

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor of having been selected by the Louisiana State Memorial Commission to present the monument to our distinguished and well beloved citizen the Honorable John M. Parker, Governor of the State of Louisiana.

CAPT. RICHARD NATHAN REA
TREASURER OF Louisiana Monument Committee

July 10, 1919

A MISSISSIPPI SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

(Affectionately dedicated to my honorable uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Rea, and their thirty-four children and grandchildren, of Grimes County, Texas.)

When Mississippi seceded from the Union in 1861, I was a boy of fifteen and a half years of age, a student of the Marion high school, which was composed of young men and boys. When school was convened on the day following this important event in the history of our country, our professor promptly dismissed us, and our schoolbooks were closed forever. Our school was organized into a military company with our teacher as captain, and the company went into a camp of instruction. After remaining in camp for some three weeks and not having been mustered into service, we began to fear that the war would close before we got to fire a shot. Three of my intimate friends and I held a counsel of war, and at that meeting we decided to get into the fight at once. (Those three friends were boys near my own age, and it is a singular fact that all three of them were afterwards killed by one cannon shell in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va.) Next day we took French leave of our old teacher and captain, bade an affectionate farewell to friends and relatives, and soon afterwards joined Company A, 13th Mississippi Regiment, then in camp at Union City, Tenn. There we were mustered into service of the Confederate States of America, with the immortal William Barksdale as colonel. He was a warm personal and political friend of my lamented father, who was killed in the Georgia campaign in 1864. We remained in a camp of instruction until the month of July, 1861, and finally our regiment, with the 12th, 16th, and 18th Mississippi Regiments, was ordered to Manassas Junction, Va. When we reached that place, we were ordered to double quick to the battle field, where the armies were then furiously engaged. The whole country was enveloped in dust and the smoke of battle, and as we went in we met thousands of wounded soldiers returning to the rear. This great battle, fought on July 21, 1861, was a great victory for the South. This being my first battle, it will perhaps be of interest to relate my impressions, personal observations, and experiences.

While the regiment stood in line, facing a clear, beautiful sunset, two men on horseback (and they were truly men in every sense of the word) rode to the center of our command. It was easy to recognize Colonel Barksdale, but the other being a civilian, our curiosity was excited as to his identity. However, we had to wait but a few moments, for Colonel Barksdale raised his hat and said: "Men of the 13th, I have the honor to introduce to you President Davis." The President then spoke a few words, telling us of our victory. He was a fine representative of the old-time, well-groomed Southern gentleman, sitting gracefully his fine thoroughbred. He was then in the zenith of his glory, and I could never forget the picture. He and Colonel Barksdale were friends, had lived in the same town, and had represented Mississippi in the Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington.

Next morning we went into camp on the romantic banks of Bull Run, not far from Centerville, with the historic Henry House in sight.

After roll call the next morning, I left camp to inspect the battle field, and soon I came to the very spot where Colonel Bee and his regiment lay asleep in death, with their faces turned to the blue sky. Bee was lying in the center with his North Carolinians all around him. It was Bee who gave to General Jackson the name of "Stonewall." "Look at Jackson," he said to his men to encourage them to stand firm when the enemy was pressing them, "standing there like a stone wall."

It is a sincere regret that such a gallant knight should have so soon laid down his life, and it was still a greater bereavement that his country should lose his valuable services. It seemed to me, as I gazed upon these brave North Carolinians that I had never seen such large men in my life, and it has been stated that not one of them was under six feet in height. If such was a fact, they were not only great in life, but in death were even greater.

A shadow fell across my pathway, and, being recalled to life again, I saw, for the first time, one of Major Wheat's famous New Orleans "Tigers." He was an Irishman, with full brogue, and was the handsomest and most dashing soldier that I saw during the whole war. I looked at him with boyish admiration, and he began telling me how his Tigers had slain, upon the plains of Manassas, every member of the Elsworth Zouaves. This was a fact, because I saw them in great numbers in their shirts of red, and it was at that time well known that the entire command was decimated. The "Tiger" very soon invited me to accompany him over the battle field, and I gladly accepted his invitation, in a short time he began robbing the Federal soldiers, saying to me: "It is nor harm; they have gone to their reward and nothing on their bodies will ever benefit them." I noticed that he secured plenty of ten and twenty-dollar gold pieces from their watch pockets. We finally came to a Federal major with a bullet in his forehead. He was about twenty years old, handsomely dressed, and with a beautiful sword and pistol. The "Tiger" said to me: "My lad, you have not been through any of these men; suppose you try this one." Well, I had almost fallen into the logic of my new-found comrade, and I reasoned that he was possibly right under the present circumstances, so I proceeded to carry out his suggestions. The Federal major was a pretty picture as he lay upon his back in peaceful slumber. I was standing straight over him, and I began to inch up to him like a soldier dressing up on a line. Slowly bending my body, and just as my hand was about to touch him, I imagined that I saw him jump. This affected me like an electric shock and terminated in my defeat, and I never afterwards attempted it. I was scared, and badly scared. The "Tiger" looked at me in astonishment, and said: "My lad, how long has it been since you left your mother's lap?" He then proceeded to do up the poor dead major and succeeded in extracting three twenty-dollar gold pieces.

We then continued our exploration, and not far from this spot, we came to a small grove of oak trees, where an artillery company of the Federal army had been engaged in battle and many dead lay scattered around, a silent evidence of the deadly aim of our own cannoners. Among the slain I saw one leaning against a tree, his right leg shot off by a cannon ball, a small wooden pipe filled with tobacco firmly held between his teeth, and the tobacco was slightly burned on the top. Evidently his comrades, before retreating, had placed him in this position and at his request had filled and lighted his pipe, and the poor soldier, while attempting to smoke, had died in the effort. He looked like a man smoking quietly in the shade of the trees. At the time I was so impressed with this solemn scene that I shed tears of sympathy for his unfortunate fate.

Amid the sad and interesting scenes of the day, it passed quickly, the sun fell below the horizon before I scarcely knew it, and I returned to had seen great piles of army baggage, many thousands of stands of small arms, hundreds of cannon, and more dead soldiers than I saw upon any battle of the war. All of these spoils of war fell into the hands of the victorious Confederates.

If I ever felt important in my life, it was in those days of rejoicing, and I was sure that I could whip ten Yankees. Is it any wonder, with an army like this, and with these sentiments, that Lee held out so long against such odds? It was never a mystery to me. The whole of that army at that moment was composed of men and boys who went into the war for the love of country, patriotic impulses, and to repel an invading army from their homes and firesides. It was an army composed of the fairest flowers of the Old South.

We remained in camp at Centerville until the latter part of August, when we received orders to march overland to Leesburg, a town of about 2,500 inhabitants and situated in Loudon County, some two miles from the Potomac River. After a march of two days, we reached our destination, and here a brigade was formed, with the 13th, 16th, 17th, and 18th Mississippi and 8th Virginia Regiments, with General Evans of South Carolina, as commander, who afterwards became a general of high rank. Our surroundings at this ancient Virginia town were exceedingly pleasant, and Leesburg and its people have always been remembered with esteem and affection by me. It was a town always full of pretty and enthusiastic women, young and old, who at all times and upon all occasions extended to the Confederate soldiers a royal welcome to their homes and their hospitals. You may know that we, the younger set, while in camp at the little city had a most delightful time. While in this haven of rest, camp duty was light, consisting of daily drills, guard duty, and picket duty on the banks of the Potomac. The Federal pickets occupied the banks of the river on the opposite side, and occasionally there would be lively times down the picket line. But soon those beautiful days came to a close, and war, stern war, came to us again in all of its hideous realities. The enemy on the opposite side of the Potomac became active, yea, very active. They were sending us a full measure of their leaden messengers in a manner that indicated business and were marching and countermarching in an endeavor to find the most suitable place to cross the Potomac to attack us. There was only one brigade here, and it seemed that if the enemy should attack us we would have to retreat, as we had but a small force of artillery. But to make up for the deficiency, General Evans had constructed a lot of wooden cannons and erected them on a high elevation, so that they could be plainly seen by the enemy. It was evident that General Evans was very uncertain about the point where the enemy would attempt a crossing. He would order us in haste to Gaines's Mill, on Goose Creek, and on our arrival we would quickly be ordered back to Leesburg, and vice versa, making us weary and sapping our enthusiasm and strength, until we felt like falling by the wayside. Finally all this continued marching and countermarching came to an end, and the Federal forces crossed the river at Ball's Bluff, right in sight of Leesburg town. We were glad that the fun would soon be on, and it was with pride and confidence that we marched from town to the battle field. General Evans was a wise and good commander, and, as the enemy crossed the river he whipped them in detail. Our whole brigade was in this battle, and I among them. Those whom we let cross the Potomac never returned, and it was said that many thousands lost their lives in the river. I don't know how true this may be, for I did not see any. I saw several thousand prisoners of war taken in this battle, and many dead and wounded. The Federal general in command was killed and his army taken prisoners. For this success and its able management General Evans was promoted to major general, and I never saw the gallant little commander any more.

This, my second battle, is known in history as Ball's Bluff, but in our record it is known as the battle of Leesburg. I came out of this battle "right side up with care," but very soon afterwards I was stricken with rheumatism and was unable to walk. In a short time I was discharged, and when I left the army of Northern Virginia and the hospital town of Leesburg, I could barely walk with the aid of a pair of crutches. I left my comrades with genuine regret, and was

the bearer of many letters and messages for the dear ones at home. As I look back over the long years that have come and gone, I do not recall a single one of those comrades now living. I went directly from Leesburg to Richmond and spent several days with my father, who had rooms at the Spotswood Hotel. At that time he was an officer in the regular army, with the rank of major, and was on duty in the ordnance department in the city of Richmond. During my visit in this lovely old city, I saw many of the most important men of the South, and the capital seemed to be filled with Confederate officers having a high old time. When I left, I went home via Lynchburg, Liberty, Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Corinth. The people of the South were all traveling in those days. Every train was loaded to its fullest capacity with passengers, and among them I saw people whom I never forgot. Among this number I saw Parson Brownlow, preacher, politician, and editor of the Knoxville Whig, a paper which had a large circulation and a national reputation and was cordially detested by the entire South. I also saw Andrew Johnson, at Greenville, Tenn., his home town; a staunch Union man, who finally rose to the presidency of this great country. In the course of time, I arrived at home, where my dear old mother and sisters were so glad to have me with them again that they would cry and they laugh and embrace me. When this little family scene came to an end, I am sure that I was the most perfectly squeezed boy that ever wore a gray jacket. Very soon my arrival became known throughout the confines of Lauderdale, and it seemed that every relative of Company A came to see me, and on this account it was no trouble to deliver all of the letters and messages intrusted to my care for delivery. I improved daily under the careful nursing of my mother, and in thirty days I was able to lay aside my crutches. Then I began having a real nice time, a royal time, such a one as comes to a man once in a lifetime. In the midst of these pleasures it occurred to me that home is no place for me, and I told my mother I was going to enlist in a new company which was being made up then. I joined this company and in a short time its membership was completed. My father had let it be known among his friends that he desired active service, and while he was in Richmond these men elected him captain and the company was named in his honor, The Confederate Rea Warriors. He immediately resigned his office as major in the regular army, came home, and assumed command of the company. Through his influence, it was immediately sent to Vicksburg, and on our arrival at that old historic town, we were ordered into camp at Warrenton. Our company was a real green one, no one in it having seen service except myself. My father, however, was a fine tactician and a strict disciplinarian, and, under his skilled management, the company soon became known as one of the best drilled companies in and around Vicksburg. Gen. M. L. Smith was in command of the forces at that time, and for a long time afterwards. A small force of infantry was stationed at Vicksburg, and our company became a member of the 7th Mississippi Battalion, with Lieutenant Colonel Balfour in command. It is said that he is a brother-in-law of Jefferson Davis, but however this may be, he was an officer unsuitable to command the

battalion, and we very soon lost sight of him. I believe he was afterwards assigned to duty in Richmond. The battalion subsequently became the 46th Mississippi Regiment, in the year 1862. My company was known as Company F, but as the senior company of the regiment, it should have been A. Soon after the formation of this regiment, we were brigaded with the 17th, 18th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st Louisiana Regiments, commanded by Gen. S. D. Lee, this being the first brigade that he ever commanded, and in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, we won for him his promotion to a major generalship. Gen. W. E. Baldwin succeeded him. It is proper to state in this connection that Rea's, Hart's, and Sublett's companies of the 46th Mississippi Regiment, and Major Wofford's artillery company had been detailed and stationed at Chickasaw Bayou, doing picket duty and watching the actions of the Federal fleet then operating in the

Yazoo River fully three weeks before General Sherman landed his army. When he did so, Company F was on picket duty and had the honor of bringing on the engagement which resulted in Sherman's defeat, and afterwards to participate in the general battle. The great old house burner skedaddled back to his fleet, and in a few days left with his immense fleet for Memphis, and we marched back to our camp, which was situated just above the Vicksburg city cemetery.

This was my third battle, every one of which was a complete victory for the South, and I still thought I could whip ten Yankees even though there did come a time when I was convinced of the fallibility of this conviction, I was at that time enjoying the delusion in the fullest sense of the word.

We soon fell into normal conditions. Military affairs were active; a large force was busy building the immense fortifications around Vicksburg, and many hundred pieces of large cannon were being placed in commanding positions by eminent engineers; large quantities of quartermaster and commissary stores were being received daily, and with these came additional troops and our future commander, General Pemberton. There was a large army at Vicksburg and Haynes's Bluff, and it did not require much thought to conclude that the government was going to hold Vicksburg if it could. I must say that in those days of preparation, our general officers were active and fully alive to the importance of the occasion. We had had Sherman, whom we had caused to leave in sorrow, but now came both Grant and Sherman, assisted by the finest division generals in the Federal army, an army of 100,000, and the largest fleet of gunboats and transports that was ever collected together in any country of the civilized world. This large fleet was in command of Admirals Farragut and Porter, two very competent and able officers, whose names afterwards became famous. All Confederate soldiers who were in the siege of Vicksburg will remember Farragut's immense mortars and the regularity of his large shells, which fell in and around the city for forty days and forty nights. With this large army in our front, endeavoring to pass Vicksburg by every conceivable strategy known to the greatest military men of the time, is it any wonder that they succeeded in forcing General Pemberton and his army of 22,000 men to surrender? I was in the parapets with my company day and night during the entire siege, and I remember to this day the pangs of hunger, and I remember also how good my ration of mule meat was to me. I shall not dwell upon the sad scenes which came to my notice, nor shall I refer to the heroic women and children of Vicksburg, nor to the gallantry of my comrades, because they are known throughout the length and breadth of our country. The beautiful national cemetery at Vicksburg is silent testimony to the valor of my comrades and a monument to their memory, even if it was planned by our adversaries to commemorate the heroism and memory of their dead soldiers. When you have inspected this beautiful cemetery, containing its thousands upon thousands of dead, continue your investigations to the historic city of Vicksburg, and you will find a most beautiful national park many miles in length, with the most costly and beautiful monuments in the United States. Every time I visited that old battle-scarred town I go out to visit the scenes of my boyhood trials during the siege. I get much comfort and satisfaction from every visit, and as I speed over the beautiful roadway and swiftly pass the many markers, tablets, and monuments on either side, is it any wonder that my heart swells with pride? I aided in making this history, and I am proud of it.

After the surrender of Vicksburg, there was placed a small white flag on the breastworks of our entire line, and the army in perfect order passed over the parapets and started their arms in silence. There was no demonstration by the enemy, and soon after I left for our company cook quarters, which was then located in the Vicksburg cemetery, where I found a rare dinner of mule meat being prepared by our company's cook. In a few minutes quite a number of my company arrived, and a little later, a Yankee soldier made us a call. In order to show him our hospitality and to make him remember us, we then and there compelled the gentleman to

5—A MISSISSIPPI SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY

dine with us on mule meat. It was fun to see him gag, but we made him swallow his dainty morsel.

Immediately after this, I went down on Washington Street and, upon crossing China Street, I saw a large body of Federal troops and a general and his staff riding in front. It at once attracted my attention, and I decided to wait for further developments. In a few moments they reached Washington Street, when the column was halted and ordered to stack arms. This officer was Gen. Frank P. Blair and his division taking possession of the city. He was a well-known politician of national fame prior to the war. I had seen pictures of this important man on many occasions, so I was able to recognize him on sight. After having been dismissed, the soldiers made a rush up Washington Street, and soon broke into and robbed every store on that street, and I have good reason to believe that they extended their vandalism throughout the length and breadth of poor old Vicksburg. When they broke into the Vicksburg bank, in the midst of this mass of human beings a gun exploded inside the bank building. It has always been to me a wonder how that mass of robbers escaped without accident. I prayed that some of them were killed, but my prayer was unanswered and all escaped unhurt.

I could record many pages of exciting events that rapidly occurred about Vicksburg, but I shall describe but one incident. Prior to the siege and while Grant's army was at Young's Point, our regiment did picket duty on what we called the "Devil's Backbone," which was a high ridge. The moon was bright and at 2 A.M. the fleet and army of Grant were clearly visible to the naked eye. We had just stacked our arms and the men were lying down for a rest. I was looking up the river, gazing at Grant's great army, and I was floating with the tide a dark-looking object. It occurred to me that it was a gunboat, and I said to myself, will the sentinel who was on duty at the water battery, never give the alarm? and about that time I heard him sing out "gunboats" and fire his piece, which was continued by every sentinel as far down as Warrenton. Simultaneously our water battery fired three shots at close range, and in an instant the gallant gunboat was under full head of steam, running down stream for all she was worth, leaving behind her a long line of the biggest, blackest smoke that I ever saw. She had now a hard road to travel, and she was in the swim "for weal or woe." She was known, and the Confederates were at that moment sighting carefully five hundred pieces of cannon on her. It seemed to me that she could not escape. I never took my eyes off that gallant boat. She was certainly running some, and by this time every piece on the river front was playing upon her. I saw cannon balls strike her, and it would seem to me that she was on fire, but on she went, getting into the fray deeper and deeper. At length daylight came, and as the sun was just peeping over the hills of Vicksburg the gallant gunboat had run the gauntlet and was watching to see what would happen. She was safe beyond peradventure. To my surprise and admiration, she at once turned her broadside to us and to show her defiance sent twelve shots into Vicksburg, whose hills were literally covered with women and children; but thank God, she was at that very moment struck by one of our heaviest pieces and was sent to the bottom of the Mississippi River. I will not be certain, but I believe it was the "Osceola" of the Federal fleet.

I don't remember how long we remained at Vicksburg after the surrender, but know we left as soon as our paroles could be printed and signed by each man. When this was completed, we formed in regular order, were inspected by Federal officers to see if we had any contraband goods in our knapsacks or on our persons, and immediately thereafter we marched out of Vicksburg and began our long march overland to Enterprise, Miss., where we went into parole camp and remained until exchanged. As soon as we were outside of the fortifications, all of the Louisianians belonging to Baldwin's Brigade broke ranks and refused to go to Enterprise. They

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