



THE LEGIONARY

MARCH, 2022

A Publication of the Sons of Confederate Veterans

Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton Camp No. 273

Columbia, South Carolina ♦ www.wadehamptoncamp.org

Charles Bray, Acting Editor



COMMANDERS CORNER

CHARLES D. BRAY

Last month we celebrated another step in our return to normalcy by once again having the Lee-Jackson Banquet. Our participation was not at the pre-pandemic level but we had 45 members attending and I believe everyone had a great time. I think we had a first at this year's banquet. The toast to Generals Lee and Jackson were given by Col. Bill Hollingsworth and Lt. Col. David West.

Thursday, March 17th we will have our regular monthly meeting at Seawell's. Our speaker this month will be Mrs. Pat McNeeley and she will be speaking about the book she is currently writing which is on Abraham Lincoln and the many things she has learned that took place before, during and after his assignment.

Please RSVP if you will be attending the March 17th, 2022, monthly meeting of the Wade Hampton Camp. The camp has to provide Seawell's a number of members attending so they may prepare food and set up the facility for our celebration. If we do not receive a positive response from you, we will have to estimate the number attending. Should our estimate be too high and fewer members attend we will incur the cost of those who do not attend.

Recruit, Recruit, Recruit

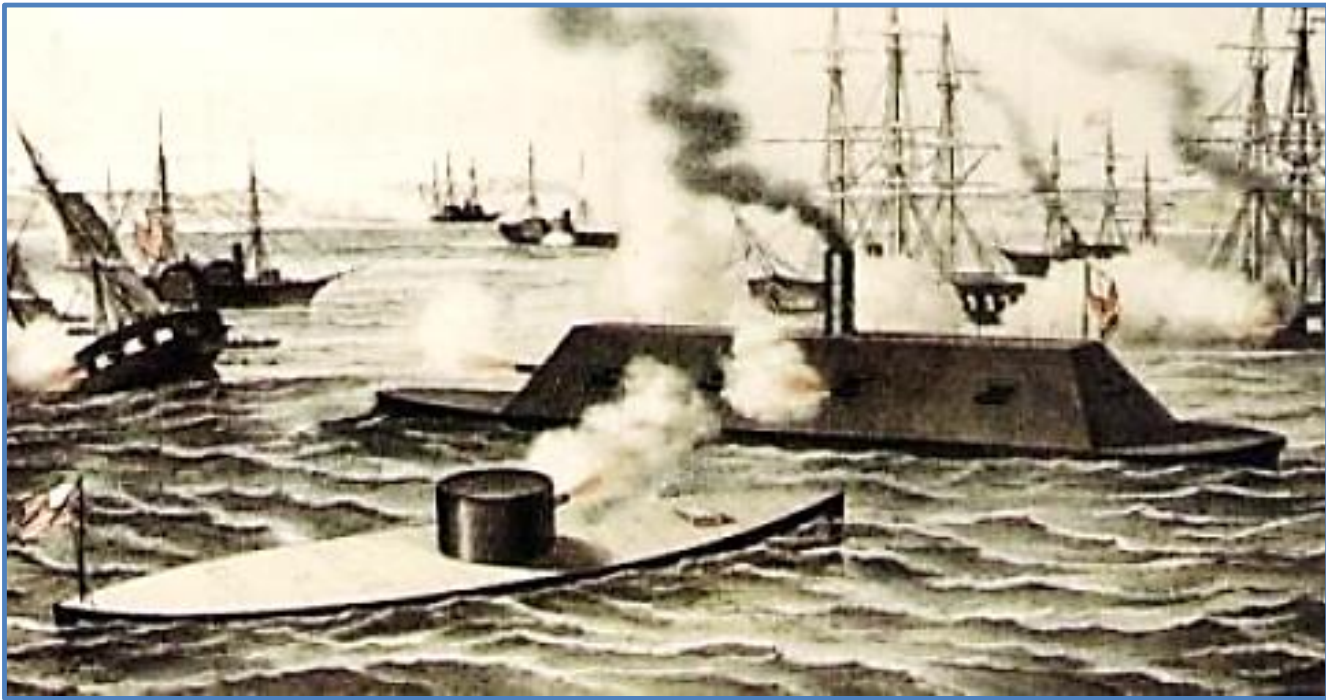
**Individuals Interested in joining the Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton Camp 273 should
contact Compatriot Bryan Pittman**

Phone (803) 608-8813 / E-Mail bpittman3@hotmail.com

The CHARGE

To you, **SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS**, we submit the **VINDICATION** of the cause for which we fought; to your strength will be given the **DEFENSE** of the Confederate soldier's good name, the **GUARDIANSHIP** of his history, the **EMULATION** of his virtues, the **PERPETUATION** of those principles he loved, and which made him glorious and which you also cherish.

**Lt. Gen. Stephen Dill Lee, Commander General
United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, Louisiana, 1906**

"Events of March~

This Month (March), in 1862, saw the first engagement of an Ironclad naval vessel against wooden Warships and shocked the world's navies.

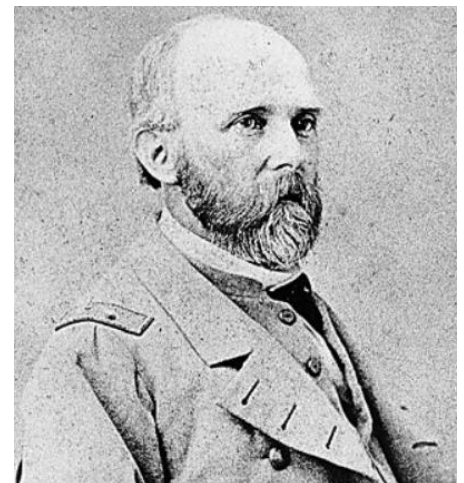
The C.S.S. Virginia was originally the U.S.S. Merrimack, a 40-gun frigate launched in 1855. The Merrimack served in the Caribbean and was the flagship of the Pacific fleet in the late 1850s. In early 1860, the ship was decommissioned for extensive repairs at the Gosport Navy Yard in Norfolk, Virginia. The vessel was still there when the Civil War began in April 1861, and Union sailors sank the ship as the yard was evacuated. Six weeks later, a salvage company raised the ship and the Confederates began rebuilding it.



**CSN Captain
Franklin Buchanan**

The Confederate Navy covered the ship in heavy armor plating above the waterline and outfitted it with powerful guns. Rechristened the Virginia upon its launch in February 1862, it was a formidable vessel. Its commander, Franklin Buchanan, was the only full admiral in the Confederate Navy during the Civil War.

At mid-day on 8 March 1862, CSS Virginia (Merrimack) steamed down the Elizabeth River from Norfolk and entered Hampton Roads. It was the newly converted ironclad's trial trip, a short voyage that would deeply influence naval opinion at home and abroad.



**CSA Commander
Catesby ap R. Jones**

Anchored on the opposite side of Hampton Roads were five major Union warships: the frigate Congress and large sloop of war Cumberland off Newport News, and the frigates St. Lawrence, Minnesota and Roanoke a few miles to the east, off Fortress Monroe. All were powerful conventional wooden men o'war. Minnesota and Roanoke, of the same type as the pre-war Merrimack, had auxiliary steam

propulsion, but the other three were propelled by sails alone, and thus were at the mercy of wind conditions and the availability of tugs. As Virginia crossed the Roads, looking (as one witness described her) "like the roof of a very big barn belching smoke as from a chimney on fire", the Union ships called their crews to quarters and prepared for action. Turning west, the Confederate ironclad shrugged off steady fire from ships and shore batteries as she steamed past the Congress. Firing her heavy cannon into both ships, she pushed her ram into Cumberland's starboard side. The stricken ship began to sink.

Virginia backed clear, tearing off most of her iron ram, and slowly turned toward the Congress, which had gone aground while trying to get underway. Confederate gunners put several raking shells into the frigate's hull, and maintained a relentless fire as they came alongside. After an hour's battle, in which Congress' crew suffered heavy casualties, she raised the white flag of surrender. As the Confederates began to take off her crew, several men on both sides were hit by gunfire from ashore, among them the Virginia's Commanding Officer, Captain Franklin Buchanan, who ordered Congress set afire with hot shot. She blazed into the night, exploding as the fire reached her powder magazines about two hours after midnight.

Virginia had meanwhile made a brief demonstration in the direction of the big steam frigate Minnesota, which had also gone aground. However, with the day's light about to fade, the ironclad turned back toward the southern side of Hampton Roads and anchored. Though two of her guns had their muzzles shot off and most external fittings were swept away or rendered useless, she had dramatically demonstrated the horrible vulnerability of unarmored wooden warships when confronted with a hostile ironclad, and was still battle worthy. Her command passed from the injured Buchanan to Lieutenant Catesby ap R. Jones, who would take Virginia out the next day to deal with the Minnesota.



CHAPLAINS WITNESS

WALTER LINDER

In his 1992 book "The End of History and the Last Man," political scientist Francis Fukuyama provocatively and hopefully suggested that authoritarian and collectivist political regimes were on their way out.

The end of history did not mean that events would cease, of course, but rather that we had reached "the end-point of mankind's ideological evolution and the universalization of Western liberal democracy as the final form of human government."

While not an overtly religious argument, some critics, including the philosopher Jacques Derrida, viewed Fukuyama's thesis as a kind of Christian eschatology, more prosaically known as the End Times.

As Lent begins on Wednesday (March 2) for Christians in Western traditions, we watch with horror as tanks roll across national borders and one European state invades a neighboring country unprovoked. In the living memory of most of the world's people, it's an almost unknown occurrence: In a First World where technocratic jockeying has all but supplanted armed conflict, there is suddenly the gravity of sin, human finitude, tragedy.

These are the themes of Lent itself, on a scale that reminds us why humans can get it into our heads that maybe only God can redeem us — if we can be redeemed at all.

The post-Cold War's end of history had brought a measure of liberty to post-Soviet Christians, especially in Ukraine, where many Orthodox split in 2019 from the Moscow Patriarchate, a move recognized by the broader Orthodox communion but rejected by the Russian Orthodox Church.

Just as Eastern Europeans have gravitated toward Western norms of market economies and liberal democracies, they have been introduced to global Christianity and norms of ecumenical cooperation and toleration for religious minorities. If it is still an evangelical Christianity, or even a territorial one, it is not a faith bound by history.

Russian dictator Vladimir Putin's erratic imperialist military moves seem only to deepen the contrast with his narrative about Russian empire and Russian civilization that the Russian church may support but most others see will not exist again in a post-Soviet world order.

Ukrainian Orthodox have already shown themselves eager to assert more independence from Russian Orthodoxy, as when in January the Orthodox Church of Ukraine considered moving its celebration of Christmas to Dec. 25 instead of the traditional Orthodox Christmas of Jan. 7.

Across the Orthodox world, Great Lent begins with the observance of Clean Monday (March 7), the Eastern Church's Ash Wednesday parallel. Ukrainian Orthodox leaders roundly condemned the invasion, and it is clear to all that Russian Orthodox Patriarch Kirill of Moscow has abdicated his moral authority and spiritual independence in order to justify Putin's war. Surely against a Russian siege will not be moved to unity with the Moscow patriarchate if St. Sophia Cathedral, built in the 11th century and now a UNESCO World Heritage Site, lies destroyed.

Rather, Orthodox Ukrainians and religious minorities, including Byzantine Catholics, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Muslims and Jews, are seeing the world rallying to the Ukrainian cause and opposing Russian aggression to a degree unimaginable to many (perhaps none more than Putin himself).

As these Christians are reshaped by history, just as we head into the mystic penitential rites of Lent, we might be reminded of the comparative literature scholar Joseph Campbell's magisterial 1949 book "The Hero with a Thousand Faces," which contains much wisdom about how stories, myths and religions can unite people across great spans of history, distance and time.

"Once we have broken free of the prejudices of our own provincially limited ecclesiastical, tribal, or national rendition of the world archetypes," Campbell argues, we can receive "the good news, which the World Redeemer brings and which so many have been glad to hear, zealous to preach, but reluctant, apparently, to demonstrate, that God is love ... and that all without exception are his children."

This sentiment only encourages Christians to identify strongly with others, despite seeming differences and despite distances. Campbell cautions further:

"Such comparatively trivial matters as the remaining details of the credo, the techniques of worship, and devices of episcopal organization (which have so absorbed the interest of Occidental theologians that they are today seriously discussed as the principal questions of religion), are merely pedantic snares, unless they are kept ancillary to the major teaching.

Campbell observes that religions always tend to debate which of his children the Father favors most. The Moscow-Ukraine schism is surely about much more, but Campbell's reminder is still pertinent: The teaching is much less flattering: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' The World Savior's cross, in spite of the behavior of its professed priests, is a vastly more democratic symbol than the local flag."

In Christianity, the end of history is not the apparent triumph of some system of political organization. Faithful Ukrainians will observe Great Lent this year under the direst conditions and will no doubt be more than conscious of their Christian beliefs about the nature and destiny of man.

The message of Lent, in spite of differences in how it is celebrated, remains the same: Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return.

(Jacob Lupfer is a writer in Jacksonville, Florida. The views expressed in this commentary do not necessarily reflect those of Religion News Service.)



Chaplains Prayer List: Please remember our camp compatriots and their family members who are having health problems or have lost a loved one in your prayers.



Robert McManus

Bob Dickenson



CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

If you are thinking about attending meetings at any of the listed camps, ***I recommend you check with a member you know and verify the meeting date and location is still valid.***

Event	Date	Contact / Web Site
John M. Kinard Camp 35	April 6, 2022	Meets 7:00 PM 1st Wednesday of the Month – Hawg Heaven – Hwy. 76, Prosperity, SC
Palmetto Camp 22	April 7, 2022	Meets 6:30 PM 1st Thursday of the Month – Cayce Museum, 1800 12 th Street, Cayce, SC
SC 17 th Regiment Camp 2069	March 21, 2022	Meets 7:00PM Third Monday of the Month – 6822 Barnwell Rd. Hilda, SC
15 th Regt. S.C. Volunteers Camp 51	March 29, 2022	Meets 6:30 PM Last Tuesday of the Month – Lizards Thicket – 4616 Augusta Rd. Lexington, SC
Gen. Paul Quattlebaum Camp 412	March 29, 2022	Meets 7:00 PM Last Tuesday of the Month – Shealy's BBQ – 340 East Columbia Ave., Batesburg-Leesville, SC



Quote: Woodrow Wilson

The Americans who went to Europe to die are a unique breed.... (They) crossed the seas to a foreign land to fight for a cause which they did not pretend was peculiarly their own, which they knew was the cause of humanity and mankind. These Americans gave the greatest of all gifts, the gift of life and the gift of spirit.



Death Not Written In Blood _____ (Originally Published in The Atlanta Journal, 12 Apr 1931)

"Major, tell my father I died with my face to the enemy." – Col. I. E. Avery.

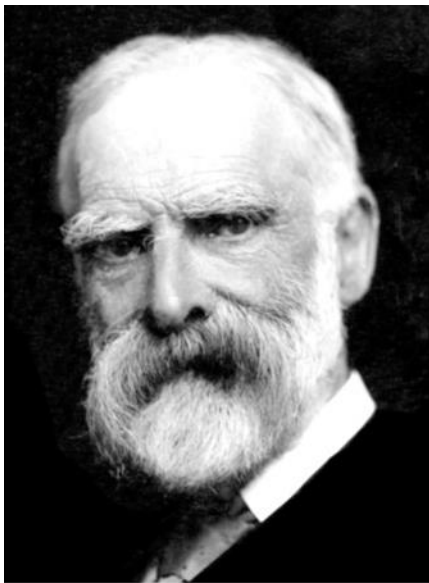


This message, one of the most stirring ever written, is displayed in the Hall of History, the museum of the North Carolina Historical Commission, in Raleigh. It was penned with the life blood of Colonel Isaac Erwin Avery, of the Sixth Regiment, North Carolina State Troops, who was mortally wounded in the late afternoon of the second battle of Gettysburg. His superior officer having already been wounded, Colonel Avery was commanding Hoke's Brigade in the charge up Cemetery Heights when he fell.

Shot from his horse and aware that he was dying far from his comrades, Colonel Avery's first thought was of his aged father, Isaac Erwin Avery, Sr., who lived near Morganton, N.C. The soldier's right hand was paralyzed from his wound, but, by using his left hand, he drew a scrap of coarse paper from his pocket. Plucking a twig from a nearby bush, he dipped it into his swiftly flowing blood, and scrawled the message, which was addressed to his friend, Major Samuel McDowell Tate. The note reached the elder Avery a week after his

gallant son had been buried on the battlefield.

Thousands have gazed upon Colonel Avery's "message from the grave," and other thousands have received a surge of inspiration upon hearing it recounted in sermons and stories. On the occasion of the unveiling of a statue to Sir Walter Raleigh, the Englishman for whom the North Carolina capital was named, Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, stood before a distinguished gathering in the Hall of History. In his big, expressive hands, the President held the little scrap of yellow, blood-stained paper. Slowly he read aloud the almost illegible message. His hands trembled; his eyes filled with tears; he became almost speechless with emotion. Then as if the little paper were some holy thing, he passed it to **Lord James Bryce**, Britain's minister to the United States.



1st Viscount
British Ambassador to the United States
1907 - 1913
James Bryce

The English minister read the paper, studied it for a moment, and passed it back. "President Roosevelt," he said, "we have nothing to compare with this in the British Museum."

A great hush fell upon the audience for a moment, as silence paid tribute to a courage that rose far above sectionalism and beyond the bounds of nations. The two statesmen who stood reading this note saw only a youthful colonel leading his men into battle, dashing so far ahead of them that when he fell, dying, he found himself alone. They cared not whether he lived north or south, whether he was born American or English. They knew he lived a soldier and died a hero. They saw, without being told, that the ink he used was his own blood, and his pen some chance twig that lay in reach of the left hand, with which he laboriously wrote.

"Tell my father I died with my face to the enemy."

The simple little message, read aloud by the American President, burned its way into every pulsing heart. It is a sentence which sums up all of life's battles into one triumphant, grand Amen. A week after the battle in which Colonel Avery was killed, an old southern gentleman sat alone on the porch of his country home in the Carolina hills, near Morganton. He was thinking of his five boys, out on various battlefields, praying that all was well with them, when his thoughts were broken by a sudden excitement among the negroes. Lige, the body-servant of their young Marse Isaac, was approaching! But the cries of joy suddenly were hushed, for Lige was coming home alone.

The old man saw the servant at about the same time the negroes did, and he too, was straining for the sight of his great, tall son and namesake. But the negro was alone. The father shook himself to throw off an anxious thought. He hoped his son had just stopped somewhere on his way home and was sending his man on ahead with a message. He could not know how true it was that the negro was bringing a message from his boy. As Lige slowly neared, the house, there was no mistaking his mission. His hesitating gait, his abject appearance, all too eloquently told the tragic story he was bringing. When he at last reached the porch, he made a deep bow to his aged master. Very quietly and simply he told how his young Marse Isaac had been killed at Gettysburg. The old man accepted the little note which had been found in the colonel's still hand; it was mute evidence of the struggle his son had made to bring comfort to his lonely heart. Then his boy's sword and watch were gently laid upon his knee.



Theodore Roosevelt
26th President of the United States

The servant stood back, not willing to intrude upon the first moments of his master's sorrow. After what seemed an endless silence, Mr. Avery looked up as if he had forgotten that Lige was there. A slow nod of his head indicated that he was now ready to hear the story.

"Old Marse," the man choked, "I did all I could for young Master. He called me to him the night before he was killed and told me if anything happened to him in the charge the next day, I was to bring his sword and watch to you. He did look so grand the next day, when he rode away. But I am sure he felt he would never come back, for he was so particular about telling me good-bye. And then he turned back and called to me, saying, 'Remember my orders, Lige.'"

"It was late in the afternoon when the message came back to headquarters that Marse Isaac had been killed. The battle was still raging, but I started right out to find him, hoping he had only been wounded. I hunted for hours, looking in every direction, until night came upon me. I was stumbling around, almost ready to give up, when I looked around and there he lay right by me, the moon shining on his peaceful face and in his hand this little note that I knew was meant for you.

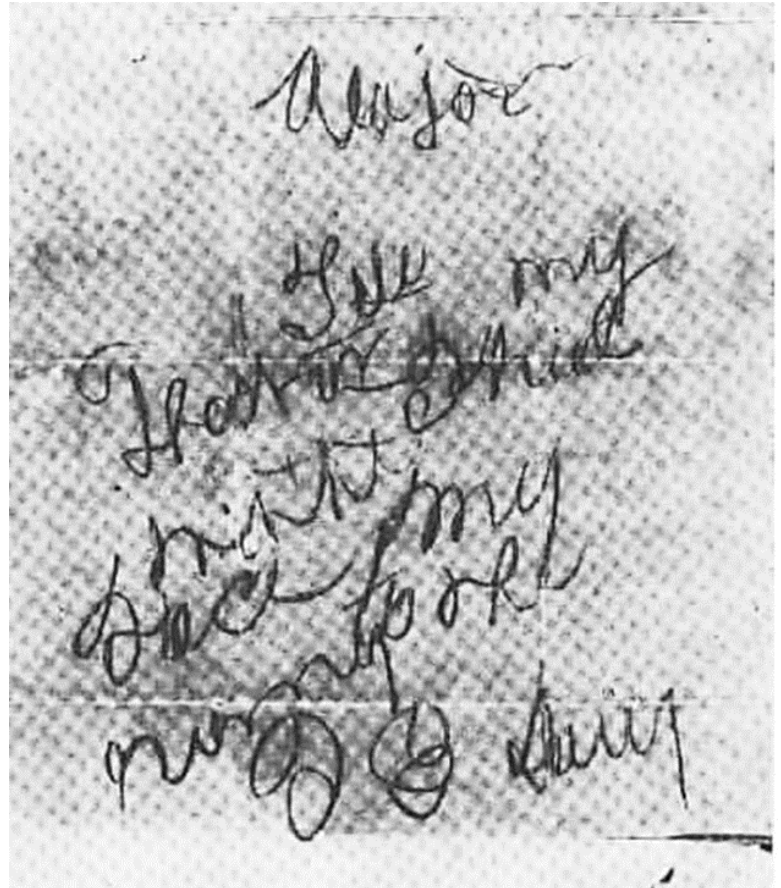
"Marse Isaac had fallen nearer the enemy than any other man, Old Marse. He died leading his soldiers right into the face of the guns. Major Tate and me buried him there on the very top of Cemetery Heights, where he had fallen."

The last command of his young master obeyed, the negro Lige felt that his life's work was ended, and he never wanted to leave the old plantation. Through the long years that followed, his thoughts never wandered far from his "Marse Isaac," who had stood 6 foot 2 in his stocking feet, unmatched by any man in the section for physical strength.

People from all parts of the world, "remarked the curator of the Hall of History, "have come to read this message. Besides Roosevelt, Presidents Taft & Wilson visited the hall to see it. Many and many a sermon has been preached on it."

"I died with my face to the enemy."

What more could any son say, or any father wish to hear?



Gen. R. E. Lees War-Horse _____ (Confederate Veteran (1893))

Thomas L. Brown, wrote from Charleston W. Va. to the Richmond (VA) Dispatch of August 10, 1896, in regard to General Lee's war-horse Traveler:

Traveler was raised by Mr. Johnston, near the Blue Sulphur Springs in Greenbrier County, VA. (now West Virginia): was of the "Gray Eagle" stock, and as a colt took the first premium under the name of "Jeff Davis" at the Lewisburg fairs for each of the years 1859 and 1860. He was four years old in the spring of 1861. When the Wise Legion was encamped on Sewell Mountain, opposing the advance of the Federal army under Rosecrans, in the fall of 1861, I was major of the Third Regiment of

Infantry in that legion, and my brother, Capt. Joseph M. Brown, was quartermaster of the same regiment. I authorized my brother to purchase a good, serviceable horse of the Greenbrier stock for our use during the war. After much inquiry and search, he came across the horse above mentioned, and I purchased him for \$175.00 (gold value) in the fall of 1861, of Capt. J. W. Johnston, son of Mr. Johnston first above mentioned. When the Wise Legion was encamped about Meadow Bluff and Big Sewell Mountains I rode this horse, which was greatly admired in camp for his rapid, springy walk, his high spirit, bold carriage, and muscular strength. He neither needed whip nor spur, and would walk his 5 or 6 miles an hour over rough mountain roads of West Virginia with the rider sitting firmly in the saddle and holding him in check with a tight rein, such vim and eagerness did he manifest to go right ahead as soon as he was mounted.



When Gen. Lee took command of Wise Legion and Floyd Brigade, which were encamped at and near Big Sewell Mountains in the fall of 1861, he first saw this horse, and took a great fancy to it. He called it his colt, and said he would need it before the war was over. Whenever the General saw my brother on this horse he had something pleasant to say to him about "my cold," as he designated him.

As the winter approached the climate in the West Virginia Mountains caused Rosecrans' army to abandon its position on Big Sewell and retreat westward. Gen. Lee was thereupon ordered to South Carolina. The Third Regiment of the Wise Legion was subsequently detached from the army in Western Virginia and ordered to the South Carolina coast, where it was known as the 16th Virginia Regiment, under Col. Starke. Upon seeing my brother on this horse near Pocotaligo, in South Carolina, Gen. Lee at once recognized the horse, and again inquired of him pleasantly about "his" colt. My brother then offered him the horse as a gift, which the General promptly declined, and the same time remarked: "If you will willingly sell me the horse, I will gladly use it for a week or so to learn its qualities." Thereupon my brother had the horse sent to General Lee's stable. In about a

month the horse was returned to my brother, with a note from Gen. Lee stating the animal suited him, but that he could no longer use so valuable a horse in such times unless it were his own: that if he (my brother) would not sell, please to keep the horse, with many thanks. This was in February 1862. At that time, I was in Virginia on the sick list, from a long and sever attack of camp-fever, contracted in the campaign on Big Sewell Mountains. My brother wrote of Gen. Lee's desire to have the horse and asked me what he should do. I replied at once: "If he will not accept it, then sell it to him at what it cost me." He then sold the horse to Gen. Lee for \$200.00 in currency, the sum of \$25.00 having been added by Gen. Lee to the price I gave for the horse in September, 1861, to make up for the depreciation in our currency from September 1861 to February 1862.

Lee described his horse in a letter in response to his wife's cousin, Markie Williams, who wished to paint a portrait of Traveller:

If I was an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveller; representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest, short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth, and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat and cold; and the dangers and suffering through which he has passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night-marches and days of the battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist Markie, and can therefore only say he is a Confederate gray.

— Robert E. Lee, letter to Markie Williams

In 1868 Gen. Lee wrote to my brother, stating that this horse had survived the war, was known as “Traveller” (spelling the word with a double “L” in good English style), and asking for its pedigree, which was obtained as above mentioned, and sent by my brother to Gen. Lee.

Death and Burials

In 1870, during Lee's funeral procession, Traveller was led behind the caisson bearing the General's casket, his saddle and bridle draped with black crepe. Not long after Lee's death, in 1871, Traveller stepped on a nail and developed tetanus. There was no cure, and he was shot to relieve his suffering.

Traveller's grave at University Chapel, Washington and Lee University Traveller was initially buried behind the main buildings of the college, but was unearthed by person's unknown and his bones were bleached for exhibition in Rochester, New York, in 1875/1876. In 1907, Richmond journalist Joseph Bryan paid to have the bones mounted and returned to the college, named Washington and Lee University since Lee's death, and they were displayed in the Brooks Museum, in what is now Robinson Hall. The skeleton was periodically vandalized there by students who carved their initials in it for good luck. In 1929, the bones were moved to the museum in the basement of the University Chapel, where they stood for 30 years, deteriorating with exposure.

Finally, in 1971, Traveller's remains were buried in a wooden box encased in concrete next to the chapel on the Washington and Lee campus, a few feet away from the Lee family crypt inside, where his master's body rests. The stable where he lived his last days, directly connected to the Lee House on campus, traditionally stands with its doors left open; this is said to allow his spirit to wander freely. The 24th President of Washington and Lee (and thus a recent resident of Lee House), Thomas Burish, caught strong criticism from many members of the Washington and Lee community for closing the stable gates in violation of this tradition. Burish later had the doors to the gates repainted in a dark green color, which he referred to in campus newspapers as "Traveller Green".

The now-defunct base newspaper of the United States Army's Fort Lee, located in Petersburg, Virginia, was named *Traveller*.



The most shocking fact about war is that its victims and its instruments are individual human beings, and that these individual beings are condemned by the monstrous conventions of politics to murder or be murdered in quarrels not their own. Quote Aldous Huxley

Important Dates in Lincoln's War to Prevent Southern Independence

- Mar. 04, 1861 **Montgomery, AL** – On this date Abraham Lincoln becomes the 16th president of the United States on March 4, 1861. In his inauguration speech, Lincoln extended an olive branch to the South, but also made it clear that he intended to enforce federal laws in the states that seceded.
- Mar. 11, 1861 **Montgomery, AL** – On this date the Constitution of the Confederate States of America was adopted. A provisional constitution had been written at a Congress of Delegates from the seceding Southern States in Montgomery, Alabama, on February 4, 1861.
- Mar. 4, 1862 **Santa Fe, NM** – On this date a Confederate force, commanded by Maj. Gen. Henry H. Sibley, arrived at Santé Fe. A brief skirmish erupted with the local Federals. Sibley forced the Federals to withdraw to Fort Union. The fort was located just northeast of Santa Fe.
- Mar. 11-18, 1863 **Battle of Fort Pemberton (Near Greenwood, MS)**– On this date the Confederate forces under the command of Gen. William W. Loring constructed defenses near Greenwood, MS and withstood 3 Union attacks over 8 days.
- Mar. 17, 1863 **Herndon Station, VA** – On this date Col. John S. Mosby and his Confederate raiders neared Herndon Station. There, they managed to capture a 25-man picket post of the 1st Vermont Cavalry.
- Mar. 10, 1864 **Kabletown, VA** – On this date Lt. Dolly Richards led between 50-60 Confederate raiders into the Shenandoah valley. There, they attacked a Union picket post of the 1st New York Cavalry. Union Maj. Jerry A. Sullivan was ordered to pursue the Confederates. Near Kabletown, the Confederates turned around and attacked the Federals. After Maj. Sullivan was killed, the Federal detachment retreated back to their lines.

Wade Hampton
THURSDAY, MAR. 17
6:00 P.M.



SEAWELL'S
1125 Rosewood Drive
Columbia, SC
Speaker
("Mrs. Pat McNeely")

WWW.WADEHAMPTONCAMP.ORG



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C/O Adjutant Charles D. Bray III

A Non-Profit Organization

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton III Camp No. 273

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