



THE

MARCH 2014

LEGIONARY

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

A FRATERNAL ORGANIZATION OF SOUTHERN MEN

HERO, POET, AND PRIEST – FATHER RYAN

SCOTT C. BOYD

While painting a room at home a few months ago Susan and I had to empty a large bookcase in order to paint it. As with projects like this one we became distracted by some of the old books she had inherited when her grandfather passed away. One of the books we examined was Father Ryan's Poems which had the name Janie Flanigan written in the inside front cover with the date March 28, 1896 and the copyright on the book was 1880 which makes the book more than 100 years old. When we looked through the book we discovered a newspaper article someone placed in it some time ago. The paper the article was printed on was yellowed and brittle and was printed with a very small font. The clipped article had no header or identification showing the print date nor the newspaper it was clipped from. Out of curiosity I did a web search on the title and much to my surprise I discovered, on the Library of Congress web site, a newspaper published in Sumter, SC named *The Watchman and Southron (1881 – 1930)* and the issue date was March 31, 1897. This newspaper contained the exact same article found in the book. We can only guess that the same article appeared in a paper in or around Atlanta, GA and possibly corresponding with the dated signature in her grandfather's book. We found the article and the story of Father Ryan's writing of what is considered his greatest poem "*The Conquered Banner*," to be most interesting. Susan and I hope you will find this as interesting as we did.

HERO POET AND PRIEST



How Father Ryan came to write "The Conquered Banner"

From the Catholic Journal of the New South.

Perhaps no poem ever touched and thrilled the hearts of the people of the south as did "The Conquered Banner," by Father Ryan. It came from the heart of the poet at the time when the southland stood grief and in untold sorrow. Though his face wore a serious and almost sad aspect, he dearly loved to gather children about him, as he seldom spoke to older people. He always held that little children were angles and walked with GOD, and it was a privilege

for a priest to raise his hand and give spotless children a blessing, writes quila in *The Colorado Catholic*.

It was several years ago that Aquila met with a young lady from the south who related to him the following beautiful and touching incident in the poet's life. The little story is as follows:

"One Christmas, I was then a little girl," says the young lady. "I came to Father Ryan with a bookmark, a pretty little scroll of the 'Conquered Banner,' and begged him to accept it. I can never forget how his lips quivered as he placed his hands upon my head and said (a little kindly remembrance touched him so):

"Call your little sisters and I will tell them a story about this picture.

"Do you know, my little children," he said as we gathered about his knee, "that 'The Conquered Banner' is a great poem? I never thought it so," he continued in that dreamy, far-off way so peculiarly his own. "But a poor woman who did not have much education, but whose heart was filled with love for the south, thought so, and if it had not been for her this poem would have been swept out of the house and burned up, and I would never have had this pretty bookmark or this true story to tell you."

"Oh, you are going to tell us how you came to write 'The Conquered Banner,'" I cried, all interest and excitement.

"Yes he answered, and I am going to tell you how a woman was the medium of its publication." Then a shadow passed over his face, a dreamy shadow that was always there when he spoke of the 'Lost Cause,' and he continued:

"I was in Knoxville when the news came that General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox Court House. It was night and I was sitting in my room in a house where many of the regiment of which I was chaplain were quartered, when an old comrade came in and said to me: 'All is lost; General Lee has surrendered!'"

"I looked at him. I knew by his whitened face that the news was too true. I simply said, 'Leave me,' and he went out of my room. I bowed my head upon the table and wept long and bitterly. Then a thousand thoughts came rushing through my brain. I could not control them. That banner was conquered, its folds must be furled, but its story had to be told. We were very poor, my dear little children, in the days of the war. I

looked around for a piece of paper to give expression to the thoughts that cried out within me. All that I could find was a piece of brown wrapping paper and wrote "The Conquered Banner." Then I went to bed, leaving the lines there upon the table. The next morning the regiment was ordered away and I thought no more of the lines written in such sorrow and desolation of spirit on that fateful night. What was my astonishment a few weeks later to see them appear above my name in Louisville paper. The poor woman who kept the house in Knoxville had, gone, as she afterward told me, into the room to throw the piece of paper in the fire when she saw that there was something written upon it. She said she sat down and cried, and copying them she sent them to the newspaper in Louisville. And that was how "The Conquered Banner" got into print. That is the story

of this pretty little scroll you have painted for me.'

" 'When I get to be a woman,' said the young lady, 'I am going to write that story.'

" 'Are you?' He answered. 'Ah, it is dangerous to be a writer, especially for women, but if you are determined, let me give you a name,' and he wrote on a piece of paper 'Zona.' 'It is an Indian name,' he said in explanation, 'and it means a snowbird, to keep your white wings unsullied. A woman should always be pure, and every mother should teach her boys to look upon women as they would an alter;.'"

Thus was the incident related to me by my southern friend.

Many and many a time in the hurry and bustle of the noisy world the words of the gentle poet-priest came back to me, and in writing this little sketch of

fullness that the great southern epic was given to the world I cannot refrain from repeating this little talk, which was the outgrowth of this story and which might prove a help and a benediction in many a woman's life.

No inspiring column marks the spot where the priest, patriot and poet is sleeping, but his words still live in the hearts of the people, and the regard, the respect, the high esteem he held for women bespeaks the purity of his soul.

Rest there, saddest, tenderest, most spiritual poet, heart that has sought our hearts and breathed in it a music that the lapse of years cannot still; sleep and rest on. The visions that came to the mind of the priest as he "walked down the valley of silence," down the dim voiceless valley alone," are living on, for they are prayers.



"The Conquered Banner"

By Father Abraham Joseph Ryan (1838 – 1886)

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's no one left to wave it
In the blood that heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it--let it rest!

Take that banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its shaft and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it

Now must furl it with a sigh.
Furl that banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly.

And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner--it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplored it!
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages--
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its peoples hopes are dead!



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. Remember, it is your duty to see that the TRUE HISTORY of the South is PRESENTED to FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

It is with great pleasure that I announce the opening of the Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton Camp #273 on line book store. I thank Compatriot Layne Waters for his hard work in adding this feature to our camps web site. To access the Camp Sutler's Book Store go to the camps web site (wadehamptoncamp.org) when the Home Page is presented click on the "What's New" link and when the next window is presented click on the "Camp Book Sutler" link. A number of the available books listed allow you to click on the "Review" link to open the book review for the selected book. Details for purchasing books are as follows:

Camp Sutler's Book Store

~ HELP SUPPORT YOUR CAMP ~

To make a purchase(s) ...

*Send Check, Book Title(s) and or Item Name, your Phone Number or email to
WHC Sutler P.O. Box 8714 Columbia, SC 29202
and pick up your book at the next camp meeting.*

If you wish to have your selection(s) mailed to you, add \$2.00 to the price.



COMMANDERS CORNER

TERRY HUGHEY

Compatriots, our unity and devotion to the Cause and the preservation and perpetuation of the Confederate Soldier's good name is our sole purpose. We strive to accomplish this task in several ways. Observation of Confederate Memorial Day, Wade Hampton Memorial Service, Flag Restoration, to name a few. I also hope our Camp Meetings further educate and inspire us as Sons. To achieve this aim, I need to hear from you. In what way(s) can we increase the Camp Meeting experience for your? Is there something we need to add, to change, or to do what? Please, e-mail me with your ideas at tmrawhide@bellsouth.net.



CHAPLAINS WITNESS

WALTER LINDLER

The Forty Days of Lent Will Lead Us into Easter

As we prepare to celebrate the forty days of Lent leading into Easter, we first begin the tradition of Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday which are celebrated in most Christian churches.

Ash Wednesday in modern day times, in all likelihood, is celebrated in much the same way as it was during our Civil War era. The ashes used in the ceremony come from the Palms fronds from the last Palm Sunday service.

The cross echoes our baptismal anointing, when we were buried with Christ. The ash is a chilling reminder of our mortality, but because our death is now in Christ our endings are beginnings. The Lenten disciplines of acts of kindness, prayer, and fasting that are tools of discipleship that can lead us to renewal as we bury all that is holding us back from being truly alive.

"ALMIGHTY AND EVER-LIVING GOD, YOU HATE NOTHING YOU HAVE MADE, AND YOU FORGIVE THE SINS OF ALL WHO ARE PENITENT. CREATE IN US NEW AND HONEST HEARTS, SO THAT TRULY REPENTING OF OUR SINS, WE MAY RECEIVE FROM YOU, THE GOD OF ALL MERCY, FULL PARDON AND FORGIVENESS THROUGH YOUR SON, JESUS CHRIST, OUR SAVIOR AND LORD, WHO LIVES AND REIGNS WITH YOU AND THE HOLY SPIRIT, ONE GOD, NOW AND FOREVER." AMEN

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.

Bill Calliham

Jesse Folk

Rusty James nephew of Scott James

Bill Smyth's wife Ann who home following a lengthy illness

L. Maurice Bessenger's death please remember his family in your prayers

Robert Spigner



RECRUIT A NEW MEMBER.

Contact Scott James / (803) 781-1386 / E-Mail: wscottjames@bellsouth.net



Important Dates in Lincoln's War to Prevent Southern Independence

Mar. 4, 1861	At Lincoln's inauguration the new president said he had no plans to end slavery in those states where it already existed, but he also said he would not accept secession. He hoped to resolve the national crises without warfare.
Mar. 18, 1861	The Peninsular Campaign (March-July 1862) begins as McClellan's Army of the Potomac advances from Washington down the Potomac River and the Chesapeake Bay to the peninsular south of the Confederate Capitol of Richmond Virginia.
Mar 8-9, 1862	The Hampton Roads naval battle of ironclads takes place. The Confederate ironclad C.S.S. Virginia aka the "Merrimack", sinks two wooden Union ships then battles the Union ironclad "Monitor" to a draw.
Mar. 15, 1862	March 15th, General John Hunt Morgan begins 4 days of raids near Gallatin, TN.
Mar. 25, 1863	Gen. Forrest captured Union Lt. Col. Edward Bloodgood who commanded 400 men at Brentwood Station on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad. Lt. Col. Bloodgood surrendered without a fight upon realizing he had no hope of holding off or defeating the Confederates.
Mar. 25, 1864	Gen. Forrest conducts a successful raid on Paducah, KY. Most of Forrest's command destroyed unwanted supplies, loaded what they wanted, and rounded up horses and mules.
Mar. 19-21, 1865	The Battle of Bentonville becomes the bloodiest battle fought in North Carolina. The Confederates are defeated by Union troops.

March Camp Meeting **THURSDAY, MARCH 20TH** **6 O'CLOCK P.M.**



SEAWELL'S RESTAURANT

**1125 Rosewood Drive
Columbia, SC**

SPEAKER

William R. Hollingsworth, Col. U. S.
Army, Retired,

*The Battle of South Mountain, Wise's
Well, and Abraham Hollingsworth*

WWW.WADEHAMPTONCAMP.ORG



Columbia, SC 29212

507 Sail Point Way

C/O Adjutant Charles D. Bray III

A Non-Profit Organization

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton III Camp No. 273

The Official Publication of

THE LEGIONARY

