

From the *Manchester Democrat*

### A Clark Man in History

On page 704 of volume 2 of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," written by JEFF. DAVIS, can be found the name of our fellow countyman LELAND HATHAWAY. Shortly before the evacuation of Richmond he had been paroled and sent from Fort Delaware, where he was long a prisoner of war, across the lines into Dixie. Partly by rail and partly on foot, he had worked his way to Abbeville, S. C., where he found Mrs. DAVIS with her family trying to get out of the country to avoid capture. He and WINDER MONROE, now depot agent for the Short Line at Lexington, and JACK MESSICK, a brother of Mrs. JOHN O. HODGES, of the same place, volunteered to escort the family of the confederate president and protect them from marauders. Their services were accepted, and on the 30th of April, 1865, they moved forward, going southward. Mr. DAVIS, who had remained behind to look after public affairs, caught up with the party on the 6th of May. On the 10th of the same month, about daylight, the party, consisting of the president, his family and staff, Major MORAN, Captain MOODY, Lieutenant HATHAWAY, Midshipman HOWELL, and Messrs. MESSICK and MONROE were captured. Mr. DAVIS says that he asked General WILSON, who was in command of the federal force that had him in custody, to allow the gentlemen escorting him to retain their horses, which were their own private property, and that he promised to do so, but that afterwards the horses were taken from them.

Lieutenant HATHAWAY was not acting as a soldier of the confederacy because his parole forbade that he should do that, but simply as an escort for Mrs. DAVIS, to protect her from thieves and ruffians. He was sent to Fortress Monroe with the president as a prisoner. In 1875 Col. HATHAWAY, (promoted since the war by commission from Governor MCCREARY) wrote for the Clark County DEMOCRAT a very interesting account of the capture of JEFF. DAVIS, which was copied quite widely at the time, and tallies wonderfully with the story told in the ex-president's great work. We have it now before us, and comparing it with the narrative as told by JEFF. DAVIS see that both must be true, because they are so exactly alike, in spite of the fact that they were written by parties who did not consult and lived hundreds of miles apart.

Colonel HATHAWAY was a gallant soldier, and we are glad to know that his name goes down the ages in a book so immortal as that of Mr. DAVIS'.

### THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE-FLAG.

An Interesting Account of Its Origin as Given by Gen. Beauregard.

The First Flag Made from 'Ladies' Dresses.

Carlton McCarthy, in the current number of the Southern Historical Society Papers, writes the following sketch of the origin of the Confederate battle-flag, deriving his facts from a speech of Gen. Beauregard's:

It was at the battle of Manassas, about 4 o'clock of the afternoon of the 21st of July, 1861, when the fate of the Confederacy seemed trembling in the balance, that Gen. Beauregard, looking across the Warrenton turnpike, which passed through the valley between the position of the Confederates and the elevations beyond occupied by the Federal line, saw a body of troops moving toward his left and the Federal right. He was greatly concerned to know, but could not decide, what troops they were—whether Federal or Confederate. The similarity of uniform and of the colors carried by the opposing armies, and the clouds of dust, made it almost impossible to decide.

Shortly before this time Gen. Beauregard had received from the signal officer, Capt. Alexander, a dispatch saying that from the signal station in the rear he had sighted the colors of this column, drooping and covered with the dust of journeyings, but could not tell whether they were the stars and stripes or the stars and bars. He thought, however, that they were probably Patterson's troops arriving on the field and re-enforcing the enemy.

Gen. Beauregard was momentarily expecting help from the right, and the uncertainty and anxiety of this hour amounted to anguish. Still the column pressed on. Calling a staff officer, Gen. Beauregard instructed him to go at once to Gen. Johnston, at the Lewis House, and say that the enemy were receiving heavy re-enforcements, that the troops on the plateau were very much scattered, and that he would be compelled to retire to the Lewis House and there reform—hoping that the troops ordered up from the right would arrive in time to enable him to establish and hold the new line.

Meanwhile, the unknown troops were pressing on. The day was sultry, and only at long intervals was there the slightest breeze. The colors of the mysterious column hung drooping on the staff. Gen. Beauregard tried again and again to decide what colors they carried. He used his glass repeatedly, and handing it to others begged them to look, hoping that their eyes might be keener than his.

Gen. Beauregard was in a state of great anxiety, but finally determined to hold his ground, relying on the promised help from the right, knowing that if it arrived in time victory might be secured, but feeling also that if the mysterious column should be Federal troops the day was lost.

Suddenly a puff of wind spread the colors to the breeze. It was the Confederate flag—the stars and bars! It was Early, with the Twenty-fourth Virginia, the Seventh Louisiana and the Thirteenth Mississippi. The column had by this time reached the extreme right of the Federal lines. The moment the flag was recognized Beauregard turned to his staff right and left, saying, "See that the day is ours!" and ordered an immediate advance. In the meantime Early's brigade deployed into line and charged the enemy's right—Elzey, also, dashed upon the field—and in one hour not an enemy was to be seen south of Bull Run.

While on this field and suffering this terrible anxiety, Gen. Beauregard determined that the Confederate soldier must have a flag so distinct from that of the enemy that no doubt should ever again endanger his cause on the field of battle.

Soon after the battle he entered into correspondence with Col. William Porcher Miles, who had served on his staff during this day, with a view to securing his aid in the matter, and proposing a blue field, red bars, crossed, and gold stars.

They discussed the matter at length. Col. Miles thought it was contrary to the law of heraldry that the ground should be blue, the bars red, and the stars gold. He proposed that the ground should be red, the bars blue, and the stars white.

Gen. Beauregard approved the change, and discussed the matter freely with Gen. Johnston. Meanwhile it became known that the design for a flag was under discussion, and many designs were sent in. One came from Mississippi; one from J. B. Walton and E. C. Hancock, which coincided with the design of Col. Miles. The matter was freely discussed at headquarters, till, finally, when he arrived at Fairfax Court-house, Gen. Beauregard caused his draughtsman (a German) to make drawings of all the various designs which had been submitted. With these designs before them the officers at headquarters agreed on the famous old banner—the red field, the blue cross and the white stars. The flag was then submitted to the War Department and was approved.

The first flags sent to the army were presented to the troops by Gen. Beauregard in person, he then expressing the hope and confidence that it would become the emblem of honor and of victory.

The first three flags received were made from 'ladies' dresses' by the Misses Carey, of Baltimore and Alexandria, at their residences and the residences of friends, as soon as they could get a description of the design adopted. One of the Misses Carey sent the flag she made to Gen. Beauregard. Her sister sent hers to Gen. Van Dorn, who was then at Fairfax Court-house. Miss Constance Carey, of Alexandria, sent hers to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Gen. Beauregard sent the flag he received at once to New Orleans for safe keeping. After the fall of New Orleans Mrs. Beauregard sent the flag by a Spanish man-of-war, then lying in the river opposite New Orleans, to Cuba, where it remained till the close of the war, when it was returned to Gen. Beauregard, who presented it for safe keeping to the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans.

This article is penned to accomplish, if possible, two things: first, to preserve the little history connected with the origin of the flag; and, second, to place the battle flag in a place of security, as it were, separated from all the significance which attaches to the Confederate flag, and depending for its future place solely upon the deeds of the armies which bore it amid hardships untold to many victories.

[For the Courier-Journal.]

### "THE OLD HOUSE."

Yes, lady, dar's de berry place de ole house use to stan';  
 De poorest siltivation, too, upon ole mars'r's lan'.  
 De Yankees burnt it when dey come a raidin' long by here;  
 Dey done a sight o' 'struction fru' de country far an' near.  
 Tain't nuffin but de chimbleys lef' an' part de gable en';  
 I stood whar you is standin' now, an' see de walls fall in;  
 Nigh sixteen years ago it is, but still I feel de pain.  
 An' sickness of dat awful sight came ober me again.  
 I was de chillun' mammy, an' I nussed 'em ebery one;  
 'Tis hard for me to linger here when all ob dem is gone.  
 Your stately, han'some boys, dey was jus' growed up into men,  
 I see 'em in de night-time yit, dey come back mity plain;  
 You see I raised 'em up myse'f, an' lubbed 'em like my own,  
 My Mistis died—po' lady—when de youngest one was born,  
 Dar gram'ma, lib long wid us, but she was ole an' weak,  
 So I had charge de chillun, sence befo' dey all could speak.  
 Dey kep' de house right lively wid deir frolics an' noise,  
 An' dey lubbed deir ole black mammy too—my lubly han'some boys.  
 When de war cloud settled hebbly, down upon de country side,  
 An' men was volunteerin' fru' de region far an' wide,  
 My Mars'r's sons was 'mong de fus' ob all de folks to go,  
 (He couldn't lef' hissef bekase ole mistis need him so.)  
 First news come back dat Paul was killed, up in Virginy dar,  
 An' den dat Charlie, too, was gone—oh, Lord! 'twas hard to bar.  
 De other two was wounded, and dey come home for a spell,  
 An' mammy nussed her chillun up untwel dey beif was well.  
 De po' ole Mistis died dat ve'r, right early in de fall,  
 We drunk de cup o' bitterness, I tell you, dregs an' all.  
 Ole Mars'r went back wid his sons to jine de army den,  
 An' I staid home to mind de things an' wait for news arin.  
 Fore long come back de tidin's mo' distressful den befo',  
 Dat hof de boys was prisoners. I nebber heard no mol!  
 De clouds kep' gittin' blacker an' de en' was drawin' nigh,  
 An' ole Mars'r's heart was broken so he crep' back home to die.  
 He got back here de mornin' ar't'r de Yankees all was gone,  
 An' a heap ob smokin' ruins was jus' all he foun' of home.  
 I seed his face git drawn like when he reach de awful spot,  
 He lift his han' up to his head an' felt like he was shot.  
 Dead! Yes, lady, he was dead; his heart was broke, you see.  
 We buried him him dat evening—my ole man John an' me.  
 So all is gone an' I is lef' a-waitin' here at las',  
 A-listenin' an' a-longin' for de voices from de pas';  
 My freedom? Yes, I got it, but it seems a thing apart.  
 An' it doh't fill up de yearnin' of my weary, empty heart.  
 Dat's hungry for de sight ob dem four chillun dat I raise,  
 An' de dear ole house dat sheltered all de mornin' ob my days.

M. G. McCLELLAND.  
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